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W. McMaster,
with Caroline Coleman's best wishes
for the New Year, 1887.

TRIFLES FROM A TOURIST

IN

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

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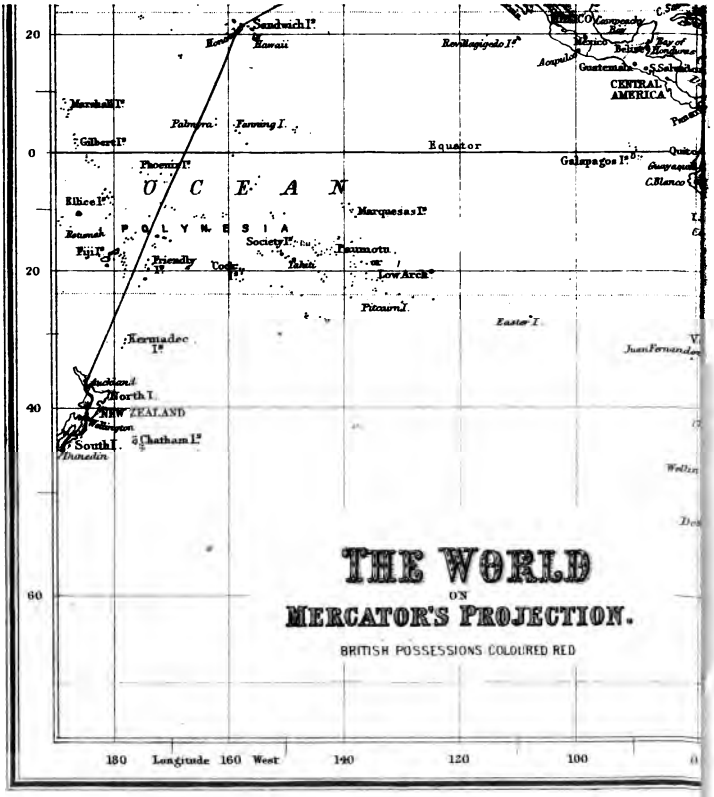

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TRIFLES FROM A TOURIST

IN

LETTERS FROM ABROAD,

BY

RUSSELL JAMES COLMAN.

[*For Private Circulation.*]

PRINTED BY FLETCHER AND SON, NORWICH.

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PREFACE.

THE following Letters were written to me by my son Russell, during his trip round the world (1885—6) in which he was accompanied by his friends J. Alexander Harmer, of Norwich, and James R. Roberts, of London, and in the course of which he visited the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, Ceylon, and Egypt. These Letters were written without the shadow of an idea that they would ever be printed. The suggestion, however, was made to me that they should be put in type for private circulation, and my husband and I felt it a pleasure to accede to it, as it will enable many of our friends to share, to some extent, in the enjoyment of this globe-trot.

I hope that these Letters will be read by friendly, uncritical eyes, as it is for such alone that they have been printed.

CAROLINE COLMAN.

December, 1886.

Brittell Feb. 20, 1908 #25

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LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

ERRATA.

In	11th	line on	page	52	*for*	"July"	*read*	"August."
,,	16th	,,	,,	63	,,	"Shangai"	,,	"Shanghai."
,,	3rd	,,	,,	130	,,	"Received on"	,,	"Dated."
,,	18th	,,	,,	144	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	16th	,,	,,	175	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	21st	,,	,,	189	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	5th	,,	,,	200	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	23rd	,,	,,	206	,,	,,	,,	,,

[POST CARD.]

Liverpool,
27th June, 1885.

Leaving shortly—all well—a most lovely day for starting.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

L.N.W.R. Hotel, Liverpool,
26th June, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

Just a line to say I have got so far all right. Have found Alec, but not seen Jim yet. I saw the three girls and Mary Piper, and when they left, drove, *viâ* the Davies's, to Euston, where I met Mrs. and Miss Roberts. I have not numbered this letter, as I shall begin that when I commence my letter-book.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

[POST CARD.]

Liverpool,
27th June, 1885.

Leaving shortly—all well—a most lovely day for starting.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 1.

S.S. *Servia*,
27th June, 1885.

Dear Mother,

Just a few lines before turning in for the first time on my trip. I got your letter this morning before leaving the Hotel, and send my best thanks for it. The letter I wrote last night I hope came to hand. We had a look round Liverpool this morning and made a few purchases, called on Mr. James Cullen, and then took a cab down to the docks. As I had been warned that cabbies and dock porters were in the habit of opening their mouths rather wide, I took the precaution of stipulating for a certain amount with the former; and when my luggage was seized by a porter from the roof of the cab, I wanted to know what his "terms" were? "I never had that question asked me before," was the reply I got. I told him that was no answer to my question, when he said he would do it for three shillings. This I thought too much, so said I could do it myself; but in the end he agreed to do the job for two shillings, and this I have no doubt was more than it was worth.

We got on board this boat very comfortably at 3.30 p.m. and are very much pleased with all her arrangements, fittings, etc. She is a tremendous length, and everything about her is on a very massive scale. Feeding is first-class, and at present we can enjoy it, as the Irish Channel is as smooth as the Mersey. A fellow passenger tells me we may expect to reach Queenstown tomorrow about two p.m., and stay only while the mails are got on board. If we have

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a fair passage we shall probably be in New York next Sunday. Whether my informant knows anything more about all this than your humble servant is not certain.

Sunday, June 28th. As perfect a day as you could wish—Bright sun, ditto sky, ditto sea. We have had breakfast and are now steaming along the Irish coast, and getting very near Queenstown. The coast is pretty, and I am writing on my chair on deck, so as to have a view of whatever may turn up. We get to Queenstown a little before eleven, and sail again when the mails are on board at about two o'clock. I hope you are having a day at Corton like this, as both you and your visitors will enjoy it. Please remember me very kindly indeed to the Allons, and specially thank Dr. Allon for his letters of introduction. I don't know what opportunity there will be of going ashore here, but will manage to post this letter somehow.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 2.

S.S. *Servia*,
28th June, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

I posted you a letter at Queenstown this morning, which I hope arrived in due course. We got the mails on board early this afternoon, and then started in beautiful weather. We hear that a "disturbance" is crossing the Atlantic, and just now (Sunday, 8.30 p.m.) it looks as if the

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beginning has reached us. The wind has been freshening for the last few hours, and there is just a little motion in the ship; no doubt by tomorrow morning we shall be rolling in style. I got your book this morning, for which please receive my best thanks. Most of this afternoon we have been steaming along the south coast of Ireland, which appears to be very pretty, but we were rather a long way out, which is always the way with these very large steamers. We have passed two or three large steamers today, homeward bound, one of the Guion line, but the names we could not make out.

June 30th. As I expected and predicted, "The little roll within the berth, Did shortly put an end to mirth," etc., etc. Today has been beautiful, and all invalids are again upon their legs. This evening it is clouding up and wind rising. Very curiously I find an old school-fellow on board, whose name is Brealey. He is going out to America with his sister, to see another brother settled somewhere in the States. How awfully small the world is! Brealey tells me he has been living out at the Cape for two years. You will be glad to know that our deck chairs are, so far, quite a success; indeed, we are inclined to sit about on them instead of taking a proper amount of exercise.

Friday, July 3rd. We are still having a first-rate passage, and, if I am correctly informed, the *Servia* is seventeen miles ahead of her best record. We have made since we started 380 miles in 22 hours, 415 in 24 hours, 417 ditto, 413 ditto, and up to twelve o'clock today, 398. This latter is due to a bit of a fog, when we had to slacken speed for a time. We now have a fair wind and smooth sea, so tomorrow at twelve we shall probably beat all

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previous records. As our runs have been so good, we expect to reach New York some time on Sunday afternoon; but of course a foul wind might knock these calculations into the middle of next week. Tomorrow is the 4th of July, and, consequently, the Americans are preparing some festivities. We also are getting up some races, a tug-of-war and so on. The tug-of-war will probably be *England v. America.*

Tuesday, July 7th, Victoria Hotel, New York. I am sorry to say that I have a bit of an accident to report to you, but nothing really very bad. As I told you, we had some races on July 4th, on board the *Servia*, and in the sack race Jim got a nasty fall. Of course his hands were not at liberty, and he was unable to save himself. His right arm was pressed against his side, and in falling upon it the elbow must have jarred or bruised his liver. The ship's doctor examined him, and also a leading doctor in New York who happened to be a passenger, Jenway by name. As the ship's doctor stays at this hotel, we came also, and he has been keeping an eye on Jim for the last day or two. He says Jim must take things quietly for some time to come, in case the blow should have any after-effects. I did not telegraph you this, as I did not think it would do any good, and by the time we landed (Sunday evening) Jim had much improved. This morning he feels better than yesterday, and if he keeps on thus we shall keep as much as possible to our proposed route and times. We may be kept back a little by this accident, and have to stop longer at the places to give Jim a rest, but this I shall see about. Our present plan is to leave this place on Thursday the 9th for Montreal. As this trip is done almost entirely

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on steamers, I think Jim is quite up to it. No time to write more. I *may* get a letter off tomorrow morning, but as the mail leaves early, this is not very likely.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 3.

Windsor Hotel, Montreal,
13th July, 1885.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Your letters Nos. 1 and 3 to hand, with two letters of introduction enclosed. You mentioned letters sent to Boston Post Office, which I write for today. Boston we did not see, but came through some lovely scenery on our way up here, so I hope we have not missed much. As my last letter closed with rather unpleasant news, I had better return to that subject at once. We made it as easy for Jim as possible while in New York, but he soon got on his legs again, and is now, I consider, quite right again. At the same time he is not quite fit for knocking about, as a jolt hurts him a little, and he is afraid to try a good laugh—rather awkward for one of his smiling disposition. I hope I shall not have to mention this subject again.

Now for a little about America and our doings. I don't think I have said anything about our fellow passengers on the *Servia*. On the whole they were a very nice lot, but the voyage is too short a one to get very 'thick' with any one. On the opposite side of our table sat a Mr. and Mrs.

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F. St. G. Smith, and with them we got very friendly indeed. Mr. Smith has some friends in Guinness's brewery, and was coming in part to get oak staves for their barrels. He has travelled a good deal, and been in America before, so we got a lot of useful hints from him. At the Custom House he made up his mind to come to our Hotel, which we were very glad of, and on the Monday morning he took us for our first bit of sight-seeing in New York. I have only one thing to complain about in New York (I believe it is the same in all the cities in America) and that is the streets. They are wretchedly paved, very dirty and not wide enough. The street known all over the world as Broadway, is so in name only. It might perhaps admit of four carts abreast, but if it were wide enough for double that number, it would be an improvement. The streets are all more or less disfigured by the thousands of wires that run in every direction. The buildings are very large, and in some cases handsome, the Post Office being I think, one of the best. A. C. Bedford (of whom more anon) took us over some new Offices in the City, and they certainly beat anything I have ever seen. Every Office has one or more hoists, sometimes four, each one with a boy inside to work it and any number of people up to ten, perhaps fifteen. These hoists move very fast, and any one on a landing calls out "up" or "down" as the case may be, when the hoist stops he gets in, "all aboard" is cried, and off you go. Some of these high buildings have storeys running up into the teens, but the hoists always run up to the top floor. They all seem to be worked by steam, with four or six wire ropes, and all have a patent india-rubber break, which works automatically to stop

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them if the rope breaks. No time for more by this mail. We go to Quebec tonight, and then Ottawa. We shall be at Niagara about Sunday.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER NO. 4.

Russell Hotel, Ottawa,
17th July, 1885.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Have received Laura's letter (No. 4) today. I have not yet received yours to Boston, but have written for it. My last letter was about New York, which I look upon as a place that every one ought to see, but I for one should be very sorry to have to live there. Mr. J. P. Smith took us round New York, and treated us royally. He has a branch business at Chicago, where I am going to call. Mr. Smith may be in England this summer. He says if he can find the time he would like to have a look at the Works. Ally and Harry Bedford asked us up to their place in Brooklyn, the day before we left New York, and a very merry evening we spent, chatting about Lausanne times, etc., etc. Mr. and Mrs. Bedford are now in England, and Ally is thinking of running over to fetch his mother home some time during the Summer or early Autumn. I have given him our English addresses, of which I hope he will make use. If Parliament should be sitting when he is over I expect he would like to hear a debate. You will not forget that he has been very kind to us.

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After sleeping a night in Brooklyn we got on board a Hudson River Steamboat, and a most lovely sail we had up the "Rhine of America." In the neighbourhood of New York the banks are more or less covered with country houses of the business men. One of these (men, not houses) we saw in his steam yacht, and were told that a good many of the big men of the city used this mode of conveyance for going to and returning from business. In the case of the yacht we saw, the gentleman and two sailors were sitting in a boat hung on the davits, so as to be lowered without any loss of time. I could not help thinking that this was a very good example of the way business is conducted in America; no one has time to walk, they must all run. I ought not to leave New York without mentioning the Brooklyn Bridge. In shape it is like other suspension bridges, but its size is unique. The centre is reserved for foot passengers, and on either side is a tramway worked by an endless wire rope. Outside these tramways again are the roadways for carts and horses. We saw the place where a man tried to dive from, a short time back, 120 feet from the water. I understand that by the time he reached 121 feet what was left of him was hardly worth the trouble. Some people in America are so taken with the success that attended this diving experiment that they intend following the lead, and to stop this idea being carried out, policemen have to be constantly on the watch.

Our trip up the Hudson was very fine, though the old castles of the Rhine are missing; in their places are country houses and hotels, some of them pretty enough, but very often looking out of place. The views from some of these

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hotels high up on the hills must be very fine. Trees grow quite up to the summits in most places, but near New York, on one hill of the river, they grow out at the top and at the foot, a precipice of about 300 feet filling up the gap. This peculiar place is called the Palisades, and the precipice runs in an almost unbroken line for twenty miles. The hills at their highest point, further up the river, reach 1500 feet, but they average about 1000 feet. At Albany we left the boat and took the cars for Saratoga, an immense watering place and summer resort for New Yorkers. People go there for baths and to drink the waters, which I believe are very nasty: I did not try them. We spent the evening in Saratoga, strolling into the numerous hotel gardens, listening to the bands, and seeing the people. The place is like Baden-Baden or any other German Spa. Our hotel was the *United States*, a very big place, with a dining-room for 1500 persons,—at least we were told so, and it certainly was a very big room. We were off early the next morning for Montreal, and a most lovely trip we had. An hour in the cars from Saratoga took us to Lake George, where we got on board the steamer, and had a sail of about three hours over one of the prettiest lakes we have ever seen. Bob says it is very much like the Scotch lakes, but the sides of the hills are covered with trees, from the water's edge right up to the summits. Maple is the tree one sees most of, with some firs, oaks, etc. Other names I will not venture upon. We should have liked to have stayed at some place or other on the lake: it would not make much difference where, as they are all so pretty, but we 'sat upon' this inclination and kept going. At the end of the lake a train took us very

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quickly to the end of Lake Champlain. Here another steamer was waiting for us, and we had a very pleasant sail of about four or five hours on it. This lake is very large, and loses a great deal of the charm of Lake George. The hills do not rise from the water's edge but stand back a long way, and therefore only distant views are obtained. I do not remember the name of the place where we left the boat, but as the object of most interest in it was the dinner this is not of much consequence.

July 21st. Just arrived at Niagara. I will try and write you some more tomorrow. Have received letter posted to Boston. Have not asked for any here yet.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER NO. 5.

Clifton House Hotel, Niagara Falls,
22nd July, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

I wrote up to yesterday evening, but did not post until this morning. I have a good deal to write about before I get to this place, which by the way is quite up to my expectations. My last letter told you of our arrival at Montreal, where we spent two days very pleasantly. There is nothing very much to be seen at Montreal of great interest, but at the same time it is quite worth a visit. The Windsor Hotel was a very nice one, indeed one of the best we have been into. Taken as a whole, I don't consider the American and Canadian hotels are so very much ahead of those on the continent at home—Swiss, French, Italian, etc.

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We have been into some very nice ones indeed, but they are not all good alike. While at Montreal we ran the Lachine rapids, which was the first work of this kind we have ever been in for. It is possible to run them in an Indian canoe, but this we did not know, till after we had been through them in the steamer. It is rather exciting going through the very rough water, sometimes with rocks that you might almost touch with a boat-hook, but there is no danger at all.

We came through the Victoria Bridge by rail, and underneath it in the steamer. They are very proud of their bridge in Montreal, and it certainly is a very fine one, two miles long, and built on twenty-four pillars. In shape it is like the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits. They call it the eighth wonder of the world, but that "eighth wonder" I have come across in a great many places, and no doubt shall meet him again soon.

From Montreal we took the night boat to Quebec—a very pleasant mode of getting about, by the way, much easier than riding in the cars. We did not stay long in Quebec itself, but made an excursion, which none of us will ever forget, up the Saguenay River. We started in a steamer early in the morning, and had a pleasant sail during the day down the St. Lawrence, the scenery being fine all the way. The steamer stops at several stations, and at one of them the tide was running so strong that all the ropes but one were broken. Luckily no one was hurt by them—a breaking rope gives a very hard knock occasionally. We arrived at the mouth of the Saguenay just after nightfall, so there was nothing to be seen in the journey up, and we therefore turned in. At six the next morning I went

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on deck, and found we were at a small village called Chicontimi. This was a lovely spot, and one where we should have liked to stay, both for the scenery and the fishing, but of course could not do so. The village is built on slightly rising ground near the river, has a very fine waterfall close to it, and looks across the river on to thickly wooded hills, not of any great height, but rather precipitous. The first part of the return trip is not very remarkable for grandeur of scenery, but is worth seeing. Ha-Ha Bay is another place which would be nice to stay in, and, to quote from the guide-book, "Ha-Ha Bay was so named because of the delightful contrast which the first French *voyageurs* there beheld after the awful solitude of the lower river." The steamer stayed an hour here, so we went for a short climb up one of the hills, admired the view and also the wild strawberries. Soon after leaving Ha-Ha Bay the grander scenery of the river commenced, and we *did* enjoy it. The hills were very steep and high, and covered with trees up to their summits. There is one rather peculiar feature about most of the woods (perhaps I ought to call them forests) about here—the enormous number of things that look like telegraph poles all over them. The poles have a most peculiar effect, and at first I could not understand why they should be in such peculiar places. Then I discovered that they could not be telegraph poles on account of the number, and, at last, after thinking the matter over, I hit upon the real explanation. They are nothing more nor less than the result of old forest burnings. Hundreds of acres, perhaps miles, of these forests are constantly being burned and a large number of the trees are killed, but not burnt through, and therefore remain standing, and as the young

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trees come up round them, they stand out naked and dead. It takes a few years for the young trees to come up, but the ground is covered with bushes a very short time after a fire has been over the ground.

The finest piece of scenery on the Saguenay consists of a small cove situated between two enormous walls of rock which jut out into the river. They form two capes, and such ones as I have never seen before. "What's in a name?" is a question very often asked, and in most cases, I think, a name is not of very much consequence, but occasionally you come upon a place where a really grand name is a necessity, and these two capes are examples. The top of one is split into three pieces, and has got the name of Cape Trinity; the other one consists of a perpendicular wall of rock, 1600 feet straight up from the water, and is called Cape Eternity. How far the precipice is continued below the surface I can't say, but the steamer goes so close, that I threw a stone on to the rocks, so there is plenty of water. The whole river is a crack in the rock, and must be very deep indeed, as the Lake from which it flows is fed by eleven rivers, and this is the only outlet. We had a few clouds but they did not amount to much. The captain said that storms were frequent, and that then the river looked ten times grander. The water is very black indeed, and looks like strong tea, but the reason for this I do not know. I was very glad to have made this trip, mainly on account of the wonderful scenery, but also because it is an excursion that people have not yet found out. Nothing is so exasperating as patronizing old travellers, and when they begin to talk I think I shall be able to shut them up with this, "What! not seen Chicontimi and Ha-Ha Bay!

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not seen Cape Eternity! Don't talk about scenery until you've done the Saguenay river."

We got into the St. Lawrence again during the afternoon, and about nightfall arrived at a small village called Murray Bay. It looked so pretty with lights scattered over the hill-side, that we thought a walk while the steamer waited would not be a bad thing. We saw a small hotel some way up the hill, so made for this spot, invested in wild strawberries and cream, and then sat down on a bench and looked at the river below us and the stars above us. We had not been sitting very long before we were struck with a light appearing over a hill down the river, and thought the moon was rising, so waited to see it. The light kept getting brighter and looking more and more unlike the moon, until at last one of us noticed it was right under the north star, and then it dawned upon us that we were looking at the northern lights. They kept appearing and then disappearing, and a very fine view we had of them. How useful is astronomy! The north star is the only one I know, and I can only find him by finding the Great Bear first. If I had not known this, I might have waited for a week to see the moon rise! I had almost forgotten to add, for the benefit of the girls, that Orion was simply grand.

We arrived at Quebec the next morning early, and took a day train on to Ottawa.

July 26th. I am writing from Palmer House Hotel, Chicago, and am trying to get my letter-writing a little closer up to date. I have to tell you now about Ottawa. You will be sorry to hear that at Ottawa I was laid up with a bad foot. During the days up the Saguenay it had been getting bad (a boil on the sole of the foot was the trouble)

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but as I could sit most of the time, and a short walk did not hurt it, I got along all right. We arrived at Ottawa one evening, and the next morning called at the Post Office, where I received Laura's letter. We then went to the Houses of Parliament, and were taken over them by Mr. Fletcher. I had intended leaving my letter of introduction on the Marquis of Lansdowne in the afternoon, but my foot was so bad that I could not walk, and Jim recommended my lying down, and frequent baths of cold water for my foot. Almost all bedrooms in these hotels have bath-rooms attached (a first-rate idea) and my afternoon was spent in sitting with my foot under the tap, reading a book. The others did the sight-seeing for me. The treatment was very good, and in the morning I was fit for quiet travelling, which consisted in riding in the cars to Brockville, where we took the boat up through Thousand Islands. A very enjoyable trip this was. The larger islands and the banks of the river have houses and hotels on them, and very pretty they look. The smaller islands are used very largely by pic-nic and camping-out parties. We saw several tents on shore, with the owners rowing, sailing, bathing, or fishing near them. We had taken our tickets to Toronto, so slept on board the boat, and arrived early on the Sunday morning. In driving up to the hotel our stupid cabby tried to cut across the rails (which are quite unprotected) in front of a railway engine, and to put it mildly, just missed the engine. If the carriage had been hit, I don't know where it would have been knocked to. However, "all's well that end's well."

At Toronto we patronized the English cathedral. The parson prefaced his sermon by a few remarks on what,

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I suppose, was an innovation, preaching in a white surplice instead of a black gown. So long as he was satisfied I was, and so I judge were the rest of the congregation. The whole service was a thanksgiving for the return of the troops from the Indian revolt up at Winnipeg and district. These troops are just like our Volunteers, and when you remember that the majority of them went from behind the counter, and had never smelt powder before, the work they have done is wonderful. Our parson was rather poetical, and made rather a score by quoting a verse or two from "The burial of Sir John Moore." I liked his sermon very much. Toronto was full of flags and arches across the streets, with all kinds of mottoes on them—"Welcome to our Heroes," "See the conquering Heroes come," and any amount of others. The troops arrived on Sunday evening, and as they marched past our hotel we had a good view of them. On Monday I looked up Charlie and Willie McMaster, and also the Honourable W. McMaster. The two former took us round the town, and up to the latter's house for tennis and tea in the evening. The house is beautifully situated, overlooking the town and the lake beyond. It was not clear, so we had not much of a view; but we were told that occasionally, on a very clear day, they can see the spray which rises like a cloud of steam from the Falls of Niagara. This is at a distance of nearly forty-five miles, so you may judge what a wonderfully clear atmosphere they have on this side the water. We were much pleased with the town itself, and consider it more like an English town than any we have yet seen. At Toronto we came upon one little thing, not much in itself perhaps, but so home-like as almost to bring tears to our eyes. There is a

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sort of college in Toronto where "students" are admitted, as well as "undergrads." We were taken over this building by Charlie, and before leaving were shown a large book with the title "Visitors" on the back. While writing my name I noticed two students seated in a corner of the room. When our three names had been duly entered we turned to go, but before we had got ten yards away two heads (with bonnets on them) were seen bending over that book, and the two chairs so lately held by the same number of students, I regret to say, were vacant. Truly, Curiosity thy name is Woman!

From Toronto we took the steamer to Niagara Falls. How I wish that a more capable pen had the task of describing them. I hope that whatever may be lacking will be made up to a certain extent when you see the photographs. For the benefit of those who know the Falls, I may say that on the 15th of this month a free park was opened, consisting of the whole of Goat Island and the land lying between the Suspension Bridge and the American Falls. We arrived at the Clifton House late in the afternoon, and contented ourselves with a walk down to the rapids by moonlight. The next morning we crossed to the American side, and spent a little time in looking at the water above the Falls, and also where it disappears over the edge. We next went to Goat Island, and prepared to visit the "Cave of the Winds." To do this you pay one dollar, and you are given a complete flannel bathing suit, including flannel shoes which prevent your slipping on the wet rocks. Clad in this garb, (and you would hardly believe what vagabonds we looked with a kind of sou'wester tied over our heads,) we descended to the level of the bottom of the Falls.

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I ought to explain that the upper stratum of earth at Niagara is hard limestone, while underneath is shale which is constantly being eaten away by the spray, and thus leaves a passage through which it is possible to walk. Directly you get behind the Falls you are wet through with the spray, which is blown about in all directions by the wind, while the noise is something terrific. To stand in the dim light at the back of the Falls, with the spray and wind striking you from all points of the compass at the same time, to see the huge wall of water falling within a foot or two of you, and all the time such a noise going on that hearing a remark is quite out of the question, gives one a better idea of the vastness of the Falls than anything else that I can imagine. This pathway goes for some distance behind the Falls, until it gets to Lunar Island, where you walk out by a wooden bridge on to the rocks in front, and at the very foot of the Falls. Here, in the clouds of spray and rushing water, you can look up at the upper edge of the Falls and see the water, which has every appearance of an enormous wave rolling on to you. At first it seems quite wonderful that the wave does not move forward and sweep you away, but this feeling you soon get over, and can then lie down in the water foaming about the rocks and take in all the grandeur of the scene. You remember what I said a page or two back about grand names required for grand things. There is another case here. At the foot of the Falls is an immense piece of rock lying where clouds of spray have been battering it, perhaps for centuries, and will continue their battering for centuries to come. The name given to it is the "Rock of Ages," and that fits it to perfection. I wish I could tell you more about the Falls, but if I wrote for a week I should

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not be able to give you anything like a proper description of them.

The next thing we did was to take a trip in the small steamer that runs quite close to the foot of both Falls. From this boat you get a first-rate idea of the American Falls, but owing to the enormous quantity of water which comes over the *Horse-Shoe* Falls the spray and mist rise so thickly from *them* that little can be seen. We then visited the rapids above the Falls, and very grand they were; the river being, I believe, a mile or more wide, and falling about fifty feet in the last mile above the Falls. In the afternoon we walked to the Whirlpool, which is formed by the rapids *below* the Falls. These rapids are about two miles long, and when you think that all the water coming over the Falls is confined in a narrow chasm about 300 feet across, you will believe that the water is in rather a hurry to get through. The rate that the water goes at is wonderful, and the height of the waves is ditto. They are said to be thirty feet high, and I should think this is probably true. These rapids are at the bottom of a deep ravine, which the Falls no doubt have gradually cut out for themselves. About two miles down, the ravine turns at right angles, but the water where this turn takes place has cut out a great round hole with steep sides to it, and this forms the Whirlpool. In it the water is continually eddying and boiling up—never still for a moment. We saw it as the sun was going down, and as it kept getting darker and darker the place seemed to grow more and more awful, till at last we were almost glad to hurry away.

We saw the place where Captain Webb lost his life—it would have been a wonder if he had done anything else. His idea was to dive under the rough water and swim through

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the smooth, but the only drawback to this plan that I can see is that, like the snakes in Ireland, there is no smooth water. Anyhow he came to the first big wave and dived under it successfully. I expect he was into the second wave before he knew where he was, and, in trying to dive, the waters caught and carried him too low and knocked him against a rock. One theory is that the pressure of the water was so great that it stopped his breathing "right away" as the Americans say. This may or may not be true. I think I have told you about all I can say of the Falls. I have given you a very poor description of them, but you must take the will for the deed, and look forward to seeing my photographs. As a rule, I do not favour you with guide-book statistics, but in this case a line or two may help you to get a better idea of what the Falls really are. In height they are 160 feet. The Horse-Shoe is 2200 feet across, while the American Fall is about half as wide. In regard to the volume of water which passes over the Falls, Lyell estimates it at ninety thousand million cubic feet per hour, and Dwight at one hundred million tons per hour.

July 27th. Some of the above was written on Sunday evening, and some on this Monday morning before breakfast. My next letter will tell you what we have seen and done at Chicago, where this letter is posted. We are really a little ahead of our time, but this is because we want to take in a couple of places before arriving at Salt Lake. Owing to this I have not received letters here, but in case any arrive later than tomorrow I shall leave instructions for them to be forwarded. We are all three as right as trivets, no more sack-racing accidents, no more bad feet, nothing to complain of at all. I tried to find Dr. Goodwin and Dr. Fisk

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(introductions from Dr. Allon). The former is away from home, the latter I could not find. Best love to all, not forgetting Dash.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 6.

Chicago,
27th July, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

I sent you off a good long letter this morning, which I hope came safely to hand. It was posted in two envelopes, but at the same time. Since posting I have received Helen's letter. My best thanks for it. Thanks to her list of letters and places they have been posted to, I am able to give you the following information. The only letter not to hand is Ethel's to Ottawa. Hers must have been posted later than Laura's to the same place, as Laura's came to hand. I have written for Ethel's, which I hope I shall get, as I can assure you letters are very much appreciated while travelling. The papers I have also written for. All English news is sent by wire to America. The only English paper we have seen is the "Times" in Ottawa. We had a minute to look at it, and saw that *Cambridge* beat *Oxford* easily, and also that *Surrey* did some awfully tall scoring against *Sussex*. Below I give you probable dates for places beyond San Francisco. Jim and Alec got it out originally, and Alec and I have revised it repeatedly since. It is a very difficult job,

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but we have made the best hand we could of it. The others are very much impressed with the fact that we are *doing* rather than *seeing* America, and suggest a later steamer, etc., saying that a fortnight will be easily picked up between now and next 1st of April. I tell them that there are hundreds of places I should like to see about here, but the August steamer must be caught. It is impossible to find out so far off when a single steamer sails from any one port we intend visiting, and as the probabilities are all in favour of our missing one or two during this trip, I don't quite see where a fortnight is to be picked up. You will see by our letters whether we are before or behind our dates, (not much of the former, I expect,) and at rare intervals a telegram may throw further light upon our whereabouts.

Auckland	about	Sept. 19th
Melbourne	„	Oct. 20th
Sydney	„	Nov. 7th
Hong-Kong	„	„ 20th
Nagasaki	„	Dec. 1st
Yokohama	„	„ 20th
Singapore	„	Jan. 10th, 1886
Calcutta	„	„ 20th
Delhi	„	Feb. 10th
Bombay	„	„ 20th
Suez	„	March 1st
Home	„	April 1st

It is possible I may be able to give you other names of places to write to when we get nearer the countries and hear more about them. This is the morning of your garden

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party; I do hope you are having as fine weather as we are. We hear from New York of 99° in the shade. What it is in the sun they don't know, probably 999. It is rather warm here. All well.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

Leaving for Salt Lake and some intermediate places today—28th July, 1885.

LETTER NO. 7.

Manitou Hotel, Manitou,
2nd August, 1885.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

My last letter was posted from Chicago, and I hope came to hand safely. The place we are now in is the first bit of mountain scenery we have yet been into on this trip, and, as you can imagine, we revel in it. In addition to the delights of the mountains, we have made the acquaintance of some very nice Americans who have seen a good deal of the Continent of Europe, and are full of praise of England. Need I say that we take to them very kindly. We have met no Americans who *slang* England, but these are the first who really take an "intelligent interest" (if I may so describe it) in our tight little island.

Before writing about this place I must go back to where I left off, which means telling you of our doings in Chicago, etc. An eighteen hours' ride in the cars brought us from Niagara to the Palmer House, Chicago, and this hotel we look upon as the best into which we have yet been. What I am now going to write about will not be so pleasant to read as

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my last letter, I fear. That letter was about *Nature* in one of her grandest forms. This will be about *Art*—art brought down to almost a science. I allude to the art of pig killing. Every one who visits Chicago goes to see the stock-yards. We wandered through acres and acres of pens and yards containing thousands of sheep, pigs, and cattle. Chicago is the largest meat market in the world. I can't tell you the thousands, or perhaps millions, of animals killed there in one year, but details of this sort are not of much interest perhaps to you. Adjoining the yards are the "packers," where the animals are slaughtered, and sent in tins or by other methods to all parts of the world. We first saw a few dozen sheep in process of becoming mutton, and then went to see the wonder of the whole place—Armour's pig-killing establishment. After getting through several rooms where fat and bones are boiled down, and numerous other processes gone through, we came to a pen which contained one or two hundred black pigs. This pen is close to the yards, and is kept full of pigs. Out of this large pen a small one opens, into which the pigs are driven. A man stands in this pen and does nothing but fasten short chains to the hind legs of these pigs. They are hauled up by these chains, which are hooked on to blocks which travel along an iron bar. This bar passes over a large tank, in which stands a man with a pointed knife, and he has nothing to do but to "stick" the pigs as they travel slowly past him in a continual stream. At the end of the iron bar the pigs drop down into a large tank of hot water, and, after a minute or two, are lifted from this by machinery and placed between two revolving wheels, with iron scrapers on them, which take a large proportion of the bristles off them. The pigs then pass along a bench

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with men on each side, who finish the shaving process by hand. Another iron bar, with travelling pulleys, now carries the pigs over tables, where men cut them open and remove all the clock-work arrangements. The bar then carries them across an iron bridge into another building, where they are suspended by both hind legs in long rows, and as each fresh pig takes up its position a man comes along and cuts him in halves, straight down the back. As each pig is halved you can look through him, and through about fifty more to the wall at the other side of the building. Sausage making, bacon smoking, packing in tins, and cooking, etc., is all carried on; but we hurried through this, thinking we had seen enough of the blood and the dirt—not to mention the smell—of a Chicago packing warehouse.

A cousin of Jim's is living near Chicago, Jack Mathieson by name, who went about with us a good deal. He lives at a village called Pullman, where the well-known railway carriages are built. He took us over the whole concern, which includes factory and village for the people. The parks of Chicago are very fine indeed. We visited one or two, and admired the trees and also the bedding-out plants.

What I am going to tell you now will no doubt surprise you as much as it did me. I had gone out of my room, at Palmer Hotel, to Jim's, and was coming back, (by the way without a coat on, and sleeves tucked up on account of the heat,) when a man of about thirty-five (as I afterwards learned) asked me "where room 118 was to be found"? This was my number, so I showed him the room, and asked him whom he wished to see? He said he had seen the name of R. J. C. in the Visitors' list, and was looking for

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that individual. I told him he had not much further to look, and asked him into my room. He then told me that his name was Snelling (Thomas, I believe) and that eleven years ago he had left Carrow Works to come to America. He had arrived only a few months before the great fire, and was burnt out of house and home. He told me he was at work for the Telephone Company, and was now getting along nicely, is married and has a small family. He used to work at Carrow under Mr. Clowes, that is to say, making frames for show-cards, and afterwards in the box shop. He asked about any number of Carrow folks besides ourselves—Mr. Harvard, Mr. Winter, Mr. Gandy, most of the foremen, and also J. Utting and S. Leggatt. He seemed very pleased to see me, and to tell you the truth I was not sorry to see him. He told me of another Norwich man, who also came to see me. His name was Bush, and his father is at Fletchers'.

We left Chicago on Tuesday and, I think, were glad to reflect that *city* sight-seeing was over for a time at any rate, and that we were going to find out what a small mountain village with its scenery and its tourists was like. We spent two nights and two days in the cars, going over the plains that are interesting to a new comer, but soon get very dull. The only place of any size we passed was Kansas City, where we did not stop, and later arrived at Pueblo. At the distance of eighty or ninety miles "Pike's Peak" came in sight. At the foot of this Peak lay Manitou, our destination, and for several hours we watched it with much interest. In the old mining days the Peak used to form a landmark for the men, who crossed these everlasting plains long before the railway was thought of. An expression

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that the miners used to use is now a common one in this neighbourhood, and is used constantly by people doing the mountains. It is "Pike's Peak or *bust.*"

We arrived on Thursday, and took a short walk up the Ute Pass in the afternoon. We were in a very nice little country hotel, and made some very pleasant acquaintances, or rather friends, of whom more anon. On Friday we walked a sixteen mile tramp through "The Garden of the Gods," a most wonderful place, with the most curious strata I ever saw. Ethel would go wild over it. The most curious formation is the red sandstone (Torquay) which in places is standing up on end to the height of 300 feet, with grey granite etc. appearing only a few feet away. What a rough and tumble fight these rocks must have had centuries ago! they look like a scrimmage on a foot-ball field. My photograph will give you a very fair idea of what they are like.

Sunday, August 9th, Walker House, Salt Lake City. As I have still a bit to tell you about Manitou I will go on where I left off. Our walks on Thursday and Friday were intended as training for the big excursion we contemplated making on Saturday, namely, walking up Pike's Peak. Manitou is about 6,300 feet above the sea, and the top of the Peak is 14,100 feet, leaving an ascent of nearly 8,000 feet. The distance from Manitou to the Peak by the horse trail is twelve miles, so we concluded we had rather a big climb before us. We started on Saturday at 4.20 a.m., and shortly after six o'clock reached a house one-third of the way up. The sunrise was most beautiful, and so also were the flowers. The quantity of the latter was astonishing. At every few yards we came upon something new, while now

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and then we came upon one we knew. Jim got off a lot of long names which no one disputed, possibly because there was not 'wind' enough in the party. We could recognise the forget-me-nots, and also a small sort of sunflower, which is about as common *everywhere* as stones. The railways are lined with it, and they say that wherever you scratch the soil a sunflower is bound to come up. They are not much larger than a marguerite daisy as a rule, but you sometimes see them double this size, or even larger. They are much to be preferred to those five-acre flowers that young ladies in England gush over so much.

August 8th, 1885. I am told that by posting at once, I shall save a mail at New York, so send this, hoping to get off another shortly. We leave for Yellowstone today. All well.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 8.

On board the Cars of the N.P.R.,
23rd August, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

As you will see by the heading I am trying if it is possible to write in the train. I have commenced while waiting at the Station: you will no doubt see when the train starts by my writing. I have got rather behind in my writing, but hope to get up close before leaving Frisco. I posted you letter No. 7 from Salt Lake, and yesterday sent a short note from Helena, which I called No. A, as it was not written in this book. I left off in the middle of Pike's Peak climb, so will tell you what sort of a finish we made

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of it. As I told you we left Manitou at 4.20 a.m. for the twelve miles' climb, and, as long as it was cool, got on first-rate. It seemed a long time before we got above timber-line, and commenced to climb the rocks. The atmosphere about all mountains is proverbially clear, and it is therefore very difficult to judge distances, even for an old hand, and long before we got to the summit we congratulated ourselves on having finished our job. At one point, after rounding a shoulder of the hill, the path was visible almost to the top. I was with Alec, and Jim a good way in front. Alec remarked, "Oh it's not more than a mile or mile and a half, we shall be up in half an hour." As I did not know the distance, I merely said, "An *hour* would be more like the time, *and half*." I then went on after Jim, and when I had climbed more than a mile, asked some people I met how much further I had to go? "You'll strike it in about five miles, I guess," was the reply. I think this was beyond the mark, but it was a long way off all the same. When about a mile from the top, I met a guide coming down with a party of ladies on mules. "What's it '*Pike's Peak or bust?*'" said he. I replied, "Yes, but it's been jolly near busting." His parting advice was "Stick to it, your chum is just on the top." Partly through having left sea level so recently, and partly through having done so little really hard walking, I found my 'wind' conspicuous by its absence. Every few minutes it was "bellows to mend," and I had to sit down, eat a bit of chocolate, and wash it down with snow, which was lying about in patches. I reached the top at last, and very glad I was to do so.

I went into the Observatory Station, and had a chat with the man in charge, who looks after all sorts of wind gauges,

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rain gauges, and any amount of machines ending in . . . *ometer*. He was a very pleasant fellow, and showed me some of his machines, the telegraph wire which ends in Washington among others. From Washington all the weather reports are issued to the papers, etc. On the top we found two ladies who had walked up from the Half-way House, from which most people start. This was a good climb for ladies, and we complimented them on having done it. Most people who do the Peak take horses or mules. Americans, as a rule, are not good walkers. The reason, I suppose, is that their climate is too hot. After waiting an hour on the top, we started down just about as hard as it was possible to go. At the Half-way House we got some milk, and didn't we enjoy it! Jim and I had our eyes on the usual Saturday evening "hop" in the dining-room of the hotel, and therefore did not wait long at the Half-way House, but Alec preferred to have a bit of a rest there. About a mile short of the toll-house we caught up our two lady friends, and did the polite, carrying their shawls, etc., for them. I fancy in England two casual strangers would not have been so well received by a couple of lone females.

The toll-house is kept by an ideal Yankee. We had a chat with him the day before going up the Peak, and found him like most of his countrymen very ready to talk. As soon as we appeared before his shanty, we caught sight of him with feet on one chair and seated on another, the latter chair of course being tilted back. As the afternoon was hot, coat and waistcoat were both dispensed with, and a flannel shirt was visible. His face was clean shaved except the chin which carried a tuft of black hair. His greeting was in this style: "Well you boys, what *did* you

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think of the Peak? Big walk ain't it? Guess you're mighty glad to be down again. Weren't there three of you yesterday? What's become of your chum, chuckered out, eh? What time did you start? When did you get to the top? Tired when you got there, you bet?" etc., etc. He kept up a whole string of questions, and we replied to them and asked others. We soon wished him good-bye and ditto to our unknown lady friends; and then went on to our hotel, which we reached at 4.22 p.m., just twelve hours from the time we had left it. I am not sure how our time was divided, but I think we took nearly eight hours to get up, spent one on the top, and took three and a piece to come down. Our hotel was most welcome as you will easily believe, and after a drink of iced water, a hot bath was the order of the day. After this had been followed by a cold one, and our feet rubbed with vaseline, we both turned in for an hour's snooze. After six o'clock-supper we felt quite restored, and ready to enjoy the dance which followed.

I may as well take the opportunity of introducing you to the very kind friends we have made, and whom I mentioned in my last letter. We met them the day we did the Peak, and parted with them last Thursday (20th), at the end of the Yellowstone Park. We have travelled with them for just about three weeks, and parted with, I hope, mutual regrets. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Miss B., Miss Floe B., Elijah B., and Miss Josie B. They have all travelled in Europe, and I think know more of England than I do. They have taken (like many Americans) a great interest in English architecture, and have seen most of our Cathedral cities, but not Norwich,

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which little omission I hope will one day be put right. They saw Cambridge, and were very much pleased with it, but unfortunately it was not term time. With and without the Boardmans we made several excursions, some of them riding round Manitou, and enjoyed ourselves no end. One of the best sights was up the Chiyenne Cañon which is a deep ravine having very fine rocky cliffs on either side, and a waterfall of six leaps at the end. On the Sunday we spent in Manitou a card was brought me bearing the name of Wm. A. Bell. Mr. Bell is a friend of Mr. Louis Willett, and seeing my name on the visitors' list he had called to see if I knew him. We had some tennis at Mr. Bell's, and saw his beautiful picture painted by Moran, an American artist, of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross." This mountain we could not see, but it contains a wonderful crack on its side in the shape of a cross, the long arm of which, I believe, is 1500 feet high. The crack is filled with perpetual snow. The sight must be very grand. I have got a photograph of the mountain.

As the Boardmans were on their way to the Yellowstone *viâ* Salt Lake, we put off our departure for a day, and went with them. We left Manitou on Thursday morning (August 6th) and a most enjoyable day we had. Our line was the "Denver and Rio Grande" which runs through the Royal Gorge and the Grand Cañon, both of them magnificent for scenery and also for engineering skill, cliffs of several thousand feet rising above you, and only just room for the rail and the river at their feet. When we turned in that evening it was raining a little, and next morning at daylight it was still falling. We had then left the mountains, and were running over the plains which are

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composed of very soft soil indeed. At about 6 a.m. the conductor called us, and said he expected we should have to make a transfer as there was a "wash-out" ahead. At 7 a.m. our train came to a standstill, and in front we found a bridge that had been rendered unsafe by the heavy rains during the night. After a wait of a few minutes another train appeared on the other side of the gully, and we all turned out and changed places with the east-bound passengers. The rains had delayed us some hours, and as breakfast was still a long way off, we enquired of the conductor if he had anything eatable on board. His reply was not cheering, but we managed to keep body and soul together on coffee, sugar wafers, and ham. In the bustle of the transfer we had left a basket containing some fruit in the other train, and lamentations were heard on all sides.

While crossing those dreary plains we played cards, and I believe touched on every known game under the sun. I taught our companions all the games I had ever learnt in England, and they taught us all the American ones, finishing up with telling our fortunes. We came over a very fine range of hills, the *Wasatch*, I think—which reminded me of the Black Forest Railway—a very steep grade, and very zigzag indeed. We were told the grade reached in one place 220 feet per mile, and averaged 211 feet. The above I have since heard contradicted. I don't know the merits of the case, so please take your choice. It was on the top of this range that we first saw water that flows to the Pacific. After coming down through miles and miles of snowsheds, we reached the level plain in which Salt Lake and Salt Lake City are situated. At about 7 p.m. we reached our destination,

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not at all sorry to get there, and very much we appreciated a "clean up all round." We spent Saturday morning in looking about Salt Lake City, and admired its broad streets with water flowing down either side. The streets are, I think, better kept than those of other cities, but then, all over America the streets are the worst things we have seen. Saturday afternoon the nine of us took the train for the Great Salt Lake. This train is known as the "bathing train," and I should think at least two hundred bathers went down by it. The ladies of our party had not expected to get bathing during their trip, and had left their suits at home, about which they were very sorry, and not caring to hire a suit, they had to stay on land and look on. Jim and I took our bath with about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, and enjoyed it no end. The water, as you know, is very easy to swim in as it contains so much salt, but you have to be very careful not to get any into your eyes or mouth. I am not sure whether the following percentages are correct, but the guide-book, I think, gave them as follows:—The sea, 3·00; Great Salt Lake, 15·00; Dead Sea, 25·00. When I have time I will look up these figures.

The latter part of this letter is written on board a steamer on the Columbia River, just arriving at Portland where it will be posted. We sail tomorrow for Frisco, and on the 29th for New Zealand. Will let you have another letter from Frisco. All well.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

Portland,
24th August, 1885.

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LETTER No. 9.

"*State of California,*"
26th August, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

I posted you a letter yesterday from Portland, which I hope turned up safely. I have still a good deal to tell you about our doings in and after leaving Salt Lake City. You will remember that the time I am writing about was when we were travelling with the Boardmans, so *us* for the next few pages will mean a party of *nine* and not of *three.* We were all anxious to spend the Sunday in Salt Lake City, so as to see what a Mormon service was like. We patronised an American Church in the morning, and in the afternoon (Sunday, August 9th) went in a body to the Mormon Tabernacle. The service commenced with hymns and prayer, the former being sung by the choir alone, to tunes played (rather too slow) on a very big organ indeed. Mormons are not content with one sermon when they can get four or five, and as fast as one preacher sat down another took his place and made a fresh start. Jim put down some notes of the sermon, but whether he sent them to you or tore them up I don't know. The only part I remember was to the effect that all other religions contained so much that was doubtful and hid in obscurity—there had been so much disputing about what was correct translation and what was incorrect, so much doubt existed even as to whether manuscripts themselves were genuine or not—that nobody knew what to believe, and what not to believe. About Mormonism, however, there could be no doubt at all, for the whole of its doctrines had been communicated direct to one of their

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body, Joseph Smith, (the name I think is familiar!) and in a comparatively few years it had become a great religion—talked of all over the world, and having converts from every country under the sun. As a matter of fact, I believe these converts are taken from a very low class of peasants and artisans throughout Europe (and *England*), but in fairness to the Mormons, I must say they make very good citizens of them when they get them to America. A Mormon congregation is rather a thing to study. I was unable to pick out from those who sat near me a single *striking* face. I was not near enough to the platform to see what the "Elders" looked like. The building, which holds 10,000 people (13,000 when Patti sang in it), was perhaps half full; the congregation was quiet, but I do not think I can say attentive, as a good number were busy taking their afternoon naps. The Sacrament was handed through the whole congregation while the sermons were being preached, and all the Mormons, I should think, partook of it. Not a few of them were nudged by their neighbours, and directly after went to sleep again. I believe that there is a great deal that is good among the Mormons, and probably a longer stay would have revealed it. You must remember that my stay was only two days, and during that time I did not become acquainted with any. I called on one with the intention of using Mr. Childers' name, but he was out, and I had not another chance. You will remember that Mr. Childers spoke highly of the Mormons, and I wish for that reason I had met his friend Mr. Jennings. The thing about which so many jokes have been made against the Mormons, *plurality of wives*, is, I am told, a thing of the past. A law has just been passed through Congress forbidding the practice, and it is now

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being enforced. That "he loved not wisely, but two *hundred* well," will never be said again of a Mormon. I have only one other thing to say of Salt Lake City. A man was staying in our hotel whose name may, or may not, be familiar to you—Josh. Billings.

The next thing I have to tell you about is the Yellowstone National Park. On Monday (Aug. 9th) we left Salt Lake City at about breakfast-time for a small station called Beavor Cañon, which we expected to reach at 2 a.m. on Tuesday. The ride was a hot and dusty one, but with cards, conversation, and meals we passed the time comfortably enough. The latter part of the day's ride was more interesting—through some peculiar rocky hills, and by the side of a splendid trout stream. How we wished for a bath, but wishing did not do much good. We saw several Indians during the day. Some of the women had babies tied to their backs. This, I suppose, was to have both hands free to work and carry things for their lords and masters. I could not help thinking what an excellent arrangement this was, and wondered when we should see the same custom in vogue in England. Probably when we reach a higher stage of civilization! We turned out at 2 a.m. into a minute station, and managed to find some beds for the ladies and Mr. Boardman. We three slept in some rugs on the station floor.

We all breakfasted early, and then set about loading up our three "spring waggons." This is a four-wheeled "trap" unknown in England. It has three seats, each holding two persons, and is covered with a hood to keep off the sun, with canvass curtains that can be let down at pleasure. These waggons seem to be very frail indeed for the awful roads

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they have to go over, but really it is their lightness and springiness which keeps them from going into match-wood at every jolt. They and the American "buggy" are built of hickory wood, and though I am not struck with their looks, I am charmed with their strength, lightness, and the work they do. Our heavy luggage was "expressed" to Helena, but the Boardmans took most of theirs through the Park on a separate waggon. A rather large party had started the day before, and we had therefore not the best of the traps. Mr. Boardman's waggon having a heavy load got off half-an-hour before us, saying they would wait lunch for us when half the day's stage (it consisted of forty-five miles) had been got over. The two Miss Boardmans were entrusted to our tender mercies, which, naturally, we did not object to.

We had not got half a mile on our way, when I discovered that the tire of one of the wheels was nearly off. With the aid of a big stone we hammered it on, and continued our way. We had not gone very far, when we noticed it was nearly off again. We concluded that at this rate we should not get to our destination (Snake River, forty-five miles) that night, so sent the waggon back to be mended, and started to walk on. We were caught up before very long, and although the wheel was by no means a good one, having been patched in a number of places, it carried us. At the lunch place we found the rest of the party, who had waited a long time for us. Mr. Boardman had gone out with his gun, and shot one blue-winged teal and several "sage chickens." After resting our horses we started after the others. A rough road, but a pretty one, through plains covered with "sage brush" and bounded by hills, was what our route lay through for the afternoon.

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Just as it got dark a most welcome sight met our view. We were tired, dusty, and beginning to feel very chilly, for it was after sunset, when from the top of a low hill we caught sight of the camp. This consisted of a log-house, on each side of which were six small tents—some of them lit up. The camp, with its lights, looked so cosy against a background of fir trees that we began to feel warm at the sight of it. In front of the tents ran a broad shallow river which, instinct told us, was full of trout. We were soon in camp and, after supper was over, chatting round the table of the events of the day. Mr. Boardman had shot a whole lot of sage chickens, and we had seen a lot of duck. Mr. Boardman asked me if I would take his gun in the morning and try for some more sage chickens, and you may be sure I jumped at the offer. I said I would be up at daylight and try for some ducks, which Mr. Boardman told me I should not kill. The fact is, sage chickens are a little easier to kill than farmyard fowls, and I wanted something more sporting.

The night was very cold, and when I started at 4 a.m., with a little light in the sky, I could not help laughing to see Alec with any amount of clothes piled over him, and, in addition, a soft hat to keep his head warm. I crossed the footbridge and kept down by the river (the water, by the way, most awfully cold), and very soon came upon some duck. I had some prime sport, and when I got back to camp, about eight o'clock, found Mr. Boardman looking out for me. He wanted to know what I had got, and when I produced the following he was much surprised:—Eight widgeon, four wild duck, two spoon-bills, two shanks, one teal, in all seventeen. The only shot I had was No. 8, and the gun a 16-bore. (This may be all Latin to you, but some will appreciate it.)

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So I think I did rather well. The day these were shot was "the glorious twelfth," when hundreds, if not thousands, of my fellow-countrymen and fellow-sportsmen opened their shooting season. I much doubt if many of them made an earlier start than I did, and I will answer for it that none enjoyed their sport more.

Half an hour after breakfast that morning you might have seen seven persons whipping the stream in front of the camp for trout. I went to try down stream, and did not see what fish were taken, but was told of a dozen two-pounds, and any number of smaller ones. I had not very good sport as in the part I tried, the weeds were thick and after hooking several big ones I lost them in the weeds. The trout, sage chickens, and ducks were tasted at supper and voted *tip top*. We were so charmed with the place that we determined to stop over Thursday, and a splendid day's fishing we had. I think we one and all spent as much time in the middle of that river as we did on its banks, with the result that we got some of the best fish in the river. Our fishing lines and gut were the finest made, and the fish did not understand them. The rural mind on a fishing expedition believes in a "tug of war." We believe in two things,—at the thin end of the rod a good deal of *bend*, and at the thick end a good deal of *patience*. I went out in the afternoon, and had some capital sport. While fishing I frightened a large fish, and saw him shoot in under the bank. The thought occurred to me that I had often heard of "tickling" but had never tried it, and in fact did not quite believe it was possible. I put my rod down, turned up my sleeve, and in about half a minute had a three pound fish in my basket, the largest one

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caught. This I am aware is poaching, and I should therefore not think of trying it in English waters where fish are preserved. You may accept this as a fact, tickling trout is just as easy as winking.

On Friday morning we made an early start, with sixty-five miles before us, for Fire-hole Basin, the first stage *inside* the Park. Mr. Boardman we said good-bye to, as he was going with a hunter for a few days to try for big game, (just before leaving the Park we heard from him to say he had had no sport at all, awfully sorry for him). Most reluctantly we turned our backs on Snake River. The only incident that occurred that day was the shooting of a sage hen. We caught sight of her on a stump in the woods, and Elijah handed me his small rifle with which I managed to kill her, thanks probably to my rook-shooting at Bedingham last spring. We arrived at the Fire-hole at dusk, having done our sixty-five miles of rough roads very well with one lame horse and three sound ones. The hotel was rustic in the extreme, built of wood throughout. The partition walls consist of one deal plank, (whether three-quarter inch or one-inch I can't say, but believe the former,) covered with a thin piece of canvass. You will easily believe that sound goes through these so-called "walls" very easily. The whole of our party were lodged in rooms close together, and took care to talk only in whispers. The second night we were there, a man and his wife and a small baby were our neighbours. They probably did not know the thickness or rather the thinness of the wall. In the small hours of the morning that baby naturally began to "squall," and inside of five minutes every one was wide awake and listening. I think I learnt more that night about how to manage a baby

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than I ever knew before. For the first quarter of an hour we were much edified by the cossetting and small talk, etc., that went on to comfort that baby. As these had not the slightest effect the performance began to grow a trifle monotonous, and then remarks from surrounding rooms began to be heard. These first took the form of raps on the walls with fingers, later on with boots, and as these had no effect other means were tried. "Oh, I'm so sleepy," "Good night," "Drat that kid," "I wish that confounded kid would shut up," the two latter, by the way, in deeper bass than the two former. Soon after this the noise stopped, and we could only suppose that a pillow had been placed on the young brat's head and some one had sat upon it. If this is not the *usual* way of stopping a squalling kid it may be an improvement on old methods, and in this case I shall be thankful if I have eased, in any way, the burdens laid on suffering humanity. At breakfast the next morning a good many jokes were made about the disturbed night we had had, and such remarks as, "Will it have some sugar in its coffee? So it shall then," served to amuse us until the brat with its worthy parents appeared on the scene. The father, who had only one arm, possessed a voice like a policeman's rattle, and this of itself was not conducive to slumber.

From Fire-hole several excursions are made to different parts of the Park. The first one, of about twelve miles, is done in one day. This includes "Hell's Half-Acre" and several of the geysers and hot springs. The first consists of a hole, half an acre in extent, full of boiling water; you look down into it from the height of a few feet, and as the wind carries off the clouds of steam, you catch sight of the

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boiling water below. You are standing on a mound of lime, perfectly white, with little or nothing growing on it. Where the water has worn little channels through this white formation the sight is very beautiful, for the following reason. Most of the springs contain sulphur, and thus a yellow deposit is seen on the white, which looks like beaten gold. These springs smell horribly of sulphur, and to admire them you must be careful to take up a position to windward. They all run into the river, which is quite warm, hot in places, and does not contain fish. There is a flower in America (possibly in England) called "Morning Glory,"—a convolvulus, and one of the hot springs is called after it. This, I think, is the most beautiful thing in the Park. Those of you who know what a *crevass* is, will form the best idea of what this "Morning Glory" is like. You must imagine a hole in the ground, shaped like a funnel, five yards across at the mouth, the upper edge is perfectly white, which changes, as you look deeper into the water, to the most lovely blue. It is a pity that neither by description nor by photograph can this lovely picture be conveyed to you. The *form* is something, but that is very little when the colour is left out. As I said before, the only thing I can compare it to is a crevass.

Numerous geysers we visited, the Fountain, Beehive, Castle, Sawmill, Splendid, and Old Faithful. The two latter we saw spouting, but the others were not at work. Old Faithful is the most regular, and only varies from fifty-eight to seventy minutes. We saw him three or four times. The others are not to be depended on. The Giant went off that day, but we did not see it. Very strict rules are now in force in the Park as to "specimens," which

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formerly were taken wholesale by tourists, and obtained by the aid of a hammer. All geologists had better take note of this. That noble army who scribble their names everywhere had been to the geysers before we got there. We were told that a name written in pencil, below the surface of the water would be soon covered by the deposit, and in that state would last as long as the geysers. Thousands of years hence, perhaps, some of those names may be uncovered—they will then look as fresh as on the day when they were written. Where the water is always running or splashing about, the formation is as hard as iron, but removed from the water it soon crumbles away and also loses its wonderful whiteness.

Our next point was a place called the "Paint Pots," some few miles away, and here a pleasant surprise awaited me. We pulled up by the side of a hot spring, and I jumped out of the waggon to look at it. Three horsemen were standing by it, and who should one of them be but Harry Piper. I had told him we were coming through the Park, and he had started out to find us. There are not many roads through the Park, so there was little danger of our missing. His "traps" were at the Upper Geysers, so he returned there to sleep that night, and joined us in time to start for the Yellowstone Falls and Cañon. Our waggon had one place vacant, as Mr. Boardman was away, so Harry took it, and gave his pony a couple of days' rest.

The "Paint Pots" are most peculiar. You must imagine a hole ten or fifteen yards square, with sides about one yard high. The floor is composed of stuff which looks like soft white mud, or perhaps like the stuff which plasterers put on

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the ceilings of rooms. Underneath this little bubbles of steam are always forming, and when they burst, little pieces of the mud are forced into the air for the distance of a few inches, or sometimes a few feet. From the spot where the bubble bursts, a small bell-shaped hole is left, and as the mud generally falls into this hole the most peculiar arrangements of flowers are seen. This process goes on continually, and is I think one of the strangest sights we have seen. A continual splutter is kept up, some one described it as boiling oatmeal.

Our next excursion was to the Falls of the Yellowstone River, a drive of thirty miles, for which Harry joined us. Our driver was very chatty, as is generally the case in this free country, where every man is as good as his neighbour and frequently a little better. He was a Dane by birth, but had come to the States at the age of fifteen, and joined the Mormons. We talked with him, among other things, about forest fires. The Park is very much disfigured by dead trees, the result of fires which took place many years ago. Rules are now very strict as to camp fires and rightly so. Our driver told us of a fire which occurred several years ago, not in the Park, but near where he was living. It covered a range of hills one hundred miles long by fifty, and was alight for nearly three months. Twice during that time heavy rains occurred, all the smoke disappeared, and they thought the fire was out, but the large hollow trees held it, and a wind following the rain, the whole thing quickly blazed up again. In places the forests in the Park are very thick, and if they once got well alight the probabilities are that rain would not put them out, they would have to burn till snow put them out.

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We were at the Yellowstone Falls on Sunday, and spent it, let us hope profitably, in contemplating nature in one of her grandest forms (the Falls and Cañon); also, by the way, in execrating the dust and mosquitoes. The latter we have been bothered with very little indeed, and are told that we are just too late for them, thank goodness.

We all considered the Falls the grandest thing in the Park. The Yellowstone River takes a perpendicular leap of about three hundred feet—and a magnificent sight it is —and then goes rushing down the rocky bed at the bottom of the Cañon. The water of the river is very green, and where this seems to melt into white spray, a few feet below the top of the Falls, the effect is most lovely. The sides of the Cañon are for the most part white (limestone), but changes in places to bright yellow (the river takes its name from this); and in others to red and terra-cotta—stained, I suppose, by sulphur and iron. The sides are very rugged indeed, and the path at present is only made along the summit of the cliff. Probably a path will be made soon just above the stream. If we had had more time I think we should have tried to climb down and get to the foot of the Falls. The view, looking up, must be wonderful.

We returned to Fire-hole, and on Tuesday left for the "Mammoth Hot Springs," the place at the north end of the Park, and only six miles from the rail. The stage of about fifty miles was for the most part over the usual rough road, but the last mile or two we came over one of the new roads that Government is making about the Park. This was a very good piece of engineering, more like Switzerland than any road I have yet seen. It is cut for some way out of the side of a rocky hill, and is known as the Golden Gate from

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the colour of the rocks. The Mammoth Hot Springs have gradually built up for themselves what may be called "terraces," one on the top of the other, until they form a small hill. In places large projections stick out from the rest, and these are known as "pulpits," which they much resemble. The general colour is white, but all shades of yellow and iron-red are reached through the stains of different mineral waters. We got our photographs, and then looked up our trains, and found that we could stop a clear day at the Springs and catch this boat from Portland, with twenty-four hours in hand in case of accidents. At this we were delighted, as we had expected to leave early the next morning. The last day in the Park Jim, Harry, and I went trout fishing, but as we only caught small fish Harry and I turned up for lunch. "Izaak Walton" kept on all day, and made a very fair basket of rather small fish —small, at least, after what we caught in Snake River. The rest of us thought a ride would suit us "down to the ground," so ordered seven horses, and "you bet" we enjoyed our last afternoon.

We had to be up next morning for a 7.30 start in the coach, and very much honoured we felt when the Miss Boardmans and Elijah decided to ride down to Cimabar (the station) and, so to speak, see us safely off the premises. Half a dozen horses, with a man to bring ours back, were soon ordered. We spent the evening seated in front of the hotel, talking over what we had been seeing during the last few days, and wishing we were at Manitou instead of at the north end of the Yellowstone National Park. Mrs. Boardman has been very kind to us three casual strangers, and before getting to Frisco I intend to write and thank her.

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She probably takes an interest in us because she has a nephew who is globe-trotting, with four or five chums, in a 200-ton yacht. They had just heard, when we met, of the arrival of the "Brunhilde" at Cowes about twenty-seven days out from New York. She is bound down the Mediterranean, and on to India. It will be rather curious if we should run across her. Her owner is J. J. Phelps.

On Thursday (20th) we started for Helena with Harry, having said good-bye to our friends the Boardmans. This ended a very pleasant three weeks' acquaintance, for a time at any rate, but we hope to renew it again some day on the other side of the water. The Yellowstone National Park I am very glad to have seen. In a few years it will be much easier to do than at present, for new roads are being made which will shorten the distances, and many more hotels and stopping-places will spring up. At the same time I should advise people to put up with the jolting and poor accommodation, and see the park before it becomes "cockneyfied." Already you find empty tins, bottles, etc., in all directions, and time, I fear, will never lessen this nuisance. As time goes on the park will be more and more "looked after," and even the mere fact of this being done will take away some of its charm. The little tents we slept in (as at Snake River) will soon be things of the past, and instead of the "log-cabin," a big hotel will be seen. Then too the Americans are such go-ahead people that they will probably bottle up, or rather bottle *down*, the geysers and make them play only when wanted. I can imagine seats placed round the geysers with an official in charge, and when he gets a sufficient audience he will pull a rope and up will

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come the water; it will, so to speak, "Bob up serenely from below." I can also imagine a tourist enquiring, "When does your geyser play?" and the reply coming, "Well, stranger, we had a lot of people round here yesterday and used all the water, but I've telephoned for some more, and guess we'll make a start right away." Possibly too at some of the geysers will be posted a notice, "Under repair." We found it advisable to coin a word while in the park, and used to ask, when speaking of a geyser, if he had "geyed"? and if not, when was he going to "gey"? The geologists are much exercised in their minds about the geysers, and as far as I can make out, you can't get two that hold the same opinion. They talk of boring down next year near the geysers, and expect that the facts acquired will be surprising. If it should happen that some geologists be gathered round the mouth of the hole when their boring tool strikes steam or hot water, it is probable that not only theories but geologists themselves would be scattered to the winds of heaven. Possibly it will be said of each one of them, like the engineer Dr. Dale told us about, "His end was pieces."

Now I very much hope you will have been interested and instructed (the latter muchly) in what I have told you about the Yellowstone National Park. I may finish up with the somewhat frequent remark in my letters, "Wait till you see my photographs."

Our ride to Helena was not interesting. On Friday we hired a "buggy" and drove over to Marysville. We found the Breretons expecting us, and they were good enough to put us up. I delivered the violet roots to Mrs. Brereton, but I doubt they will not come to much after their long voyage.

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Harry took us over the mine and a tremendous place it is. From my short experience I should say that I should not care to work in a mine. We saw one of the "drills" at work for boring into the rock. The power is supplied by compressed air, which supplies the workmen at the same time as the machine. The veins of ore were pointed out to us, and very peculiar stuff it looked. In the evening we went through the mill, and saw how the silver was separated from the dross—a rather complicated process, and one that I do not know enough about to attempt to explain to you.

Harry, Jim, and I went out at daylight to try and shoot something ("it being a fine day"!) and managed to bag five birds not unlike grouse, and one hare. I was on a very quiet pony, which was lucky, for coming home I had to devote one hand to my gun, and the other to my birds, and my legs to my steed. The horses about this country always canter, and on these rough roads know where to go a great deal better than you can tell them. I was told that young horses are broken unshod, and, after hurting their feet a few times against the rocks, learn where to put them. To "Little Folks' Humane Societies" this may seem a trifle rough on the horses, but there is a lot of solid sense at the bottom of it.

On Saturday (22nd) we returned to Helena, leaving Harry the better for his holiday. He wished to be remembered to all of you when I wrote home. Sunday was spent on the cars, and most of it was passed in writing my last letter to you. On Monday, at 4 a.m., we were called and turned out at a station called the Dalles. We had to wait until eight o'clock, when the steamer started down the

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Columbia River. This little trip was well worth taking, but the views we got were not distant ones, for which we were sorry, as we wanted to see Mount Adams and Mount Hood, both of them very fine snow mountains. The reason of our not being able to see them is because there are so many forest fires now burning in this part of the country, and they make a pale blue mist which hides everything that is not pretty close to you. One gentleman on board was going up to Puget Sound, but has put off his trip as he hears there is so much smoke about there.

Thursday, July 27th. We expect to reach Frisco to-morrow morning early, and to sail on Saturday for Auckland. I think I explained in one of my other letters that we had given up the Yosemite Valley, as we had not time to see it, and missing this steamer would mean practically one month's delay. I shall post this as soon as we arrive, and if I find anything to answer at once in your other letters, supposing I get them, will try and write before sailing. If you don't get another letter a day or two after this you must not expect one for some time, as the Sandwich Islands will be our first stopping-place, and the mail *may* have just left when we get there. Letters 7 and 8 reached me safely. The Ashleigh news I am very pleased to hear. I note what you say about Mr. Price, and will make enquiries about him, though I don't expect I shall run across him. You say at the end of your letter, written July 13th, that my first letter from the States had not arrived. You had not to wait long for it I hope. My letters have all gone to you, and I hope have arrived safely. I don't know that there is any object in my changing this. Any one who likes to take the trouble to read them may do so, but whoever

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reads them or hears them read may consider they have received a letter, and *'cordingly* they may answer it. I have another letter to write before bed-time, and therefore do not intend to wade through all I have written. The only other news that occurs to me at the moment is that we are all three as right as trivets. By the way, at Helena, a gentleman introduced himself to me named Dalby, I think. He is engaged in buying English horses, cattle, and sheep, and bringing them to the States. Some of our sheep, he told me, he had brought over. This letter is sent in three envelopes, A, B, and C.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

[TELEGRAM.]

San Francisco,
29th August, 1885 (11.40).

"Embarking—Auckland—gained—Zealandia."

Translation:—"I have received letter 13. Auckland is our next stopping-place. Alec has received letter 5. '*Zealandia*' is our ship."

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Letter No. 10.

Palace Hotel,
San Francisco,
29th August, 1885.

Dear Mother,

Seven letters and two papers I found waiting for me here. I need not say how welcome they were. I only write a short note now to give you "latest intelligence" about us, as I am posting a somewhat lengthy epistle in three envelopes, A, B, and C, No. 9. The other letter gives all information as to our past wanderings, and this is intended only as an acknowledgment of your letter. No. 13, written on August 10th, is the latest. I think all your letters have so far come to hand. I will make a list when I get on board, and let you have it. Letters written by the girls after they left home are, of course, not numbered. You asked for telegram giving next stopping-place and our ship, so today I send the following:—"Embarking—Auckland—gained—'*Zealandia*.'" This means that Auckland is our next stopping-place (Honolulu we only stay a few hours in). I have received letter 13. Alec has received letter 5, and *Zealandia* is our ship. Southwell will no doubt be interested in this our first telegram. I have been to Richards and Harrison's, and find Mr. Price is due here in about a week. As staying a week would mean a month, I have determined not to wait for him. Your letter in answer to mine about dates I am very glad to get. No doubt we shall overstep the 1st of April, how much remains to be seen. I have concluded to keep my own counsel about that letter, as I know we shall want to stop about at a

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hundred and one places when we are further from home than we are now. With this trump-card in my hand I shall be able to dispense soothing draughts, in the shape of delays, to my chums if by any chance they should become unruly. It may be some time before my next letter reaches you, as the Sandwich Island mail runs every fortnight, and our boat may perhaps just miss it. There is just a possibility of Mr. Price's boat being at Honolulu while we are there, but the chance is rather remote.

With best love to all, I remain,

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER NO. 11.

P. M. S.S. *Zealandia*,
29th August, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

Before coming on board today I sent you off two letters in four envelopes. They contained an account of all we have seen and done on the west side of America, and a brief acknowledgment of letters received at Frisco. For the most part your letters are quite satisfactory, though two pieces of information I was saddened and shocked to get. I hope I may receive some brighter accounts of Aunt Barnard when your next mail reaches me. May I ask you to convey my sympathy to poor Reed when you next write or see him. Mrs. Reed will be sadly missed at Corton.

September 3rd. We are now about 1450 miles from San Francisco, and have about 700 more to go to reach

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Honolulu. Ever since starting we have been coming across a rather heavy ground swell, and the vessel has consequently been rolling incessantly. The roll is a very slow and dignified one, but, I am glad to say, has not turned any of us up—at which I am rather surprised, as our little run across the Atlantic was hardly enough, I should have said, to give us our "sea-legs." At meal-times upsets are frequent, and yesterday, as soup did not appear, we imagine it got upset in transit from the "galley" to the saloon. While mentioning meals, I may tell you we were treated to oysters at lunch today, and I for one enjoyed them. We were not in America at the proper season for these delicacies, but expect to find some in Australia.

I did not write you on "the First," as I thought my letter would be rather depressing. One generally, in writing, shows the mood he is in at the moment, and I feared on "the First" I was in a very bad one. I spent most of that best day out of the 365 in meditating, and in fancy went over numerous days spent last year with my dog and my gun. "Dash," I can assure you, came in for a good many of my thoughts, nor were brother sportsmen forgotten. I am gradually recovering from this fever, and probably in a day or two shall be able to stand the sight of a gun without shedding tears. I think my last letters will have convinced you that we were enjoying our trip, and, if this letter is neither so lively nor so full of news as my last, don't blame me, but put it down to the monotony of a sea voyage. To tell the truth, a three weeks' trip in a steamer on the Pacific is rather a dreary affair. The second day out (Sunday) some little thing went wrong with the engine, and we had to stop for a couple of hours while it was

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set right. This gave us something to talk about and discuss, and was therefore welcome, but the rolling was a caution, and a fresh start was most welcome. On Monday a piece of wreck was sighted, and we ran down to have a look at it. A boat was lowered, but no name could be made out. It was the after-part of a vessel, bottom upward, and had probably been driven off shore after having been broken in half on the rocks. It must have been in the water a long time, we sighted it about 600 or 700 miles from shore.

Every morning after breakfast the sea is covered with small specimens of the *Nautilus* or "Portuguese Man-of-War." The sails of these little animals are about as large as a butterfly's wing. I believe much larger ones are seen in some waters. As soon as the sun is high, or the sea gets at all rough, they furl their sails and sink. I should like to have got one on board, but there is not much chance of doing this, as we are going along the whole time. The next most interesting thing to do is to watch the flying-fish which are very numerous indeed. They appear to be about nine inches in length, and run down to about one and a half inches. The little ones look very much like a dragon-fly, and only go a yard or two at a time, but the big ones keep on the wing for, I should say, forty yards, and disappear with a splash in the sea at the end of their flight. While on the wing they look like a bar of silver, and when the sun is shining a shoal of them is one of the prettiest sights you can imagine.

There is one other lovely thing to be seen on the ocean, one in which we delight, namely the sunsets. After dinner we line the side of the ship and watch the clouds. Their colours are most beautiful. By degrees the colours fade, and then the stars appear, and they too are very beautiful.

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Somehow or other my thoughts always run on *Corton* (and its inmates) when star-gazing, and I fancy some of you are doing the same. As a matter of fact you will all have been in bed and asleep for hours, but the idea is a pleasant one all the same. It is a good thing that "this child" is globe-trotting rather than one of the others, as otherwise you, left at home, would never know in what quarter of the heavens to be gazing. You might be looking up in the north-east, and they might be trying to find a new star in the south-west. With me, the matter is reduced to a certainty, and if I am not looking at the Big Bear, I shall be looking at the North Star, failing these I shall be in my bunk. When I began writing about the stars I thought you would think I was either sentimental, home-sick, or sea-sick—the above will show you that I am in my normal condition.

September 4th. At noon today we were 368 miles from Honolulu, so if fair weather continues we expect to reach it at about 5.30 p.m. tomorrow. We only stay an hour or two, so shall not have much time to see about—part of it will be spent in laying in a stock of fruit. I should have liked at least a day, but the steamer can't wait.

I have not much to tell you about our life at sea. To vary the monotony a concert is being got up for tonight. I have not seen the programme. We have a young lady on board, a member of the theatrical profession. You will not know who she is, but the girls and myself have all seen her acting in London. I don't know if I shall be able to get her autograph for Ethel (I have not got cheek enough for a collector) as I do not like to ask for it. Her name is Miss Alice Barnett, the piece we all saw her in was "*Patience*," and the *rôle* she played was that of "Lady Jane." I am rather afraid of speaking to her, as by mistake I might

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say "*crushed* again," or some kindred remark. So far, I have managed to open my mouth without "putting my foot into it."

We have a fellow-passenger on board named J. H. Ainley, a very nice fellow indeed. I think it probable we shall go through New Zealand together. He comes from near Huddersfield and, I find, knows Uncle James in business, and also the Wrigleys, Mr. F. Robinson, and the Woodheads. He had to take a holiday, and has been doing the States rather leisurely, intending to devote three or four weeks to New Zealand, and perhaps ditto to Australia, and then leave for home *viâ* India. So much for our new-found friend at present. If we travel in New Zealand together you will no doubt find his name mentioned again.

The rolling, I told you of, has continued, though today it is a trifle less. Two ladies brought rocking chairs with them on board—they were unnecessary. If the fair owners have not been "rocked on the bosom of the deep" to their hearts' content, without the aid of their chairs, "I'm a Dutchman." Yesterday evening we got a wave in at one of the port-holes of the saloon. I can speak on this subject with authority, as I happened to be sitting under the identical port-hole when the incident above referred to occurred. Some laughed, but I didn't. This morning, at about seven o'clock, I heard a big splash, followed by a scream of the same dimensions. I lay in my bunk and watched the water running about the passages. I pitied the stewards who had to clean up, but at the same time "smoled a smile," and thought "he laughs well who laughs last."

September 5th. I can fancy you saying, "Many Happy Returns," please receive my best thanks for them; and may I say to all readers, "Same to you, and many of them." Honolulu is an out of the way place to spend one's birthday

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in, certainly; but I daresay it will be civilized enough for us to get a bottle of something or other in which to drink—

> "A health to all those that we love,
> A health to all those that love us,
> A health to all those that love those we love,
> And to those that love those that love us."

My letter, I am told, will leave for Frisco on Monday, and if this be so, you will not have been very long without a letter. We should arrive, I think, in Auckland about this day fortnight (September 19th) supposing we have a fair passage, which is generally expected at this season of the year.

I don't know that I have any questions to answer in your last batch of letters. The list of where yours had been posted to was very useful, and in return I send you a list of those received, which I believe is correct.

No.	From	Received on	Received at
1.	Mother ...	... ...	Liverpool
2.	" ...	... ...	Queenstown
3.	" (to J. R. R.) ...	...	Montreal
4.	Laura ...	July 17 ...	Ottawa
5.	Ethel ...	Aug. 28 ...	Frisco (Forwarded from Ottawa)
6.	Helen ...	July 27 ...	Chicago
7.	Mother ...	Aug. 21 ...	Helena
8.	Alan ...	" " ...	"
9.	Mother ...	" 28 ...	Frisco
10.	" ...	" " ...	"
11.	Florence ...	" " ...	" (not numbered)
12.	Laura ...	" " ...	" (ditto)
13.	Mother ...	" " ...	"

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You will notice 11 and 12, which had no numbers on them, the latter written from Belgrave Mansions. If these two were extras, and letters bearing those numbers have been posted to me, they have not come to hand. I suppose they will be returned through the dead-letter office, but failing this a post-card from you to the postmaster would probably bring them. While on the subject of letters, I may add that the more I get the better I shall like it, and repeat that all who read or hear my letters may consider that they are written to them personally, and accordingly answer them. When I get ashore again I shall have more to tell you than at present. The only thing one feels inclined to do is to write about the rolling of the ship, which today is as bad as ever, if not worse. She is without exception the greatest roller it has been my lot to travel in, but at the same time she is a very seaworthy vessel. At meal times we amuse ourselves occasionally by races across the table, with such things as will slide or roll. This passes the time. The most entertaining thing to take is *soup:* it always forms a little sort of "puddle" (if I may so express it) at the *side* of the plate, and when your spoon gets down into it there is shoal water, or rather shoal soup, on that side, and a fathom or two of soup on the other. You move your spoon to the other side of the plate, but not being quick enough the soup dodges underneath, and you "get left" again. At last you get a spoon full, and are congratulating yourself, when a bigger roll than usual comes along. You let go the spoon and catch up the plate, at the same time twining your leg round the leg of the table or the leg of your neighbour, as the case may be, and keeping the other hand ready to catch hold of anything that looks like

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missing your neighbour's and coming into your own lap. Taking everything into consideration, I think soup is about the most interesting pastime we have yet struck.

I have nothing further to tell you about dates. I shall probably find out in New Zealand the dates for the Hong-Kong sailings from Sydney or Brisbane, and when I know them shall be able to say when we leave Australia. Hobart Town, I find, is a stopping-place for the Melbourne boats from New Zealand, so we shall be able to see something of Tasmania without going out of our way.

Thanking you all for letters received, and hoping for future favours, I remain,

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 12.

P. M. S.S. *Zealandia*,
September 12th, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have not been doing any writing for the last few days, as I thought Auckland would be the next place I should have the chance of posting from, but this idea I have just learnt is incorrect. We stop tomorrow at a small island called Tutuila to take off mails, and by posting letters there they will catch the east bound P.M. boat in a day or two. Letters posted when we reach Auckland will, I expect, go on to Sydney in this ship, and home to England *viâ* Brindisi. We expect to get through New Zealand in about three weeks, and on to Melbourne in

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about a month—I mean of course a month from our landing in Auckland. Now a word or two about our route after we leave Australia. We intend leaving Sydney, November 7th, and seeing Brisbane if the steamer stops there. Hong-Kong will then be our next port, but we do not intend to stay long there, as we want to get on as quickly as possible to northern Japan, which after the end of the year is covered with snow. We do not yet know when the steamer sails from Sydney for Hong-Kong, and perhaps shall not be able to find this out before arriving in Melbourne. If we can get a boat on from Hong-Kong to Yokohama direct we shall take it, at least this seems best to us, but in this we shall be guided by what we hear when we stop at Hong-Kong. I will try and send you some more dates for China and Japan in my next letter. At present our route will be Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shangai, Foochow, Hong-Kong, Saigon, Singapore, Penang. We think it will be best not to stay in Hong-Kong during our first visit, but rather at the second.

Sunday, September 13th. My last letter was posted from Honolulu on my birthday. I hope it came to hand safely, although beyond the report of our welfare I don't think there was much of importance in it. We arrived in Honolulu about an hour before dark, and I therefore did not leave my letter on His Majesty, but hired a carriage and drove all through the town. Perhaps it was because we had seen nothing but the sea for a week, and were therefore ready to be pleased with anything in the shape of land, but anyhow we were delighted with Honolulu. The rains had been very frequent, and all the trees, etc. were looking so fresh and green that we thought we had never

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seen anything so lovely. Every house almost has a large garden round it, and these were full of the most lovely trees and shrubs. At every turn some brilliant coloured flower would show itself, scarlet and yellow being most numerous. The colours of the flowers can only be done justice to by one thing, and that one thing is *sight.* As for *description*, that isn't in it. Several of these flowers we have in the greenhouses at home, but the names I cannot remember. We brought away some fruit, including oranges, limes, alligator pears, and a bunch of bananas. This bunch numbered about one hundred odd, and we got it for thirty cents (one and threepence). The pears are eaten like a nut, with salt, and sometimes cut up into a salad. I tried one, but that one will be the last; I never yet came across anything so abominable.

Since leaving Honolulu we have had most beautiful weather, and not nearly so hot as was expected. The sea has been quite calm and the trade winds, which we have been running through for the last few days, most refreshing. Our course is nearly due south, and the winds have been east. We have just sighted Tutuila (noon, Sunday) so I must knock off. My next letter will probably be posted on board this boat when I get off at Auckland, so there will be nothing in it about your letters which I hope to receive there. Letters to Hong-Kong you can address to—Care of H. W. Davis, Esq., Stonehaven, Hong-Kong. All well.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 13.

P. M. S.S. *Zealandia*,
17th September, 1885.

Dear Mother,

I am advised to post this letter in Auckland, and I am told it will then go by the New Zealand Shipping Company's boat direct to England, and will arrive sooner than if I sent it to Sydney. Today is Thursday, 17th, and tomorrow will be Saturday, 19th. The 18th has to be missed out so as to allow our dates to tally with those of New Zealand, when we arrive there on Sunday. I posted my last letter from Tutuila where, by the way, we had no chance of landing. A small cutter came off, brought us passengers, fruit and mails, and took off our letters. We could get no stamps, so I paid for the letter and hope it will turn up. Tutuila like all these islands is of volcanic origin, but I don't think there is any sign of activity now. The hills looked most lovely, covered with trees up to their summits. The surf was also very beautiful as the beach in most places is rocky, and a bit of a swell was rolling in. We could see the spire of a church in the village, and with the glass could distinguish a number of small black imps running about on the sands. The cutter brought off two passengers in the shape of the Bishop of Dunedin and probably one of his curates. Before they had been on board many hours the wind got up, and for a couple of days the animals most wished for were a brace of whales to which these two Jonahs could be thrown. The sea and wind have both gone down now, however, and the two parsons are not spoken so badly of. We have got a good deal of information

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from the Bishop about New Zealand, and how to get about in it. I am very glad our voyage across the Pacific is nearly over. Our fellow passengers though pleasant enough with *us* are continually having little squabbles among themselves. As we do not take part in *either* we can see a good deal of *both* sides, and this is not bad fun, though I must confess that a lively lot of thoroughly good natured passengers would be more to my taste.

Saturday 19th. We hope to reach Auckland tomorrow morning early as we are running very well now, nearly 300 miles per twenty-four hours, and this will make up for the 240 and 260 that we did early this week. I wish they had some of the Atlantic boats on this side of the States which would run as the *Etruria* did, 481 miles in the twenty-four hours—this Pacific would then seem a much smaller place. If I don't tell you very much in my letters written from on board ship, try and excuse it. The reason is there is so little to tell. The capture of a flying fish is quite an event, and the sight of a whale causes quite a commotion. We pass a good deal of our time playing whist, and trying to find out from passengers and officers information about countries we shall visit and means of getting to them.

September 20th. We landed at Auckland this morning and I am now writing from the Star Hotel. We are delighted to be on shore again, and have taken a good walk up to an old crater (Mount Eden) from which a lovely view of the town and surrounding country can be obtained. We are delighted with our first sight of New Zealand, which happens to be in the early spring. Perhaps the flowers will be better in a little while, but after a three weeks' voyage they are quite good enough to please us. A

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large proportion of the plants and trees are old friends, and in addition some very lovely ferns and varieties of fir trees have appeared. The oak is just coming into leaf, and its young green is simply beautiful. Some of the hills have a good deal of furze on them, and just now it is all in flower. If we have not gone as far as the Swedish botanist and shed tears we have at any rate appreciated its beauty. Arum lilies are in bloom in all the gardens. I managed to get one for Miss A. Barnett (Mrs. Dickens is her name when off the stage). Mrs. D. is awfully good natured, and at the two concerts on board has done her share of singing, and on Sundays she has been organist. The night before coming ashore she came down into the saloon, and sang us "The Lost Chord," "The Brook," "The touch of a vanished hand," "Darby and Joan," some French song, and three others which I do not remember. When this was over an American started playing a lot of U. S. A. college songs and the old negro melodies.

September 21st. At the above point last night some one in the next room started Moody and Sankey hymns on a piano that had evidently seen its best days. This as you know acts on Alec like a red rag on a bull, so he got to work at oratorios, etc., on our piano, which by the way is no longer young, and between the two I was soon convinced that my letter had better stop. We understand that a Brindisi mail arrives here on the 23rd, and that by waiting till then we may get some letters. As we have not received letters by the mail which came out in the *Zealandia* with us we have determined to wait till Thursday morning in the hope of getting some. I have sent you off a cable containing the word "Port" (i.e. *arrived safe—all well).* I did not wire

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on Sunday as the post office was not open for delivery of letters, and I expected to be able to acknowledge the receipt of letters on the Monday. I don't know whether our boat was reported in the London papers on Monday, but if so you would have heard of us before you got my wire. Two days behind time is not much on a three weeks' voyage. I had a letter from the Rev. Canon Hinds Howell to a Mr. J. Braithwaite, but cannot find his name in the directory so I have been unable to call. Perhaps I shall have better luck in some of the towns in the South Island.

September 23rd. Went to the post office this morning—did not find letters, but what was as good, or perhaps better, got your wire "Assist" (i.e. *all well*). I shall ask for letters at some of the larger places in New Zealand, in case you may have posted to me there. We are just starting for the hot lakes, and for the next three weeks shall be travelling by rail, coach, and steamer, about as fast as it is possible to go. Unless we hurry over Australia very much, I don't think we shall get away from Sydney as early as November 7th, and I am inclined to stop a bit later than that if a steamer can be found a week or a fortnight later. I can't get reliable information here as to the Sydney and Hong-Kong boats. I am told, however, that the voyage is almost as long as the one we have just finished from Frisco. It will probably be more interesting, as the steamers generally call at several places. We had a fellow-passenger on the *Zealandia* who has done a great deal of travelling, and from him we got some useful information about New Zealand and other places. He has done the whole of the trip we are doing, and, as he says, "took four years to do it, and had to hurry through everything." I have got a few

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curios in Auckland, and may have a chance to get some more from the natives at the hot lakes; but this is not certain, as the old things are bought up and the natives are too lazy to make new ones. By the time you get this Alan will have "*gone up*," and will, I hope, have fallen on his feet. I shall be anxious to know how he likes it. . . . Last, but not least, pheasant shooting—please remember me to all the sportsmen you come across. Dash, I hope, has been working well; don't over-feed him, but let him go out with any sportsman who can manage him.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 14.

Empire Hotel, Wellington,
5th October, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

Since posting from Auckland we have been travelling hard, almost entirely by coach, and have seen a great deal which I cannot now tell you about. Perhaps I ought to have written you a little each day, but after about ten hours' coaching one is more inclined for bed than for scribbling. As a specimen of a day's work, I will tell you how we passed last Saturday—it is the hardest day of the lot. We started per coach from Woodville at 4.50 a.m., and at 1.0 p.m. took the train at Masterton for this place, which we reached at 7.0 p.m., had some dinner, and then went to the Exhibition and turned in at 11.0 p.m.

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We left Auckland, and took the train to Cambridge, where we slept one night, and started in our coach, after an early breakfast, for Ohinemulu, *viâ* Oxford, and reached it about dusk. After dinner, we went across the road to try one of the hot baths. A cement bath has been put down, and one of the numerous sulphur springs feeds it. The flow is always about the same, and the temperature a little over 100° Fahrenheit. The smell of sulphur is not strong enough to be unpleasant, and when once in, one is not inclined to turn out again. The bath is about eighteen feet by twelve feet, and just comes up to your neck when sitting down. The softness of the water is remarkable, and this is what makes bathing in it such a luxury. The next day we had a look round Sulphur Point, a mile or two away, and saw a great many lovely formations of sulphur at the outlets of the small springs which bubble up by the score. These formations are deposits from the water, and though very strange and beautiful while left where heat and moisture can act on them, they quickly fall to pieces and lose their colouring when exposed to the air. Where the sulphur has formed in crystals it is very hard, and will then last any length of time, but the ordinary "flakes" crumble away at a touch. I ought to tell you that the majority of Maori names are rather long, but you must not be frightened at them—they won't bite, and are really not hard to pronounce if you take your time about them. The country is rich in stories of the Maories, and most of the long names mean something or other which would take a good many English words to explain. In the afternoon we started for Whakerewarewa to see some hot springs—both of water and mud—and some geysers. The formations round some of the latter are very

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fine, but on the whole they are not superior to the Yellowstone, and they "gey" very seldom. Our destination for the night was Wairoa, and our road to it a most delightful one.

The New Zealand "bush" is most lovely, and beats anything, we have yet seen in the shape of forest, hollow. The trees are splendid specimens—some of them 200 feet high, and all evergreen. They are covered with ferns, mosses, and creepers, the latter hanging from one tree to another in the most tangled and picturesque manner imaginable. Ferns grow all over the ground and all over the trees, they are numbered by the hundred, and as I do not know their names I have got a book of pressed specimens, which I hope will interest you. The man I got the book from lives in the "bush" among the Maories, and is a fern collector. He sends boxes of ferns all over the world, and if you feel inclined to try the experiment I can write to him when I get home. Ferns of an inch or two are growing all about; and the tree-ferns, which of course you know, appear at all corners. Some of these latter are about two feet, and we guess the largest to be thirty-five feet high. After passing through this small, though very beautiful, piece of "bush," we passed two lovely little lakes. They are separated by a narrow piece of ground, and the curious thing is that one lake is ninety feet lower than the other. The water of the first one is a most lovely blue, and is called Tikitapu, which means, I believe, "bluest of all the blue lakes." The green lake is called Rotokakahi, but the colour is not nearly so beautiful as the blue. The surroundings of both lakes are lovely—mountains covered with bush. There is one tree, which I ought to tell you

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about, which commences business as a creeper, and then turns into a big forest tree. On this subject I will give you an extract from "Maoriland," which will give you a better idea of the tree than my unaided pen.

Here "may be seen a very remarkable specimen of the *rata* in the very act of strangling its victim. This extraordinary tree commences life as a slender vine, clinging to the trunk of some other tree, something after the manner of ivy. As it gathers strength it throws out great arm-like roots, which hug the tree in a close embrace. The parasite goes on increasing in size, and slowly but surely chokes its nurse by growing round it, till at last the trunk of the foster-parent is completely enveloped by the rata, which stands now self-supported—one of the largest and grandest trees of the forest. The specimen in the Rotokawan "bush" is just at that stage when the parasite and its prey are about equal in size, and even to the least imaginative mind this cannot but suggest a struggle between some gigantic reptile and its victim. There is a strangely animate look about the murderous rata, and one almost shudders to see it twist its fatal coils round the limbs of its hapless Laocoon." That style is, I believe, rather ahead of mine, and as also it gives a very good idea of what the rata is, I hope you won't mind my putting it in. I am bringing all guide books home, and so if I did too much cribbing from them you would be pretty sure to find it all out when I got home. I believe I have mentioned the fact whenever I have made an extract up to the present. The terraces, etc., I must leave to my next letter.

October 15th. We are now in Dunedin, and intend leaving it tomorrow for the lakes. The west coast sounds,

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unfortunately, we have no time to see. I selected a lot of photographs yesterday, and as they will take some weeks to get ready, I have arranged for them to be posted to me at Carrow. If they are ready by the next San Francisco mail they will reach you by about December 18th, but certainly you should get them by the New Year. I hope you will like the selection. You will, of course, open the parcel and have a look at them, and take care that they are not damaged before I get home.

Now a word about writing materials. Jim, with what I may call his fertile pen, has got through his first book, and though I have not got on so far, I have a great deal to write before I finish New Zealand. I should like Fletchers to make two more books—one for me and one for Jim. The only improvement I can suggest is that the paper which I post home should be substituted by thin paper, say just the same as I retain in this book. The present page contains twenty-two red ink lines which may be continued, but the underneath page must not be ruled at all, just as at present. Jim, I think, would like his paper without any lines on it at all. He will then be able to write as close as he wishes. You will have to judge by the time the books are ready where to post them, but supposing they can be got during the first week in December, I would suggest Singapore, addressed to the Post Office.

I have not received any letters in New Zealand, and did not much expect to do so, but I am looking forward to getting some at Melbourne. Your telegram to Auckland I have already acknowledged.

I posted you from Wellington a piece of the cabbage-palm, which may or may not reach you safely. It is

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a wonderfully hardy plant, and I should say will grow out of doors in England, though for the winter it might be best to keep it under glass, but with little or no heat.

Ever your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

P.S.—We are still a party of four, and shall be so till we reach Melbourne, possibly later. Nicknames have fallen on us. Jim, "The Professor"; Ainley, "The Philosopher"; Alec, "Bradshaw"; and R. J. C., "The Skipper."

LETTER No. 15.

Glenorchy, Lake Wakatipu,
18th October, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

After the order for fresh writing materials given in my last letter, I feel you will expect to see some of the paper still in my possession quickly used up. My letter was posted at Dunedin, in time for the Brindisi mail. I hope it will come to hand safely.

My letter left me, I see, at Wairoa, and I have now to tell you what we saw while there. Among the wonderful sights may be mentioned a dance performed by the natives, called a Haka. I think it must much resemble the Indians' war dance that one reads of in Cooper, and although "wonderful" may well be used in connection with it I think "horrible" would apply as well. If I appeal for help in this letter to the guidebook you must pardon it as the

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things I have seen go clean ahead of my descriptive powers. For instance, writing about the haka . . . "a low whining chant in monotone is raised, ever and anon swelling into a hoarse and gutteral chorus, ending in a series of indescribable sounds which seem to come from far down the throat, half sighs and half grunts. Gradually the motions quicken. The bodies of the dancers, turned now to this side now to that, but always in a state of intense agitation, seem to be animated by one spirit so perfectly simultaneous are their gestures. The arms, moving in rhythmic motion to the chant, go through a variety of pantomimes. At one time they move in a succession of clawing or clutching motions as if something were being violently drawn towards the body. At another they move as if working a pair of oars, now the arms work as if holding the reins of a galloping horse, and again they are held rigid as a bar of iron, only the fingers quivering so rapidly that their outline becomes blurred. . . . New attitudes and gestures are resorted to; now they are standing, now on their knees, now bent to this side, now to that; their voices become louder, harsher, and full of a fierce glee; their heads wag violently, their tongues loll from their mouths, and nothing of the eye but the white is visible, and the whole face has a look truly diabolical. The impish boys and girls have caught the enthusiasm, and are having a private haka of their own at the door of the whare (a Maori house or hut). The old men and women are squatting or reclining on the floor like unhappy shades of a lost world. One of the candles flickers and goes out; and this extraordinary dance comes to an end with a rapid and telling '*pas de deux*' between the leader and the '*première*

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danseuse.'" That will give you a good idea of what a haka is like. The Maori women are some of them very good looking and to strangers, like myself, most friendly. Can you imagine your somewhat bashful son, in the intervals of the haka, squatting opposite a row of dusky maidens and striking matches for them to light their pipes. The women are all tattooed on the nether lip, and this has always a strange though seldom a pleasing effect on their faces. A mild flirtation would have been very nice, but as "tena-koe" (good-day) is all I have learnt of Maori, it would have been rather difficult. After a few repetitions even "good-day" becomes monotonous.

There are a number of lovely spots close to Wairoa, but we had not time to see many of them. The old wooden church covered with ivy makes a very pretty picture, and a very strange one in this country which has only recently been opened up. The missionaries have had a station here since 1845, when living in New Zealand was by no means so safe as it is now, and in 1850 the Wairoa Church was built. A most lovely view is obtained from the Church, of Lake Tarawera and the mountains which surround it. An arm of the lake runs up to within a quarter of a mile of the church, but a long way below you, and, if the water is smooth, a duplicate of every rock and tree is seen reflected in the lake beneath you. Perhaps in the matter of extracts you think you are out of the wood but this is not the case.

The next things to describe to you are the Terraces at Rotomahana. I do not believe in comparing two or more bits of scenery, and saying one is more beautiful than the other, and I therefore find it difficult to make up my mind what to say about these terraces. They are in fact like the

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Manitou Hot Springs in the Yellowstone National Park, but, to use an Irishism, very different. The photographs, which I hope will be to hand before this letter, will give you some idea, but the wonderful colouring will be missing. There are two terraces, one of them on each side of the Lake, one being of a pearly white and the other delicate pink. The latter colour is much more marked at a distance than on the spot. Starting early from Wairoa we found our way in a few minutes to the boats which were to carry us over the first part of our excursion. Lake Tarawera is considered one of the finest of the New Zealand lakes, and this is saying a good deal. We had a bright sun, blue sky, and gentle breeze so the lake was looking its best. Our boat load consisted of our four selves and three other tourists, six Maori rowers and a Maori guide. The last named belongs to the fair sex, and is the oldest of the Terrace guides. She can tell a great many tales of the fighting which took place about 1845. She speaks English perfectly, and does not mind any trouble so long as the visitors she takes round are pleased with what they see. A row of about two hours took us to Te-ariki where we landed. This is only a very small village or collection of Maori huts. A walk of a mile and a half brought us to Lake Rotomahana, and gave us our first view of the White Terrace. This terrace has been formed by deposits of flint left as the water flows down the hill side, and gradually evaporates. The spring which is always boiling up, issues from the hill about 150 feet above the lake. Near the foot of the terrace the water is almost cold, but as you ascend it becomes warm, and near the top too hot to stand in. The best way to walk on the terrace is to take off boots and walk in stockings, which makes you

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very sure-footed indeed. The hot water is of course flowing over your feet the whole time more or less, and as you go up the heat of the water makes you want to lift up one foot and get it cooled down, higher still you want to lift up both feet, but to do this nicely and gracefully requires a good deal of practice.

Here I must begin to take in outside help, my descriptive powers are not powerful enough. . . . "Could Eastern fabulist in his wildest flight imagine any work of the genii to equal the exquisite workmanship of this range of sculptured fountains? One might talk of snow wreaths, of alabaster, of Parian marble, of any substance pure and rare, but all such comparisons would but mislead. The whiteness of the terrace is not the whiteness of snow or marble, nor has it the blueish transparency of alabaster. It has a soft warm flush which may sometimes be seen in certain madrepores, and which possibly might be successfully reproduced in porcelain. The basins rise one above the other in unbroken succession, the surface level of one basin forming the base for the wall of the next. Hundreds of these lovely reservoirs, of the most bewildering variety, go to form the terrace, no one the exact pattern of its neighbour, the irregular sweeping curve of one being abruptly intersected or broken by the arc of another, but each in shape more exquisite than any curve that could be drawn with compass. . . . The terraces vary in breadth as well as in height. One consists of a comparatively narrow ledge, whilst another has a breadth of many feet. Some are only a few inches in height, others rise in massive walls ten or twelve feet high. About half way up the ascent the buttresses become formidable walls which have to be sur-

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mounted by choosing a break, where the wall is approached by a series of smaller steps. But the beauty of those buttresses! the silica hangs over the ledge like rich falls of lace. It seems as if foaming cascades were mesmerised into marble in their descent before the water could reach the ground, and on more closely examining this stony drapery its texture is a marvel of delicate tracery and chamfered fretwork, down whose fluted furrows the blue water of the upper basin falls in little ropes of foam. . . . Underneath these buttresses the creamy white, which is the colour of the silica on the more exposed faces, is overlaid by films of the most brilliant colours—rich green and orange chromes, and ochrous browns and reds." I might give you a lot more in the above style, but I think you will imagine that the author has been 'piling on the agony' too much, and that the terraces cannot be as beautiful as he would have you believe. If so, you may disabuse your mind on that point. A description might very easily (I fear I must say probably would) give you a *wrong* idea about the terraces, but it would never make you think them more beautiful than they really are. The book I have quoted from I will bring home with me, as it is really a very well written one, and more interesting reading than "the common or garden guide book." The White Terrace alone would have been sufficient to interest me for the day, or as much longer as you like, but a good deal had yet to be seen, so a move was made for the canoe.

Before crossing the arm of the lake to the Pink Terrace, the welcome order "lunch" was given by the guide, and a jolly picnic we made it. Our party of four had been strengthened by three other whites,—a young gentleman of

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Christchurch and his sister. The former wore spectacles and a very meek expression, had an innocent sort of a giggle in reply to any remark, and, in fact, looked as if he was composed largely of milk and partly of water. The young (?) lady I ought not of course to describe, so will simply say—ditto. The third addition was rather a contrast to the above, being a correspondent for one of the Sydney papers. Two young ladies, of the Maori persuasion, had appeared upon the scene, and with Sophie's help we asked them to "join the dance." Our conversation with these damsels was (as formerly) restricted to "Tena-koe," but we got on very well with that. If you will not think it conceited in me to say so, I may state that they seemed to enjoy our society almost as much as they did their lunch. Could we have had our 'photos' taken during that lunch we should have done so, they would have been worth keeping; but alas we were many a mile from the nearest camera, so my description must do instead.

Lunch over, to embark in the canoe was next on the list, and this, I think, was rather more in my line than in yours, for the canoe was what is often called a "dug-out." It is made by cutting a tree in half, (lengthwise,) and then cutting out the interior, the result being a sort of long, narrow trough. A boat of this description is just wide enough to sit in, and when obliged to carry a load the occupants have to sit tailor fashion with their legs tucked underneath them. This craft will not seem very seaworthy to the worthy crew of the *Mars*, nor indeed did it to me, but it carried ten of us across the lake perfectly.

The Pink Terrace, though generally resembling the White, is full of details which are entirely new. Everything

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about the buttresses seems more rounded off, and each individual piece of silica seems smooth and almost soft. Whatever the Pink Terrace loses in "texture" (if I may use the word) is made up by its colour, and after having seen them both I should find it difficult to say which I consider the finer of the two. Everyone who goes to the terraces takes a bath, or at least ought to.

To return to my book. "Here, filled with the most wonderful blue water, is probably the most delightful bath in the whole world. Nature has supplied a dressing-room within a few yards of the baths—a recess amongst the green scrub—sheltered from wind or sun by a screen of tall manuka. Undressing here, you are in the water in two seconds. You may choose your basin, but it is safer to go low down and work gradually up, since in this way you can rise from a bath of a comfortable and luxurious blood heat to water almost on the boil; and when the flesh is sufficiently red and tender you may tumble back from one basin to the next lower, till at last you taper off into a gently warm bath, which, after your experience nearer the cauldron, seems almost cold. Such a bath! The smoothed and rounded edges on which you rest your hands or head as on a cushion, the polished sides, soft and tender to the limbs as walls of alabaster, the finely powdered silica on which the foot rests as on the finest silver sand, and the warm blue water lapping the body in elysium—a sensuous heaven equal to this was never dreamt of by Mahomet or Nero."

Now comes the one dark spot in this bright picture of the terraces. The Pink is, as I have said, very smooth, and this fact has been taken advantage of by hundreds of blackguards who have scribbled their wretched names wherever

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they could find space enough to write them. You would expect the water to wash them off—no such luck—it only deposits a film of silica, like thin glass over them, and so makes the signatures indelible. I have seen these abominations written and carved on scores of trees, and in scores of places, and felt sorry to see them, but to see them here makes me a good deal more than sorry. One knows how common it is to see Switzerland desecrated by the same things; even the Pyramids are defiled by the British (and other) tourists' names, but these terraces ought to have been protected, I think, beyond any other place in the world.*

November 1st. I have not done any writing for some time, which please excuse. We have now reached Melbourne, but, before telling you what we are about to do, I must acknowledge your letters.

No.	From		Dated		Received in
14.	Ethel	...	Aug. 13	...	New Zealand.
„	Alan	...	„ 30	...	Melbourne.
„	Father	...	„ 31	...	„
15.	Mother	...	Sept. 2	...	„
16.	Helen	...	„ 4	...	„
„	Mr. A. C. Culley		„ 10	...	„

So far, all my letters have come to hand as far as I know. Ethel's was addressed to Auckland, and forwarded to me at the Bluff.

Before this you will no doubt have heard of Lewis Culley's illness. How ill he may be I can't say, but I fear very

* On the night of June 10th, 1886, these beautiful Terraces were swept away by a volcanic eruption from Mount Tarawera.

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dangerously. I found a letter here from Mr. Benjamin Culley, written on the 19th October, and in this he speaks of another which I did not get—possibly he sent it to New Zealand. As he did not get a reply from me, he wrote to Mr. Ormond (J. S. & Co.), asking him to see me as soon as I arrived. In this letter he speaks of Lewis as "sinking very fast." I have telegraphed, and had a reply that he is still living, so I start today (Nov. 2nd) for Urana. Alec wishes to go with me, and Jim also, though I fear his help will do no good now. I shall post this to you before leaving Melbourne, as in all probability I shall not be back from Urana before the mail goes out. I do not doubt but that Lewis' friends in England know a good deal more than I can tell them.

A word or two about plans. When we shall leave Urana it is not easy to say, but I should think we shall be in Melbourne again by Saturday, November 6th. We shall then try and get on to Adelaide at once, and again return to Melbourne about Saturday, 13th. After a few days here we shall get on to Sydney, and sail for Hong-Kong about the 23rd. Steamers are very uncertain just now, as the coal-heavers are on strike, and Cook's people can at present give us no reliable information. I believe there is another mail shortly, so I will try and give you further information by it, but you must not count upon it; and after all it is not of much importance to you. Your reading of my wire from Frisco was right, as you will have seen by my former letter.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 16.

Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne,
13th November, 1885.

Dear Mother,

Letters to hand, as under:—

No.	From		Dated		Received at
17.	Mother	...	Sept. 8	...	Melbourne.
18.	"	...	" 11	...	"
19.	"	...	" 16	...	"
19.	Flo'	...	" "	...	"
—	Jessie	...	" 15	...	"
20.	Ethel	...	" 23	...	"
20B.	Mother	...	" "	...	"
21.	Helen	...	" 24	...	"

These were all forwarded from Sydney here, also two *Norfolk News*. All my letters have come safely to hand.

After my last letter you will not expect anything very hopeful in *this*, and I regret to say you will not be disappointed. We said good-bye to Lewis on the evening of Wednesday (11th), and I believe we one and all felt it would be for the last time. Six or seven weeks ago, I think, the doctor said he did not expect he could live a fortnight, and although he still lives, I do not think the doctor has materially altered his opinion. That Lewis might linger on for a few weeks is possible, but I should be more surprised to hear *this*, than that he was dead, in a few days. That he is dying away from home is indeed a sad thing, but he is *away from home* only in name. He could never be among kinder and more loving friends, or more attentive nurses. Mr. and Mrs. Culley have never been away from him at the

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same time, and all their efforts have been amply seconded by their children. They one and all look upon him as a brother; and while the elder ones have been indefatigable in attending to his every want, I have seen the little ones stand round his couch on the verandah to keep the flies off while he has been asleep. Numerous examples I might give of kindness shown to Lewis by those outside the family, but this is unnecessary. I will say, however, that every one who came in contact with him learned to love him. The others were always ready to talk about his playing, (on the piano,) which he had to give over about three weeks back, as it excited him too much. Almost the last time he played was one evening when, to the surprise of everybody, he rose from the sofa, and with some such remark as "I wonder if I've forgotten my notes," sat down and played "Jerusalem, the golden," and "Eternal Light, Eternal Light." Those who heard him, say that they never heard him play so beautifully, and with such feeling as he did that night: he seemed to make the instrument speak. I shall have more to tell you about Mr. Culley and his family later on, but will defer that till another time. I do not feel much like letter writing.

Your letters I got last night, and with them the news about poor old Dash. I believe I hardly knew how fond I was of him, but have found it out now. We must make the best of a bad job, and try to train another as good as Dash. If the head is finished and mounted when this reaches you, don't bother, but if Roberts is still at work upon it, and can manage it, I should like to have a tooth.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 17.

On board S.S. *Adelaide*,
Bound from Melbourne to Adelaide,
15th November, 1885.

Dear Mother,

My last letter, per O.S.S. *Cuzeo*, was a sad one. As I have heard nothing further from Urana, I conclude Lewis is in the same state in which I left him—in fact, no change either better or worse. Poor Aunt Barnard's death I saw in the *Norfolk News* before receiving your letter. I can hardly say it was a surprise, as the last time you mentioned her name in your letters, you gave a very poor account indeed of her health. I am sorry now I did not get the chance of seeing her before leaving home.

Now having just touched upon the above, I will do my best to write a more interesting letter of our doings in New Zealand. If I can manage it, I will get up to date by the time we arrive in Adelaide, or at any rate before the *Ballaarat* sails. I think I finished my description of the terraces, and must get on with the next spot we visited. Our return to Ohinemutu by coach was a most delightful one. We left Wairoa at dusk, and stopped for a moment to see Mr. Lakin, from whom I purchased a book of pressed ferns. His name, I think, is mentioned in one of my previous letters. We had to pass through a mile or two of "bush," where it would have been almost impossible to drive had it not been for the fact that the sides of the road were simply covered with glow-worms. I never saw anything like the quantity, but as it was early in the summer they were not very bright. From Ohinemutu we made an early

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start next morning, as we had a long stage before us to Taupo, fifty-six miles. The road took us through a very lonely district indeed, for beyond the people at the little half-way house, and two other settlers we passed at a Maori village, I don't think we came upon a single living creature. One most peculiar hill was in sight nearly the whole day, its name is Horo-Horo, and it is about 2,500 feet high. We saw it for some time before reaching it, and when we at last came up to it we found the road ran for some miles parallel to the huge precipice which forms one side of the hill. The top has the appearance of being a large table-land; but, of course, we were not high enough to see on to the top. A beautiful green crest runs all along the summit. Here and there the bush descends for a few hundred feet down the side of the cliff, which for the most part is destitute of trees. Large masses of *débris* have accumulated at the foot of the precipice, and on this again the bush was very thick. The same thing was noticeable here, that in many places the bush was trying its best to climb the cliff, but never successfully. With a little imagination one could fancy these two magnificent pieces of forest were real living creatures, for ever separated and yet for ever trying to come within reach of at least a hand-shake. The whole of that day we were driving through a hilly country, covered with brakes and New Zealand flax—not very thrilling, especially as the latter part of the day was misty, raw, and generally disagreeable. Almost all the roads were composed of pumice stone, a layer of which seems to cover, more or less, the whole of the North Island. You may not know that New Zealand consists of three islands, known respectively as (1) North, (2) Middle, and (3) South. The South is

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quite an insignificant one, and therefore people often call the second one the South Island, but to do so is really a mistake.

The hotel at Taupo we were not sorry to reach, I can tell you, and, in anticipation of an early start next morning, turned in betimes. It was in this hotel, I think, that I came upon the well-known signature of C. L. Price. Some rather fine geysers are to be seen near Taupo, but we had not time to "do" them. We drove past Lake Taupo, a beautiful one by the way, but we did not see it at its best, as the clouds were very low. The first part of the day's ride was uninteresting, but in the afternoon we drove through some very fine pieces of bush, I think the finest we had seen. The drive down into Tarawera is a most lovely one, and the road a very well-made one indeed. Just a few hundred yards from the hotel one of our leaders shied, and in jumping about got a leg over the traces. I jumped out of the coach as quickly as possible and got hold of his head, but this did not stop his kicking. Fortunately he did not touch any of the other horses, and one more violent kick than the rest freed his leg. Both legs were a little cut, but not badly, and he was able to go his fifty-mile journey next day as well as the other horses.

The hotel at Tarawera is a very small place indeed, but we were made very comfortable. An old piano was in the dining-room, and with the help of Ainley's books of American songs and Alec's playing we did our best to spend a merry evening. We sang every song we knew, and I think a good many we didn't, but anyway plenty of fun was got out of them.

With a fifty-mile drive over a rather hard road for the horses, an early start was necessary, so we turned in with

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the expectation of being called at 4 a.m. At four o'clock we were wakened to hear the rain coming down in torrents upon the corrugated roof overhead. Breakfast by candle-light, and then in the darkness and the rain we got into the coach. An hour or two later we walked up the long hill, still in the rain, and did not see anything of the fine view we had been told about. However, soon after leaving the summit we got out of the clouds and into the sunshine. Below us, across the plain (about twenty miles off) lay Napier, and beyond it the sea. At the foot of the hill the road ran for a few miles down the valley of Esk through which river it has to go forty-five times, in every case fording. The last few miles into Napier were a great contrast to the country we had been coming through for the last week. From the rough hill sides covered with brakes and bush, beautiful though the latter may be, it is very pleasant to catch sight of well laid out farms, green as emerald, and covered with sheep and cattle. The gardens round the farm houses are well filled with flowers, and very pretty they look. At Napier we met our fellow passenger of the *Zealandia*, Williams, who showed us round the town. He took us out to see a mutton-freezing factory not far from the town, and then on to his farm, where we stayed a couple of days. No one can visit New Zealand without hearing a great deal of this most important trade—*mutton.* We did not see the actual killing of the sheep as that was over for the day, and the slaughter-house was being washed down. They fortunately have an unlimited supply of water, and the whole place is kept as clean as a new pin. The sheep, after being killed, skinned and cleaned, are allowed to hang until they become stiff, when they are removed to the

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freezing room. The carcases remain under the influence of the cold air for, I think, forty-eight hours, when they are in a fit condition for shipment. New Zealand mutton we have of course had very frequently and find it excellent. Sheep we must have seen by the million, some farmers holding as many as ninety or one hundred thousand head.

After seeing all there was to see of mutton-freezing, we went on to Mr. Williams' farm, or "station" as it would be called here. It was too late to do anything out of doors that evening, but next morning after breakfast four mounts were procured for us, and we proceeded to ride round the paddocks and inspect the stock. Mr. Williams, when in England a few years ago, purchased some fine cattle of Mr. H. Aylmer, (a well-known Norfolk name,) these we saw and several of their descendants. Quite a number of them were pointed out as prize-takers at the New Zealand Shows, and one heifer in particular was shown us as being a possible winner of the Napier championship.

During the day we visited the sheep-shearing shed, where a lot of Maoris were hard at work on a small flock of sheep. Tennis in the afternoon, music and whist in the drawing-room in the evening, brought a very pleasant day to an end. The next morning we again took the train, and in the afternoon were landed by the coach at a little place in the bush called Woodville. Our somewhat early start from Woodville was mentioned in an earlier letter, but of the day's journey I did not say much. It was blowing and raining when we turned out, and we looked forward to a miserable drive. During the day we saw very little of the sun, but the rain ceased after a few hours, and this fact brightened us up a little. An officer of the Salvation Army

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was a fellow passenger, the other seat of the coach being taken up by a Maori woman. Had she been able to talk English we might have got some information from her about the country we passed through, but as she couldn't, conversation was restricted to the usual "Tena-koe." The drive that day took us through a large portion of the "seventy-mile bush," and a beautiful drive it was—tree ferns and creepers without number all growing so thickly that it would have been a difficult matter to get through them.

November 20th, York Hotel, Adelaide. We leave here today for Melbourne, and about the 25th go on to Sydney, hoping to get a steamer for Hong-Kong about December 7th. It will be nice if we can manage to spend Christmas Day in Hong-Kong, but whether we shall do so is at present uncertain. You in England, I suppose, are just going in for the elections. What excitement the girls and other minor politicians will be in!

I have seen all my relations here, but Mr. Campbell is away in Sydney holding some mission services. There is, I think, a fair chance of my seeing him there.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

A very merry Xmas to you and all enquiring friends.

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Letter No. 18.

On board S.S. *Adelaide*,
Bound from Adelaide to Melbourne,
22nd November, 1885.

Dear Mother,

As I have still a good deal to tell you about New Zealand, and I find it impossible to catch up while travelling about, I have decided to write you my goings-on from the date of arrival in Adelaide. My New Zealand experiences must keep till I find myself again on the sea, with plenty of time on my hands. We reached Adelaide on the evening of Monday 16th, and the next day went to call on Mrs. Wm. Colman of Norwood. I found her home, without any difficulty, in one of the suburbs of the town, and spent a good part of Tuesday afternoon and evening with her.

On Wednesday morning early we started off to Port Elliot, a place about sixty miles down the coast, to find up Charles W. Colman. He was out when we arrived, but Mrs. Colman met us at the station, and did all the entertaining necessary until her husband turned up. The next morning Jim and Alec came off by the early train as they had made an appointment for the afternoon, but I stayed till the later train, so as to spend a little longer time with my relations. My time with them was not very long, but I am very glad I have seen them. I had sent a "wire" up to Lynedoch, and had got a reply that Mr. Campbell was in Sydney, and not expected home for a fortnight. It is possible I may yet run across him. To reach Lynedoch I

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should have had to go about thirty miles by train to a place called Gawler, and then ten more in a coach, (if one happened to be running,) or to have taken a buggy. Friday I spent in looking about Adelaide, which is about the nicest town in the colonies. A very fine street (King William Street) runs through the centre of the town, and on this all the finest buildings are situated. Almost entirely surrounding the town is a series of parks, known, I think, as Crown lands, nicely planted with trees, and having spaces left on them for cricket fields, etc. Friday evening I spent at Norwood, chatting most of the time about relations at home. Before I came away Mrs. Colman was good enough to give me a pin which had belonged to her husband. The pin of itself is a valuable one, but I shall value it a good deal more for its associations. By the way I was shown an old metal tobacco box which belonged, if I remember rightly, to Mr. Robert Colman of Rockland. It is now in the possession of Charlie Colman. It is painted over, and has the name of its original owner; the date of his death was also on, added, I presume, when it came into Mr. William Colman's hands.

On November 21st we had to say good-bye to "the Philosopher" (J. H. Ainley) who sailed in the *Ballaarat* for Colombo. He goes through India and expects to reach home early next year. I wish he could have come up to Japan with us, but this was impossible. He has been with us since we left Frisco on 29th of August. It is possible we may see him in London on our arrival. At any rate we have gone so far as to speculate on what he aptly describes as "the May meetings." He is a passenger on the boat Mr. Price came out in—such a fine vessel. We went

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on board, and were very pleased with what we saw of her.

November 23rd, Melbourne. On my arrival here I found a letter which was written the day I left for Adelaide, and has therefore been waiting a week. It was from Mr. Culley, and brought the sad, though hardly unexpected, news of poor Lewis's death. Probably Mr. Culley caught the last mail from Melbourne with the above intelligence, but if he missed this, my letter may be the first to reach you. Mr. Culley tells me that Lewis died on Sunday morning, (November 15th,) and that his end was quite peaceful. That his loss will be deeply felt at home you will well believe, and I can vouch for the fact that it is as deeply felt out here. I am very glad we went up to see him when we did, instead of taking our Adelaide trip first, as originally intended.

November 24th. I have not much time to write you today, as I am busy getting my things ready for travelling to Sydney. We have been unable to get the exact information we wanted about steamers to China, but hope to get one about the 10th December. Her name is *Menmuir.* If there is one a week or ten days earlier, so much the better for us.

November 26th, Royal Hotel, Sydney. We have been round to several of the shipping companies, and find that the *Menmuir* is the only boat leaving for Hong-Kong this side of 1886. We also learn that she does not sail till December 15th, and that the voyage takes *about* twenty-one days. I sent off a "wire" to you today containing the three words "*Bounding propose Hong-Kong*," and this was intended to mean that we were all well, had received letter 21, and that Hong-Kong was our next port. I hope

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you read the message so. Had there been a chance of getting another steamer we should have liked it better, but we must make the best of it. To tell the truth, it is rather pleasant to think that for the next fortnight we can take our time about everything.

November 28th.—The Elections. You may be surprised to hear that the Australian papers give very full information as to how the elections are going. The latest news we have is, Liberals 110, Conservatives 111. The names of the members are all given, and this morning's papers tell us that Norwich has voted correctly. They do not give the names of the other candidates, but as the wording is that "J. J. Colman and R. S. Wright were *elected*," I take it there has been a contest. I was very sorry to hear that Mr. Childers was beaten; the weeping and wailing at Carrow I can easily imagine. Of the speeches and so forth we hear nothing, but occasionally get a very short extract from a leading article in a London paper, the *Times* as a rule, and these are naturally conservative—very. In the colonies you do not hear much said in favour of Mr. Gladstone. The reason is, I think, because he did not go to war with Russia, and, in fact, does not contain enough of the Jingo element for them.

November 29th. We leave here tomorrow morning for the Blue Mountains, where we shall stay, I expect, till about the end of the week. The San Francisco mail goes out in a day or two, so I shall leave this letter to go by that. You will notice that we are a good deal beyond the date we talked of for leaving Sydney, but this could not be helped. The telegram will have given you our whereabouts, and on its receipt you *may* have written to Hong-Kong, but this I

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hardly expect. There would have been time, but this I expect you did not know. The trip from here to Hong-Kong is longer than *I* expected.

With best love to all, I remain,

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 19.

Royal Hotel, Sydney,
10th December, 1885.

DEAR MOTHER,

Your telegram of November 26th I received safely, but owing to a mistake at the Post Office I did not get it till several days after its arrival here. I was very sorry to learn from it that Mr. Wright was not in for Norwich. The papers here had evidently been wrongly informed. Though I have not heard, I conclude Mr. Bullard now sits in the House of Commons. When my last mail was sent off I told you that the papers gave very full information about the elections, but unfortunately this has not continued. As soon as most of the big guns' elections were over, the telegrams simply gave the *totals* of Liberals, Conservatives, and Parnellites. Today's papers give the Liberal majority as two over the other two combined.

Almost by this date you will have received my first letter from Melbourne, and from it you will have known that before your telegram reached me I had been to and returned from Urana. I have been in some doubt as to whether I ought to have telegraphed the news of Lewis Culley's

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death, but have concluded that this is a matter which ought to be left to Mr. Culley to decide. On receipt of your wire I wrote to Mr. Culley, offering to wire if he thought it advisable, and have not yet got a reply. My belief is that he will say "No." Harry Culley, to my surprise, turned up in Sydney today, and his idea is that as letters have been sent off continually, the shock to Lewis' friends will be less than if the news of his death were wired.

We leave here on Tuesday, 15th, and shall be perhaps twenty-three days at sea. As soon as I get afloat I shall commence writing, and will give you some long letters to make up for all these short ones. I don't think I have anything to tell you just now about route, but should we be obliged to miss out any towns where I think letters may have been sent, I will write for them so as to get all the news I can of you. Our stay in Sydney has been a most enjoyable one; we are very sorry it is drawing to a close.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 20.

On board E. & A. S.S. *Menmuir*,
27th December, 1885.

Dear Mother,

Once more at sea with plenty of time for letter-writing, and also plenty to write about. Last Tuesday we said good-bye to Sydney, very reluctantly, and came on board this ship, which is to be our home for rather more than three weeks.

The last mention you have of New Zealand is in Letter No. 17, and is about our journey from Masterton to Wellington. The latter part of that journey was by rail through the Rimutaka hills, where you can see a very fine piece of engineering skill. The grade is so steep that two engines are required for the train, and a central rail is laid down on which locomotives can take an extra grip. At one spot the line crosses a sort of crack in the side of the mountain between two tunnels. This crack, which you will realise better if I say it is like three sides of a chimney, causes a strong draught, even in moderate weather, and when the wind is high it must be a terrible place. Some few years ago a serious accident occurred through some carriages being blown off the line; but now wooden "break-winds" have been put up, and the place is quite safe—the name it goes by is Siberia.

At Wellington we spent a couple of days very enjoyably, seeing the Exhibition then going on, the Parliament buildings, and, of course, the Harbour. The Exhibition does not call for much remark—it was like several others I have seen. The buggies and two-wheel traps I was

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rather pleased with. I have come to the conclusion that English coach-builders make a great mistake in using too much wood, or perhaps the wood they use is too heavy. From what I have seen in America and Australia, I conclude that we in England over-load our horses long before we put anything into the traps they have to draw. I believe there is no trade between England and Australia in the carriage line, but the Americans must do an enormous one. I have seen in the warehouses in Sydney thousands of spokes, ditto shafts, etc., etc., all ready to be put together, after which a little rubbing with sand-paper and a coat of paint would complete your buggy. When Dr. Beverley was in America he ordered one. I wonder if he has ever received it.

The other things in the Exhibition which took my fancy were—a cream separator (centrifugal), and some bee-keeping appliances. As to the bees, I have seen nothing on my travels that I have not already heard of from Mr. Wren.

The Wellington House of Parliament is built entirely of wood, ditto the Government offices, which, by the way, is said to be the largest wooden building in the world. Brick or stone would not stand much chance, so we were told, in the periodical earthquakes. One of these was a trifle over-due when we were there, but he did not put in an appearance. I should rather have liked to have made his acquaintance. We came to the conclusion that it was best not to wait for him. It's just the way with earthquakes, you never can depend upon their keeping appointments.

One thing in Wellington might with advantage be introduced into England. Just outside the Parliament

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House is a beautiful lawn, on which two courts are marked out for tennis. Why could not Westminster be fitted with the same convenience for members? We should then see a wonderful change come over our legislators. For surely a man who had just finished a set would not be quite so ready to oppose his "partner" as he would to oppose a casual stranger. I would have a law passed forbidding two Conservatives or two Liberals to play together, except on certain grand occasions, when a "Grand Political Tournament" should be held. In the ordinary course Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone should play Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain. Of course, the juvenile members would be handicapped so many points. Any amount of interesting *sets* might be made up, and I am quite certain nothing but good would result from them. As some members might be found who consider tennis too violent exercise, a bowling green might with advantage be added. I do not yet know whether Uncle Herbert is elected, and the same remark applies to Fred Davis; but I most sincerely hope that by this time they are in a position to introduce a Bill with some such title as this—"Members of Parliament Proper Amount of Recreation Bill;" if this is too long, call it "The Play-ground Bill." The name is unimportant, but the idea I am convinced is sound.

We spent Sunday in Wellington, and in endeavouring to find our way to the Cathedral were directed to the Roman Catholic one. "Philo" and myself were shown into the front pew, so concluded to sit it out. We saw a great deal of bowing and scraping, were liberally sprinkled with what was no doubt "holy water," and listened to a commonplace sermon from a fat priest with a splendid brogue.

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I fear I was running over in my mind the Jackdaw of Rheims, and thinking what a wonderful piece of satire that poem really is. Oh! Mr. Brandram.

The hotel accommodation at Wellington is not good, so we were not sorry to get quit of it, and get on board the steamer which was to take us to Lyttelton. As soon as we got out of the harbour we caught sight of the "Middle Island" for the first time—a somewhat distant view, but good enough to make us anticipate glorious mountain views. When we got ashore we were not disappointed. The town of Nelson lies at the north end of the Middle Island, but we could not find time to go and see it. From all accounts it is a very pretty place. The bay and harbour at Lyttelton are very fine, being sheltered by mountains from most winds. Lyttelton itself is quite a small place, in fact just the Port of Christchurch, from which place it is distant about half an hour's run in the train.

We did not stay at Christchurch the day of our arrival, but changed trains and went on to a little place called Springfield. You may, or may not, have heard of the *Otira Gorge*, the place we were wishing to see. If you look on the map you will find on the west coast a place called Hokitika, and from Christchurch on the east a road has been cut right across the island. The scenery along this road is second to nothing in New Zealand, (the west coast Sounds I have not seen,) and out here it is as well known as any one of the great alpine passes is with us. From Springfield the coach runs the first day to Bealey, through the grandest mountain scenery imaginable, over a place called Arthur's Pass. We were early in the season, and though the "rata" in blossom is, I believe, a very beautiful sight,

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what we lost in flowers we made up in snow. Many of the mountains had snow on them which in summer would be quite clear, and on Arthur's Pass we just reached up to the lowest patches.

We did not reach Bealey till after dark, but as long as there was a glimmer of light our heads were outside the coach looking at the views which every fresh turn of the road brought us. The next morning an early start for the Gorge was made, and breakfast time saw us landed at the little inn known as the Otira Hotel. We spent a delightful day wandering about the Gorge, up as far as Lake Lonely, and some distance down the road towards Hokitika. The engineering skill displayed on this road is very great. In places the cliffs overhang the road, and you can look down several hundred feet at the torrent rushing below. For the most part the sides of the mountains are covered with trees, but, here and there, nothing but precipitous rocks or crumbling shale is to be seen. Any amount of ferns are to be seen, and beautiful trees and shrubs are endless.

We managed to cut a few young "lancewood" trees down, which we are bringing with us to see what sort of sticks they will make.

We returned to Bealey on horseback, but much to our disappointment could not get horses for the next day to take us to the Rollestone Glacier. To make up for not seeing the glacier, we took a good walk up the Bealey river, and then stretched ourselves on the grass and commenced to take in the view. It *was* a view! A hot sun to start with, shining out of a bright blue sky, with just sufficient clouds dotted about to cast a few shadows on the mountains. Below the clouds came masses of snow,—white as one

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only sees them when a bright day follows a night of rain,—*rain* in the valleys of course means fresh *snow* on the mountains. Here and there a patch of blue would mean that a glacier was buried there, and again black rocks would put in an appearance, showing that they were too steep even for the winter snow to hide them. That, you will say, ought to make a pretty good picture, but beyond all this, the lower parts of all these mountains were covered with the evergreen New Zealand "Bush." The floor of the valley was covered with stones and boulders, carried down from the mountains, of a greyish colour, with the Bealey river showing itself at intervals among them. I think you will admit that this view was a grand one. How I wish I could do full justice to it. I am sure of this, that as far as I am concerned I shall never forget it. I believe that scenery is the easiest thing out to carry in your memory, and provided you are at all *struck* by it you never forget it,—this I think is the case with me. The next day we returned *viâ* Arthur's Pass to Christchurch where we stayed at Warner's Hotel.

Christchurch is built on flat land with very fine agricultural country all round it. The town is nicely laid out and well-built; the cathedral and some of the churches being really very fine. As to the cathedral, it is not yet finished, but with what is already up I was much pleased. It is a pity, however, that the houses are built up so close to it. The river Avon is such a pretty stream, both banks being lined with weeping willows, in places almost hiding the water. The river is a small one, and reminded us a good deal of the Cam. The Botanical Gardens are well arranged, and nicely laid out on one bank of the river.

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They are connected by a bridge with the Fish Acclimatisation Society's grounds. This society is doing very good work in stocking the rivers of New Zealand with trout and salmon. Some splendid specimens of the former we saw in the fishponds.

The Museum is another thing which does credit to Christchurch. It is considered the best in New Zealand. We had to hurry on from Christchurch and get to Dunedin, a ride in the train of about eight hours, I think. During our journey Jim was chatting with a gentleman in the carriage, and, in course of conversation, learned that he "hailed" from Norwich. His name was Caro. It is several years since he left home, and is now getting on nicely at Christchurch. He told me he had a brother in Norwich now working at Hills and Underwood's. One piece of information I was very much "fetched" over. One of his earliest recollections of Norwich was going to school there, and having to pass a house where a Mrs. Colman was living, the said Mrs. Colman having given the boys pieces of cake. Ask grandmother whether she will plead "Guilty" or "Not guilty" to the above offence.

Dunedin is a very pretty town, built on rising ground overlooking the harbour and the sea beyond. We went to call on our fellow-passenger, the Bishop, who lives outside the town, and owns a good large garden in which some of the New Zealand "bush" is still standing. He is very careful not to have this destroyed, and is cutting footpaths through it so as to open out its beauties. There are any amount of tree-ferns, and among other things I noticed a fuchsia, the stem of which I could just reach round with my two arms.

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Christmas Eve, 1885. You may like to have a word or two about our goings on just now, after which I will return to New Zealand.

I will not speculate as to the sort of weather you are having, (I hope frosty,) but try and describe ours. If you consult your map of the world, you will see along the Queensland coast an island known as Frazer, or Great Sandy Island. If you follow the coast up you will come to Torres Strait. The whole of this coast line is protected by what is known as the Great Barrier Reefs, which consist of coral islands, shoals, and islands of rock, etc., situated from one to ten miles off the mainland. Thus protected the water can never be really rough, and in addition to this the voyage is made interesting by the beauty of the islands we pass. The weather is decidedly hot, but there is generally a bit of breeze blowing, and this makes it pleasanter. It is now the rainy season, and constant squalls pass over us which cool the air somewhat. Our days are passed about as follows. Turn out at half-past seven, and take a bath; dressing follows (as little as possible) and breakfast at 8.30. As soon as breakfast is over, I retire to my cabin and take off coat and waistcoat, which leaves me clothed in the thinnest silk shirt I can find, trousers, socks, tennis-shoes, collar, and tie. At lunch-time I conform to the rules of society, so far as a coat is concerned, but take care to remove it at the earliest possible moment. During meals the "punkas" are kept swinging, and we are thus kept passably cool. After dinner I again proceed to cut down my costume as much as may be, and in this condition pass my time on deck until half-past ten or eleven. At this hour the ladies usually retire, and then the cool and

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airy "pejama" is most in fashion. With the addition of a Scotch plaid, I manage to pass a most comfortable night on my travelling chair, which, by the way, I find invaluable. Does not that sound like a comfortable way of spending one's time? It suits me "down to the ground." True, there is no daily paper, and also no letters, but with a little practice one gets along very comfortably without—what the girls would consider—these necessaries of life.

Now to return to New Zealand. I was telling you about our visit to the Bishop of Dunedin. He is a very nice man indeed, but there is one little joke against him which I must mention. He is the possessor of a pair of remarkably slender legs, and when in leggings these are shown off to perfection. The people in Dunedin are often told that one of these days their Bishop will be "taken up" for having "*no visible means of support.*"

A short distance from the Bishop's house is a small stream called Nichol's Creek, where a most beautiful waterfall is to be seen, quite a small one certainly, but the surroundings are all in keeping, minute and fairy-like. When we were in the country I am now writing about, a most welcome visitor had put in an appearance, no less a one than—Spring-time. The two things looking at their best were hawthorn and furze, and these I may safely say I have never seen in greater profusion.

From Dunedin an early start by rail was necessary, and after spending the day in the train, we found ourselves at Kingston at dusk. An hour or so in the steamer on Lake Wakatipu, and then Queenstown was reached, where we passed the night. We had been told to make the best of our way up to the head of the lake, so next morning we

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took the steamer for Glenorchy. On leaving Queenstown, a most peculiar mountain is seen, named the "Remarkables." You will see a photograph of it, and will notice the three peaks which stand up above the rest of the mountain; it is from these that the name is taken. To quote from *Maoriland*, they remind one irresistibly of Scott's picture of Coolin in *The Lord of the Isles*:—

> "Nor tree, nor plant, nor flower,
> Nor aught of vegetative power
> The weary eye may ken,
> For all is rocks at random thrown,
> Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
> As if were here denied
> The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew
> That clothe with many a varied hue
> The bleakest mountain side."

The run up the lake, beautiful as it is at the start, keeps improving all the way along. One snow mountain after another keeps appearing, and at last Mount Earnslaw comes upon the scene and forms the climax. This mountain is a most beautiful one, and is now rather celebrated through its ascent having been attempted by Mr. Green, of the English Alpine Club. He was unsuccessful, in fact he only got up quite a short distance, and there had to stay all night in the rain, on an unsheltered ledge of rock. The New Zealand mountains will one day be ascended, but of course not for a great many years to come. When railways have been laid up the best mountains in Switzerland, and the British tourist goes by a wire cable up to the top of Norwegian peaks, then the English climber will try to find a patch of untrodden snow in New Zealand. Untrodden snow there is in plenty just now, but no doubt a Colonial Alpine Club will shortly

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be formed, and then nothing *fresh* will be left to climb. There are a number of grand excursions to be taken in the neighbourhood of Glenorchy, and our first afternoon was taken up in a twenty-mile ride round "Diamond Lake" and home by 'Paradise Flat.' The former is a lovely little lake partly surrounded by trees. The latter is the bed of a mountain torrent, frequently impassable, but, *water* permitting, giving some grand views of the snow mountains and glaciers. A tale is told in connection with these flats. A clergyman we met on the *Zealandia* was staying at Glenorchy, and not having allowed himself time to do this excursion, determined to remain an extra day or two. He started on the excursion and left word that a telegram should be sent to his friends in Dunedin. Some one who undertook to send the telegram wrote "Do not expect Mr. —— he has gone to Paradise." Turning up in Dunedin a few days later, he found his friends preparing to go into mourning!

The other excursion we took was to the Lennox Falls up the Rees Valley, where a beautiful view of Mount Earnslaw is obtained. As we had fifty miles of riding to do, an early start was made. The Falls themselves are very fine, resembling, a little, the Giesbach Falls on the Lake of Brienze. They appear and disappear several times in coming down the side of the mountain, (the 'Bush' being very thick,) the longest leap being about three hundred feet. A rest at the foot of the falls, where the air was delightfully cool, refreshed us all after our twenty-five miles' ride. Having spent as much time as we could spare, we rode to the opposite side of the valley, and there saw an entirely different scene, though, at the same time, a waterfall. A

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very narrow crack runs into the hillside for perhaps a quarter of a mile, in places (on the water line) twenty feet across, and in others fifty feet. A hundred feet *above* the river the sides approach so much that you might almost step across. If we had had more time we should have climbed down to the water's edge, but this would have taken too long. The word "Falls" does not convey the right idea of this place, "rapids" would be nearer the mark. The place is one of the most remarkable I have seen.

Our hot ride *down* the Rees valley was very pleasantly got over, a halt being called at some buildings going up, in connection with a gold mine. Our guide said the "boss" was a very good fellow, and would be glad to see us, and this statement proved quite correct. He showed us the works as far as they were completed, and then asked us into his small log-house. Maybe you do not know what the terms "billy" and "damper" mean. You will best understand them if I use the magic word "kettledrum." A "billy" is a plain tin can for boiling water in. This process when finished is augmented by a handful of tea-leaves, and thus a "billy" of tea is prepared. "Damper" is simply bread baked in the wood ashes, and if they don't make a good kettledrum tell me what does!

The end of our ride was on horses somewhat fagged, and therefore not quite so pleasant, but as we managed to get in just in front of a heavy rain storm, we thought they had done their journey very satisfactorily.

Glenorchy is a place from which a great many beautiful excursions can be made, our time, however, did not admit of our taking more than the two I have mentioned. We returned to Queenstown, and had time to do one more

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excursion from there, namely, Ben Lomond. This might be compared to the Piz Languard at Pontresina, quite an easy climb. The latter part was through snow, and as no path was visible, we concluded it would be best to make a "bee line" to the top. Jim and myself came to a rather steep piece, but got up it all right, and then shouted out to the two others minute details as to the best track for them to take. We soon got to the top, but found it too cold to sit and wait for the others, so we started down to meet them. We soon found them, (a very few feet higher than we had left them,) most religiously following our tracks, this being the very thing we had told them not to do. After mutually "slanging" each other—one for not having been clear in giving directions, the other for not having sense enough to understand them—we decided to return to Queenstown. The view was not a very good one on account of the clouds; the climbing I enjoyed very much. Sleeping that night at Kingston, we took the train for the Bluff, but broke our journey at Invercargill, where we went to hear a lecture by G. A. Sala on *Russia*. Next morning we went on to the Bluff, and went on board the *Manapouri*.

Our trip through New Zealand had been a delightful one, and we were sorry to see it disappear astern. We had to leave it without seeing the west coast Sounds. We are told this is like doing Ireland without seeing the Lakes—worse luck; but all the same we managed to see a lot of beautiful sights.

Now to tell you about our experiences during the run to Hobart Town. Whatever little conceit I may have had about sailoring has been knocked out of me, for a few weeks on shore made me as bad as ever. We left the Bluff

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on Friday afternoon, and that evening it began to blow. The ship was soon rolling and pitching, and we four sought our bunks—three, at least, supplied with basins. The next morning Ainley turned out and stuck to the deck, but we were too miserable to dress. I have been writing "we," but perhaps I had better confine myself to personal experiences. I tried to eat a little bit, but it was no good; to quote an old joke (we did not joke much at the time):—

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

Through those two awful days, Saturday and Sunday, all I could do was to lie on my back, and frequently put my head over the side of the bunk. As for Ainley he was an angel of mercy. He spent a good part of each day down below peeling oranges, the only things I could eat, and even these were wasted. The eating of these, however, did me good I have no doubt. From Friday afternoon to Monday morning I held on to nothing, but on the last day a small piece of orange consented to stay with me. On Monday afternoon, when making the land, the sea went down, and we three got up on deck. I was never more pleased at the sight of land than I was that day, and lay down on the most sheltered part of the deck I could find, to enjoy it to the full. As we were getting better we began to talk of what we should like when we got on shore, mentioning all sorts of delicacies. About eight we reached the quay, and were soon into the hotel. Oh joy! After three days on half an orange, I fancied bread and milk, and "you bet" I did justice to it: then boiled eggs after that, and after that bread and butter and tea, until I was satisfied that

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any further addition would be unadvisable. A hot bath and then the sleep of the Just.

Hobart Town is a pretty little place, with some charming drives round it and a beautiful harbour, but what must take first place is the Botanical Garden. The flowers were most beautiful, and the gardens were evidently well looked after, everything being kept neat, and names put up for every tree and shrub. The train took us across to Launceston where we just had time to do the two excursions to "Corra Linn" and "the Cascade," and then went on board the *Pateena*, bound for Melbourne. Our run to Melbourne (eighteen hours) was uneventful. The sea was smooth, so Ainley's nursing was not required. On our former trip we thought that if he had not been already well provided with a nick-name, "Florence Nightingale" would have been a good one, on account of his attentions to the sick.

December 31st. Some of our doings at Melbourne you have heard about. We saw most of the sights, one being the Derby, the day after our arrival. The Melbourne people are very great at horse racing, *the* great day of the year being the Melbourne Cup Day. This we did not see because of starting for Urana. As I have already told you, we found Lewis at that date a good deal better than we had been led to expect, and though he could not chat with us for very long at a stretch, still we saw a good deal of him. At his wish we went to spend a couple of days at a station some eighteen miles off, called Nowranie. Lewis's friends, the Simpsons, made our stay a most enjoyable one, and of course we were glad to see just a little of what station-life was like.

While staying at Urana we met a fellow assisting

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Mr. Culley in the store, named Walker, who used to be with Messrs. Chamberlin at Norwich. I wonder if Mr. Barrett will remember the name. On comparing notes with Jim they discovered that they were old schoolfellows.

After returning to Melbourne from Urana we went on to Adelaide. This trip I have already told you of, and then came back to Melbourne. We came on after two more days to Sydney to make quite certain about the China steamers, and then, as you know, found that the first one would sail on December 15th.

Sydney is a delightful place in my idea, though from a business point of view it has to yield the palm to Melbourne. The Sydney people are laughed at for talking so incessantly about "our Harbour," but having once seen it you can hardly wonder that they are proud of it. We took excursions all over it, and always found some new point in it to admire. The largest steamers ever built can come up the Harbour and moor alongside the streets. It is protected from every wind that blows, and the entrance is less than a mile across. Excursion steamers run all day and every day to all parts of the Harbour, and generally seem to be pretty full.

The Botanical Gardens are very fine, and overlook the Harbour. The best day to see them is on Saturday (half-holiday) when every one who has a yacht is out in it, those who have no yacht borrow one, and those who can't borrow one steal one; any way they are bound to go on the water somehow or other.

In the gardens themselves there is much that is beautiful to be seen. Jim is the botanist of the party, and whenever we missed him we had nothing to do but go to the Gardens. He was sure to be found with pencil in one hand and note-

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book in the other, feet rather wide apart, contemplating some insignificant shrub with anything but an insignificant name.

Next to the Harbour, the best known things are the Blue Mountains, and these we of course went to see. Ainley had been to see two of the sights, and his report was that they deserved to be ranked with the Yellowstone Cañon, the Yosemite Valley, and the Otira Gorge.

Leaving the train at Wentworth we walked to the Falls, and were well repaid by what we saw. The ground for many square miles seems to have sunk down, roughly speaking, 1000 feet, leaving perpendicular precipices in front and on either side of you. The Falls themselves amount to very little, except after heavy rains. Taking the train to Katoomba we found a very nice hotel, and from there drove to a place called Govett's Leap. This place resembles Wentworth very much, but, if anything, the height is greater. Standing on the edge and looking down is simply grand. We tried to measure the height by falling stones, and I think made it 1200 feet, but of course the centre of the valley would probably be 2000 feet. Supposing it had been necessary to fetch up one of the stones we threw down, we should have been obliged to take a journey of perhaps twenty miles. The place, it is said, takes its name from a bushranger named Govett, who rather than be taken by the police, rode his horse over the edge. After taking our lunch on a spot where we could admire these magnificent precipices, we drove back to the Great Western Hotel, Katoomba.

In the Blue Mountains there are some caves known as the Fish River Caves, and these we had been told on no

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account to miss. These caves I had heard about when in Sydney, and I am now very much surprised I had not heard of them before. Though perhaps not so extensive as the celebrated Mammoth Caves of Kentucky they are much more beautiful,—at least we judge so from what we have heard. There were two ways open for us to get to them—one, to go for a couple of hours by train, and then drive some thirty miles by coach, the other was to hire horses and ride from Katoomba a distance of nearly thirty miles. The latter route was only a bridle track, and only partly made, so we thought that if we tried this it would be best to have a guide with us. Finding that four horses were to be had, we decided to start early next morning.

The first part of our ride was through a most lovely piece of scenery. I don't know if you have ever been over the Gemmi Pass, if so, you will be able to picture the place we went down. You must imagine a precipice of several hundred feet, in most places unbroken, but in one having a crack in the rock running from top to bottom. The path has been cut and built down this "funnel," and so far, I think, it resembles the Gemmi; but there are two important differences. The first is that the Gemmi is almost destitute of vegetation, but this path is overhung with gum trees and the sides are all lined with ferns. On the Gemmi the colour of the rocks is dull grey, but here they are red (like Torquay) and show up the green of the ferns, etc., most beautifully. The whole thing makes as pretty a picture as you can well imagine. While coming down the path you see precipices on your left hand, in front of you, and, of course, behind—there is, in fact, only one side open.

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After this part of the journey was over, we had several miles of comparatively uninteresting riding through the "bush"—nothing but blue gums; but when about half our journey was over we came to Foxe's River, where we stopped to give the horses a rest—not to mention ourselves. After our halt, a good many miles of uphill work had to be done; but the caves were reached at last, after seven and a half hours' riding. Our guide returned the same night part of the way home, as we thought ourselves quite capable of finding our way back with the help of the "blazed" trees. After a night's rest we went through two of the caves, and were awfully pleased with what we saw. The beauty of scores of the stalactites and stalagmites surpasses all description, and the variety of form is endless. I have bought what photographs I could get, but they will convey a very poor impression of the wonders we saw. The caves are Government property, the inn being worked on a regular scale of charges, which includes guides and everything. The caves are fifty-two in number, but only a very small portion of these have so far been explored. Some few of the others have been penetrated a few hundred feet, but this does not amount to much. There has been a talk of putting the electric light through these caves. This, if done properly, will be a first-rate thing.

Our time did not admit of our seeing more than four caves, and then, mounting our horses, we started for Katoomba. Jim, being on the best horse, took lead, and I went "astern" to check the steering. My services were only called in on one occasion, and we reached our destination safely, just in time to sit down to a well-earned dinner. I would recommend all my friends to see the

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Blue Mountains, and while seeing them not to miss the caves.

In the Visitors' Book I came upon the signature of H. Davies. During my last week in Sydney I spent a good deal of time in looking about the Harbour, where there is always something to admire. I called on J. Frazer and Co., where I met Mr. Ewan, who asked me up to his country house for the "week end." He has got a very pretty place indeed—the house is quite new, and he is now at work getting the grounds, which surround the house, in order.

January 2nd, 1886. My doings at Sydney you have now had, and I must tell you of our departure, and also of this trip. We had a good many friends down to see us off, and very regretfully had to say good-bye to them, and ditto to Sydney. For the first two days out we rolled a little, but after stopping at Brisbane (no chance to go ashore) we soon got on the inside of the Great Barrier Reef, with nothing but calm water ahead of us, and scores of beautiful islands to look at. Our voyage has been rather an uneventful one. Our captain is a Dane, Helms by name (not a bad name for a skipper) and one of the nicest men I have met for a long time. On these boats there are no horrid regulations about this, that, and the other thing, as with only a few passengers they are not necessary. We can go up on the "bridge" when we like, to ask about islands, ships, etc., that we may be passing. The chart is perfectly open to us, whenever we like to go and see the sort of places we have to go through. While coming along the east coast of Australia, the chart was most interesting on account of the innumerable rocks, shoals, and islands; they seemed to be so thick that no vessel could possibly get

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through them. To tell the truth, it is about the most difficult piece of navigation on the surface of the globe. In the whole distance there are only two or three lights, consequently if you happen to reach a bad place at sundown, you anchor till daylight. This we had to do a few times.

After leaving Brisbane our next port was quite a small place, called Port Mackay, where we had 500 tons of sugar to get on board. This sugar has to be sent to Hong-Kong for refining, as labour is too dear in Queensland. There was not enough water for our steamer to go up the river, so we had to anchor in the roadstead, six miles from the town, the sugar being sent to us by small steamers. We arrived on Saturday evening, and took up a berth under the lee of a small island known as Round Top. The great question with the captain was, how long he would be kept, and whether the sugar would be sent to us on Sunday. Sunday morning arrived and one little load of sugar, but no more, so after lunch the captain suggested our taking a boat to see what the island (half a mile off) was like. Two of the engineers, one second-class passenger, and our three selves, got into the jolly boat and set out. We thought that as the tide was low we might be lucky enough to find some oysters on the rocks, so took a basket and a couple of hammers. Landing, and hauling the boat up, we set off across the island, and on reaching the other side found the rocks simply covered with magnificent oysters. We were not long in making a start on them, and when we had eaten all we could (how many dozen, I am unable to say) we set to work to fill the basket. This was very soon done, and we then wished for a sack, but had not brought one

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with us. "Necessity is the mother of invention." With a few pieces of string we tied up the engineer's cotton jacket and made a very respectable sack of it, and, when this was full, started back to the ship. Our return was hailed with delight, mainly on account of the oysters, which were in splendid condition, as fat as butter. Next morning the Captain decided to go ashore, so we thought we could not do better than go with him. We found out that the most interesting thing to see was a fruit garden, and accordingly made the best of our way to it. The garden consisted of a lot of cocoa-nut trees, mangoes, and several acres of pine apples. We told Mr. Barnes, the gardener, that we should like to take some pines on board with us, but wanted to taste them first. He led the way, and showed us a most magnificent lot of pines, and told us to help ourselves. This we were not long in doing. You would have laughed to see five of us, each with a pine in one hand and a fork in the other, and each intent upon making the pine look small. I never tasted such pines, and hardly expect to taste such again. I find the way to eat a pine is—slice off all the outside, cut off the "butt end," then holding by the crest in the left hand, break off "chunks" with a fork. The soft part of the fruit will come off the hard centre quite easily. After taking a couple of pines a-piece, sundry mangoes, and tasting green cocoa-nut, we thought it time to leave off, as we had ordered dinner at the hotel, and were afraid if we kept on we should spoil our appetites. We took two dozen pines on board, for which we paid six shillings, and two dozen mangoes (one shilling per dozen)—the others doing much the same.

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In sleeping on deck we are usually disturbed at six a.m. by washing decks, and just then half a pine is agreed by us all to be the right thing in the right place. It wakes you up, and puts you in a fit condition to enjoy breakfast. No fish were caught on board while we were ashore, in spite of numerous lines, but next day they were biting well, and we had some good fun. Just after breakfast a large shark was seen, so of course everyone was anxious to kill him. We had no hook on board, so we set to work to make one. Meanwhile some rifles and revolvers were loaded and a piece of meat was floated some distance astern at the end of a piece of string. Any amount of sharks paid us visits, and at least half a dozen have good reason to remember us by the leaden messengers we sent them, though whether they would die from the effects of the bullets, is, I think, uncertain. After lunch the hook was ready, and over it went at the end of a good line. The current was strong, and this kept the bait on the surface in full view. For some time no shark put in an appearance, but presently a shout brought us all flying to the stern of the vessel. A fine shark was seen a few hundred yards off, slowly swimming in circles, and gradually approaching us. The suspense of those few moments was terrible, and everyone was trying to watch the shark, the bait, and the holder of the line at the same moment. The position of the holder of the line was, to say the least, an unenviable one. He was not clear in his own mind whether if he missed catching that shark he would not be used as bait for the next, by the crowd that surrounded him. Then, too, his orders were somewhat conflicting. "Slack out more line," "Haul in a bit," "Don't give any jerks," "Chuck it now, and he'll see

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it," are a few samples. The nearer he came, the quieter we got, till at last he seemed to get wind of the bait, and swam straight up to it. He was allowed a moment or two, and then the "pull" was given, upon which he disappeared like a flash; the line running out at the same time told us that he was hooked. Then the work of landing him began. I was in a very good position, standing on the extreme stern of the vessel, now hauling in the line, then letting it run out, and all the while calling out to the others what to do; in this latter I was assisted by some others. Our two marksmen were close to my side, and when we got the shark up to the surface for a moment, a couple of bullets were put into him. After nearly half a score shots had been fired at him, he consented to come to the surface and remain there, so the next work was to get a thick rope round him and haul him on board. For this purpose a rope was brought, and a knot, known as a "bowline on a bight," was tied. The rope was got in its place, just behind the two first fins, and hauled tight, and then our crew, and a lot of the Chinese passengers commenced to pull. How many men had hold of the rope I can't say; but just as we got the shark out of the water the rope broke, and everyone seemed to feel tired at the same instant, and sat down on deck! We thought for a moment that we had lost our fish, but luckily the hook and line had had no weight on them, and he was still secure. Hauling the shark along the side of the vessel where the bulwarks were lower, we got two ropes round him, and amid much cheering succeeded in getting him on deck. The first thing was to measure him, and the result was,—length thirteen and a half feet, girth six and a half feet; his weight we *guess* to be about one ton. The

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Chinese cook was promptly on the scene, with knife and steel, and proceeded to cut off all the fins, which, as I dare say you know, are a great delicacy in China. Then he was opened and examined, Jim, of course, taking great interest in this part of the programme. His heart was taken out and continued for several minutes to beat. In his stomach we found a lot of feathers and bones, one a very large ox bone, and, curiously enough, one of our bullets had lodged in it. This bullet I took out and kept. The backbone of the shark is sometimes made into a walking-stick, so it was kept for this purpose. The jaws were cut out, and the teeth taken from them. Unfortunately two-thirds had been damaged by the shark's trying to bite through the hook. Two or three teeth I have got, but, unfortunately, I could not get any good pairs. The hook was made of iron, as thick as my finger, but the shark had bent it in all directions.

This excitement being over, we went to work with our fishing lines and had some very good sport, catching what is known as bream. I believe I headed the bag with half a dozen, caught in a little over an hour. It was not till late on Wednesday afternoon that we could get away from Port Mackay, having been anchored there since Saturday evening. For the next day or two we had the same sort of beautiful scenery, any number of islands and coral reefs, sometimes running during the night and sometimes letting go the anchor. On these occasions, though it delayed us, the time was very pleasantly spent. The piano would be got out on deck, then singing and dancing would begin, to be continued till midnight. When bedtime arrived, rugs would be brought out, most of us preferring the deck to the cabins.

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After deck-washing and before dressing, a general meeting was generally held, where those who liked had a cup of tea, and those who didn't took a pine apple. This would be followed by a tub, and then the fatigues of dressing would be got through, after which—breakfast.

Townsville we stayed at an hour or two, but had not time to go ashore, and arrived at Cooktown early in the afternoon of Christmas Eve. We were inspected by the doctor, given a clean bill of health, and sent on our way rejoicing. At sunset on Christmas Day we anchored, and captain, officers, and passengers had a very merry dinner party together. Many were the speeches made, and ditto healths drunk. Jim was called upon first, and proposed "The Captain," who in replying, gave "The Passengers," one of which in replying, gave "The Officers," and named "The Chief Officer and Chief Engineer." The former made a very neat little speech, and proposed "The old folks at home." I forget what the engineer proposed, but he told us he felt like the man who said he had only spoken in public once before. On that occasion the speech consisted of two words, "not guilty," and he *got six months for it!* Of course we drank to "Absent Friends," and did not forget "The Ladies"; possibly there were other toasts, but if so I have forgotten them. After the dinner we got the piano out, and had dancing and singing till it was time to turn in. A very merry Xmas we spent. I hope you all spent as merry a one.

Our next stopping place was Thursday Island in Torres Straits, near Prince of Wales Island, where we were again inspected by the doctor, and given a clean bill. The reason of these inspections was that we had stopped at Queensland

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port where there has been an alarm of cholera; you have no doubt seen it in the English papers. After leaving Torres Straits we had to cross the gulf of Carpentaria. This gulf is usually at this season of the year quite calm, but, to use an Americanism, it "went back on us" horribly. We were rolled and pitched about to any extent, the decks were always wet, and we uncomfortable. The gulf with its rough waters was passed at last, and the last afternoon of the old year saw us steaming up towards Port Darwin. We arrived off the town just before dusk, the boat came off, and please imagine our feelings, when the order was given to us through a speaking trumpet, "*Menmuir* to go into quarantine for three days."

January 9th, 1886. You will wonder how we spent our three days in quarantine. Well, after the first few minutes' growling, we one and all agreed to give up "crying over spilt milk," and enjoy ourselves all we knew how. One of the first things done was to get a candle, break it up small, and scatter the pieces over the deck. This was to make a really good floor on which to dance. At dinner we had speeches as on Xmas Day, followed by music and dancing until just before midnight, when we formed a circle crossing hands, and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Our three days passed pleasantly enough, fishing being the main occupation. Sport was poor, the most interesting capture being a young shark three feet long, which Jim proceeded to examine. He, so to speak, took it to pieces and showed us the works. We were let out of quarantine on Sunday afternoon, and as soon as we could get to the Harbour went ashore with the captain. In our endeavour to get pine apples we were not very successful. We did get some,

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but they were nothing like such good quality as those at Port Mackay. The captain took us up to the telegraph station where we met some very pleasant fellows, and spent the evening chatting with them. I should have liked a little more daylight for seeing Port Darwin, but we were off too early in the morning to admit of going ashore. Adelaide is connected with this place by a telegraph wire, and some day, they say, this will be supplemented by the rail. On this account Port Darwin is looked upon as a rising place. The approach from the sea is not very nice, as a lot of low islands are scattered all about, but supposing trade should warrant the expense, a few lights would render navigation perfectly safe.

January 10th. For two days after leaving Port Darwin nothing of special interest happened, but on the Wednesday, when we were crossing the line, there was something which interested us all. Shortly after breakfast we sighted a three-masted ship, with about half her sails set, heading so as to cross our bows. The officer soon noticed some flags flying, which of course meant that she wished to speak to us. She proved to be a Dutch ship, the *Marie et Julie*, and the signal she made was, "Send medical assistance on board." The chief-officer and Jim were soon in the dingey, but before they got on board, the ship ran up another signal which meant "Scurvy." The captain knew at once that a doctor could do no good, but that fresh food was what was wanted. He ordered the gig to be lowered, and into it he put two sheep, a bag of potatoes, a basket of onions, four bottles of lime juice, and what were left of the oranges, about six dozen. Into the box of oranges we put what were left of our pine apples, and with this present the boat

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put off. When Jim returned on board we got the following information. She was a Dutch boat, and was taking a cargo of coal from Cardiff to Tumale, in the Spice Islands. When we saw her she was distant from her destination only about 150 miles, but unfortunately *down* the wind. She was 198 days out of port, and everything but salt provisions was gone. In England, the captain says, the laws are very strict about provisions on board ship (in this case it was either gross carelessness or meanness); but this being a Dutch boat does not come under English law. Jim found six of the crew in an awful state. One man had died on New Year's Day, and the others could not have lived very long. The fresh food we sent them will, in all probability, save them all. The astonishing part is that the captain did not run into some port some weeks ago, as there must have been plenty under his lee. It is also wonderful that he could have brought so little food with him. Vessels on voyages like his usually carry tinned food for the return trip. It was very lucky he fell in with the *Menmuir*, as there are plenty of steamers who would have been unable to spare what we sent him.

At last I think I am able to say that my log is up to date, and glad I am to be able to say so. I have told you the most important of our doings, but if I have forgotten anything, and think of it later, I will put it down. Yesterday being Sunday, and a beautiful calm day, we had the piano on the after "hatch," and spent a good part of the morning and evening in singing Moody and Sankey hymns. Jim was made parson for the occasion, and read the Church of England prayers. This morning we are passing Luzon Island, one of the Philippines, and are

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therefore just into the China Sea. At this season north-east monsoons are expected, so for the next two days we may expect to be pitched about more than is pleasant. The weather at the present moment is beautiful, but, in anticipation of a change, everything on deck is being made fast. Hen-coops are tied down, and the cow has been moved to the "port" side, so as to be out of the way of the seas if they come over us heavily. Rough weather we must not complain about, as we have been so well favoured hitherto. This voyage has been the pleasantest I have ever had, and any friends of mine bent on globe-trotting I would advise to take this trip, and by all means to sail in the *Menmuir*, and under Captain P. T. Helms.

Our voyage has been a slow one it is true, and possibly you have been wondering where on earth we have got to, picturing three volunteers in an expedition to the South Pole, or perhaps an exploration party for New Guinea. I hope, however, you have concluded that no news is good news.

January 16th, 1886.—Hong-Kong. Here we are at last. For two days we have been most comfortably installed at "Cringleford," as Mr. Davis's house is called. Let me first tell you about the conclusion of our voyage, and then I will go on to letters and telegrams. As I have already told you, we kept a northerly course under the lee of Luzon Island (this was on Monday) so as to be in a good spot when we had to leave the land and run for this place. It is very convenient to know where the wind is going to blow from, some days before you reach a certain spot, and as this monsoon blows for nearly half the year, captains know exactly how to act. About midnight on Monday we began to feel

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the roll, and in an hour's time were in for the wind as well. Though the monsoon is a north-east wind, it may shift a few points one way or the other. The wind we fell in with was fair, so we set sails and came along at a good pace. You will like to know what a north-east monsoon is like. Well, you can see a duplicate at Corton in any north-east gale you like. The wind blows strong, the sea is rough, and the sky is quite overcast with clouds, and consequently the whole surroundings are of a dull leaden colour. Everything on board was lashed down, and for thirty-six hours we had more water on deck than was necessary for our comfort. Now you must not confuse a *monsoon* with a *typhoon*. The latter is a storm of wind which travels in more or less of a straight line, but at the same time revolving, like a top running across a dish. When a sailor knows that a typhoon is about, he tries to give it as much room as possible, and, as far as he himself is concerned, hungers for solitude. Should a ship be caught in one, everything is battened down, the glass is constantly watched, and *every* slight shift of the wind is noticed. The great point is to find the centre of the storm, and when this is done, run to the side.

On Wednesday we got no observation, so at midnight we stopped steaming and waited for daylight. Thursday morning was misty, but as the sun got up it became clearer and we made another start. Hundreds of fishing junks were scattered round us, and great ungainly things they looked, but they sail wonderfully well and, I believe, are very seaworthy. Steamers detest them, as they frequently carry no lights, and at night they are constantly run down. They are sometimes rigged with a big sail in the bows, and

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a little sail aft, but frequently this state of things is reversed, so it is very hard to tell which way they are heading till you get very close. They only seem to sit on the water, and, as the captain says, "would go about in a basin." The entrance to Hong-Kong Harbour is very fine, any number of islands are scattered about, and the hills which rise from the water's edge are high and very steep. The signal station at the back of the town is 2000 feet up, and several of the neighbouring peaks must be as high. Among the islands the wind was blowing strong, but as soon as we rounded the point and sighted the town we were in shelter, and seemed to have jumped into another quarter of the globe. I don't know whether I have told you that we had 200 Chinese passengers on board, if not I do so now. We had hardly reached the harbour when scores of Chinese boats, or "sampans" as they are called, swarmed out to meet us. As each one came alongside they fixed a hook, with rope attached, on to some part or other of the vessel. They were not very particular where they made fast—port-holes, rudder-chains, davits, awning frames, etc., etc. The fore part of the ship was soon lined with boats, and those who could not get close to the vessel, made fast to the more fortunate first arrivals. Each boat carries a family, and would discharge from one to eight or ten persons into the steamer. The late arrivals jumped from boat to boat, and, catching hold of any rope they could get their hands on, came on board like so many monkeys. The deck was soon packed, and as every one was too busy talking to find time for listening, the noise is easier imagined than described.

We were moored a few hundred yards from the shore, and

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soon had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Davis, who kindly came off and brought our letters, which I will now acknowledge.

No.	From	Received on	Received at
22.	Alan ...	Sep. 26 ...	Hong-Kong
30.	Mother ...	Oct. 29 ...	"
31.	" ...	Nov. 4 ...	"
32.	Laura ...	" 5 ...	"
33.	Aunt Agnes	" 10 ...	"
—	Grandmother Cozens-Hardy	" 11 ...	"
—	George Unwin	" 22 ...	"
—	Mr. Barrett	" 30 ...	"
36.	Mother ...	Dec. 3 ...	"
37.	" ...	" 10 ...	"
—	Laura ...	" 10 ...	"

January 17th. I sent you a wire on my arrival, and received reply asking when we expected to reach Calcutta? To this I replied, "Two months." Your reply to this reached me, and a council of war was immediately held to consider your suggestions. The difficulty of the case is this. It seems a great pity to be so near Japan and not see it, but at the same time the season will not admit of a long stay, the *towns* being easily seen, and the *country* not being worth while staying in during winter. The three alternatives were these—1st. Miss out India, and do Japan and China very thoroughly; 2nd. Miss out Japan and China, and do India; 3rd. Hurry through Japan, see Canton, and then get on to India. Taking everything into consideration we favour No. 3 plan, and determine to act as follows:—Leave here tomorrow for Canton, and return on Thursday,

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the 21st. The next day take steamer for Japan, which, allowing one week up, two weeks in Japan, and one week back, will bring us, with a little latitude, to February 25th. Unless we miss a steamer, we ought to arrive in Calcutta by March 15th. Of course, the usual thing is to get out of India before the end of March, but the middle of April is, when you come to think of it, not very much later than the end of March, and we think we can manage to run through India in this somewhat shortened time. I daresay we shall have to cut out a few of the towns in India from our list, but which they will be it is at present difficult to say.

You ought to get this during the third week in February, and by that time we shall have left Japan, I hope. I think I shall wire when in Japan to tell you to write to Calcutta, or you will be sending off letters which we shall miss. Dates, I imagine, will be as follows:—Calcutta, March 15th; Benares, 23rd; Agra, 31st; Bombay, April 15th; Aden, 22nd; Suez, April 30th. We must certainly see Cairo, and, I suppose, Malta and Gibraltar, though, if we get behindhand we might take the overland route home. Any letters you may send I will do my best to get hold of. You will notice I have not lost any yet. I hope you can say the same of my letters home. I send my very best thanks for the letters I have received here. You can't think how welcome they were. If all those kind folks mentioned a page or so back care to wade through this epistle, please let them do so—may it benefit them "muchly."

Your news was both good and bad. As it is no use crying over spilt milk, I shall not add my mite to your remarks on election matters. Convey my congratulations to sundry

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M.P.'s, and my sympathy to sundry "would-be" ones; names it is not necessary for me to give.

The shooting news from brother sportsmen I was very glad to get—in fancy I have shot through all the woods they mentioned, and very much enjoyed each day's sport.

This is the first good long letter I have favoured you with for some time, and my only hope is that you will get through it. Supposing we are favoured with a calm passage to Japan (very improbable) I will try and get off another longish one. Man proposes—Neptune don't.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 21.

S.S. *Kinng-chow*,
19th January, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

I left a letter in Hong-Kong yesterday which will leave in the P. and O. boat this morning.

The last thing I mentioned about our journey was the arrival of the *Menmuir*, and our meeting with Mr. Davis. Hong-Kong is most beautifully situated on the side of a steep hill, the houses rising from the water's edge to a height of about 500 feet, or a quarter of the distance up to "the Peak." In the lower parts of the town all the business is carried on, but as one mounts, the houses become a bit scattered, and stand each one in its own garden, so the view from the water is very picturesque. You may imagine a little of what Hong-Kong is like by thinking of Malvern,

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only on a much larger scale; the hills are of course higher, and there is the Harbour in addition. The "Peak" rises behind the town; "Kellett's Peak" might take the place of the Roman encampment (at Malvern). These two are separated by "the Gap"—a road which runs over the ridge from Hong-Kong to the other side of the island. A great deal of planting is now being done, but there is a lot more yet to be got through, the tops of the hills being quite treeless.

As soon as we landed we were surrounded by coolies with chairs, all jabbering away like so many monkeys. Three chairs having been selected for us, we set off with Mr. Davis for Stonehaven. It was a novel sensation and a very pleasant one. The men walk at a pace which would satisfy me even without the weight of the chair, and when you remember that uphill is done at something under four miles an hour, and level at something over, you will agree that they work well. You generally take two men per chair, but if you are out all day, four is the usual number, and these four will bring you home in the evening at a pace which I should not wish to keep up very long. Jim and I tried the weight of a chair with Alec in it. It is necessary to get down very low before your shoulders are under the poles, and having got into this position we found we could not rise. Alec then got out of the chair, but when I stood up Jim did not do so soon enough, so he found himself on his back. By a lot of pushing, hauling, and lifting we at last got the poles on our shoulders, and then Alec got inside. We did not attempt to walk, and after standing for a few seconds, we came to the conclusion that if Alec had had enough, we certainly knew all we wanted to know about

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chair carrying. The men will carry you up hills steeper than Carrow Hill, and the moment they reach level ground, will quicken up to over four miles per hour. Did you ever hear of a servant giving notice because of insufficient work? This I understand has happened in Hong-Kong. The man in question said his shoulders would get soft, and he would not be able to earn a living by carrying. Everything is carried at the end of a stick across the shoulder, and as soon as children can walk they begin to carry. In moving soil for instance, at home we should use barrows, but here you would put a few score, a few hundred, or a few thousand men to work, each with a bamboo and two small baskets. We passed the other day a lot of coal carriers, so I tried the load a little Chinese woman had been carrying. Prior to lifting it, I thought I should like to carry it, say twenty yards. Second thoughts are proverbially the best, and having got the load on my shoulders I decided to be guided by *them*, so set it down again. In Egypt a similar carrying plan is adopted—no stick is used, but the basket is placed on the shoulder. The tale goes that when they started to cut the Suez Canal, barrows were sent out for the Arabs to use. One was filled, and the crowd stared at it in solemn silence; then four natives more intelligent than the rest, took hold of each corner, hoisted it upon their shoulders and walked off. After this it was thought baskets would best suit the Arab intellect.

But to return to "Cringleford," as Mr. Davis's house is called. It is built on about the highest level of Hong-Kong, and though this means a good climb, the view amply repays you. Looking from the balcony you see the hill-side covered with trees and dotted over with houses, while the water's

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edge is lined with houses for the Chinese and all the Europeans' offices. Thousands of Chinese live entirely on the water, a whole family finding plenty of room in a "sampan" not a bit bigger than an ordinary shore boat at home—a Cromer crab boat for instance. When you take a passage on board one you sit in the stern, under a sort of arched hood made by mats supported on bent bamboos. Mr., Mrs., Master and Miss, each take an oar, unless there is any wind, and manage to get you through the water at a good pace. In rowing, as there are no seats, they squat on the deck, a position which looks anything but comfortable. Small babies are very frequent on these boats. I might almost say that "no well regulated sampan is ever without one," and they are generally put out of harm's way into an overgrown sort of *cape* which Mrs. Chinaman wears hanging down her back. What with the motion of the boat and the movements made by Mrs. Chinaman when rowing, these brats are a good deal "rocked on the bosom of the deep." Almost all these sampans carry a mast and sail, the latter being sometimes made of linen, and sometimes of small mats stitched together, and the way they go through the water is surprising. I fancy they sail closer to the wind than any boat I know of, the reason of this is as follows. (If I use any word you do not understand your nautical daughters will, no doubt, be able to explain it). To begin with, you must find out what a *lug* sail is like, as this is the universal pattern in China. In England they usually have no "boom," but in China this is added. Now imagine a sail the size of the *Mars'* mainsail. Along the first row of "reef points" a Chinaman would fasten a bamboo pole, and these he would continue at equal distances right up to the

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top of the sail. The distance between these "battens" is regulated by the size of the sail. In the case of the *Mars*, perhaps every two and a half feet would be about the figure. To each of these "battens" a small "sheet" (don't forget what a "sheet" is) is tied, and they are brought down and tied to one strong one. Now you will say, what is the use of all this complicated machinery? It is simply this, to make the sail "set flatter." In other words, to offer a flat surface to the wind instead of a hollow one. Cross sections of the two sails taken midway between top and bottom of each would look like this The Chinese on shore look down on the sampan population as something quite inferior, but to an outsider it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; certainly those afloat look cleaner.

23rd January.—On board P. and O. S.S. Thibet, bound for Japan. A short voyage before us of about five days, and then Nagasaki, where I expect to receive letter 22, from Laura. Having your list of letters, I know where to expect news of you when in Japan. By the way, I don't think I acknowledged the receipt of a letter-book from you. As Jim's book was pretty nearly full, and my second one only just begun, I handed it over to him. This book will last me a long time yet, and no doubt I shall receive another before leaving China.

One of our mornings in Hong-Kong was spent in a walk up to the Peak with Mrs. Davis. The Peak is a place where a great many houses have been built for the hot weather, but at this time of year they are all deserted. It was a little misty, but the view of the Harbour and the nearest of the islands was very beautiful. The next day was

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devoted to a picnic, where we were introduced to several very pleasant people, and had a very jolly day. The same evening we went to dine with Clement Palmer and Turner; the names will, I daresay, be familiar to you, though I cannot be sure that you know their two worthy proprietors. We have seen Mr. and Mrs. G. Sharpe, Mr. E. Sharpe, Miss Sutton, and a great many other people whose names would not interest you.

January 25th. One of our trips from Hong-Kong I must tell you about, that to Canton. This letter was commenced on board the steamer which took us up there from Hong-Kong. We spent one night at a little place called Macao, not very interesting, except as being a very old settlement of the Portuguese. The only thing of interest in the place is a game at which the Chinese gamble a great deal. The game is not a very interesting one, it is played as follows: A square piece of metal is placed on the centre of a table, each of the four sides of this square is equivalent to a number one, two, three, or four. The on-lookers bet on these numbers, and then the "boss" puts one or two handfuls of small brass counters on the table before him. From this heap he draws the counters, four at a time, until they are all gone. Thus, supposing the number of counters to have been one hundred and seven, the man who bets on three would be the winner. All this is carried on in solemn silence, relieved occasionally by a low grunt when the verdict is reached.

We were on board the Canton steamer early the next morning, and before starting stood watching the scores of junks which were sailing up the river and dropping anchor at Macao. I was surprised to notice that they, almost

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without exception, were armed with cannon. On enquiring the reason, I was told it was as a protection against pirates. Every junk one passes is more or less of a pirate, but they only attack when they think there is something valuable to be got, and when they consider their opponents weak. Not very long ago one of these river steamboats was attacked, and since then, arms already loaded are carried in the saloon. The Chinese passengers are kept separate from the Europeans, and one or two men are on duty in their part of the ship, with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed. Several of the junks we passed had poles astern, on which nets were hung. These nets hang quite loose, and are said to be a great protection against a bullet. These junks are busy smuggling *salt* into China. Whether these net protections are good for much I can't say; possibly they may stop a ball fired out of a cylinder barrel, but I don't think I could trust them to stop a bullet fired through a *rifled* barrel.

The crews we were told always fought as long as possible, and then took to the water, preferring a possible death through drowning to a certain one if captured. All smugglers and pirates taken in hand by the Chinese Government have to part company with their heads. The run up the river was not a very pleasant one, as it came on to rain, and this, in addition to a northerly wind, made us prefer the cabin to the deck. After the hot weather we had a few weeks ago this seems uncommonly cold.

January 26th. Through the kindness of Mr. Davis we were quartered in Canton at the house of a Mr. Dent which made our short stay much pleasanter. Having an hour or so of daylight when we arrived, we crossed the river

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to the Anam temple, where we saw a number of Chinese idols, most of them with small tapers burning before them. In the temple several priests were busy, some beating tom-toms, others ringing bells, and others again walking round the floor of the building, and all the time repeating words which, of course, were unintelligible to us. These priests had no "pigtail," probably they are so tremendously good that they are sure of getting into Paradise without its aid. You are no doubt aware that the ordinary Chinaman grows his pigtail so that when he dies he may be lifted up to heaven by it. His religion teaches him "no pigtail, no Paradise."

We got hold of an excellent guide to show us the sights of Canton. His name by the way is Ah Cum. He carries a small book in which all his customers can write their names. In looking through this I came upon "John R. Davies, N. Wales, December 2nd, 1878." So I thought I was following in worthy footsteps.

Canton is a wonderful place. Its little narrow streets are endless, and each one bears the same resemblance to every other one as the proverbial "two peas." The width of the streets will not admit of two chairs passing comfortably, one has to squeeze up against the wall while the other goes by. Canton we were told has a population of 1,000,000, so you will easily believe the streets get a bit crowded. Every other man you meet is loaded up with two baskets or bundles, one at each end of a bamboo, and this does not mean taking up *less* room.

The first thing our guide took us to see was jewelry, two little specimens of which I purchased. As far as the gold is concerned they are not worth anything, but the workman-

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ship is beautiful. They are inlaid with a certain substance which you will have to guess at when you see them. I had two shots, but did not guess right—[kingfishers' feathers]. Continuing our way through street after street, where articles without end were exposed for sale, we arrived at a wood carving shop. Some of the *deep* carving was very nicely done, but it did not strike me that it would go well with anything at Corton. It is *modern*, and though as a curiosity a place could no doubt be found for a specimen, I thought I would wait for a curio which at the same time might be useful.

We were then shown some paintings on *rice* paper, half a dozen specimens of which I bought. Rice paper—if you do not know it—is very much like our tracing paper, but will not stand much handling. These rice paper pictures are very common in China. I was shown any number of them, representing Chinese life and customs, painted in three or four very bright colours. They remind one of the illustrations one sees in books of nursery rhymes with canvass on the back of each picture to keep it from being torn. The half-dozen I have got are entirely different from the general run, and to my mind are very pretty. They represent butterflies, leaves, etc. Possibly the colours are rather bright, but I think if you look at the delicate workmanship you will not be severe on the colours.

The next thing we visited was a flour mill, and a queer place it was. There were I think eight mill stones, to each of which a remarkably small cow was harnessed. These unfortunate cows have to spend every alternate hour in grinding wheat. A man is at work all the time marching up and down the line to see that they go fast enough.

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When the wheat has been through the stones it is placed in a large kind of box in which are a number of large flat-headed hammers. The handles of these hammers project through the side of the box, and are worked by a row of men standing on them. One man works two hammers by standing first on one and then on the other. The bran is separated from the flour by sifting, the sieve being worked by a man's weight just as in the case of the hammers. With these rough appliances it seems strange that they should get their flour as white as they do.

The Execution ground was shown us. It is a sort of brick-field, and bore evident signs of having been used recently in both mentioned capacities. We next saw the Examination hall which consists, I believe, of 10,000 small *rooms*, if I may dignify them with that name. Each room consists of three walls and a roof, a few boards form table by day and bed by night, the examinations sometimes lasting two or three days. These examinations are held for positions under Government. A great many thousands are examined for about a score vacancies. The City Wall and the Five Storied Pagoda we saw, but there is not much to say about them. The Water Clock, which has been going for 1300 years, is interesting. It consists of a series of vessels through which water is allowed to run, drop by drop; in the lowest one a stick is standing which rises as the water deepens.

We had been told to go and see the prison in Canton, which from all accounts is a most awful place. We had no time for this, so the guide took us into the court house, where we saw a little of Chinese justice. The court was simply an open yard with a roof at one end. Several men

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were sitting on the ground with chains on their hands and feet, while two or three other prisoners were on their knees before the judge. The men who had been before the judge were the worst off as you will see. Our guide told us these men were all pirates, and, therefore, as soon as they came into the prison were perfectly certain of having their heads cut off. As far as the *trial* is concerned that is only necessary to make them confess. If I understand Chinese law it is this: Whenever a man is accused of anything he is guilty, but if he will not confess to being so, he is tortured until he does. As a matter of fact he never confesses at first, but the reason for this is that a Chinaman will never tell the truth if he can tell a lie. Four men in the court had been before the judge, and were then undergoing the process of being pursuaded to confess. The argument used, and I think you will say it was a very convincing one, was as follows. Two pieces of chain, about two feet in length, are rolled up on the floor till they cover the space that would be taken up by a small plate. On a pair of these "cushions" the prisoner is made to kneel until such time as the judge is ready to question him again. Another man was placed in a different position, His back was against an upright piece of board, near the upper end of which a small hole had been bored. Through this hole his pigtail had been passed and tied. This was to keep him in an upright position. His knees were on the ground, and a piece of string was tied to each of his big toes, which kept his feet about a foot off the ground. His arms projected behind the board, and strings were made fast to his thumbs. This was all the torture that was going on, and truly it was enough, though I may tell you that a more

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villainous lot of scamps than the prisoners I never saw. We had pointed out to us a row of innocent looking things hanging on the wall. They consisted of several thin pieces of cane, used for flogging on the back of the feet, a piece of stiff leather to be used on the face, and a piece of wood like a heavy black ruler—this is used for beating the ankles. You will see by the above that law in China is merely a question of time; in this it differs from law at home, which is more a question of eternity.

January 27th. Another thing to be seen in Canton is shell-cutting. When at Thursday Island, I got a pair of oyster shells, (the oyster from which the pearl is taken,) just as specimens, but the ones we saw in Canton were cleaned, and all sorts of devices carved on them. I saw several, but one pair took my fancy very much, and these I was tempted to get. They are large shells, the carving is most beautifully done, and when you see them I think you will say I did right to get them. They are usually mounted on a foot of black wood, so that you can see both sides, but I am not at all sure that they would not look better hanging on the wall, mounted on something rather dark. The price of this pair was $16·50.

We saw a great deal of silk work, some of it most beautifully done, but I did not get any, the colours being too bright for my liking. I got some of this work in Hong-Kong which was much more to my taste, and have asked Mrs. Davis to get me some more pieces if she comes across any. So much for Canton at present.

Yesterday evening we reached Nagasaki, too late for letters, but shall go and ask for some this morning. The post goes out this afternoon, so I am writing before going

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ashore. I shall be able to give you first impressions of Japan in my next letter.

I suppose you have been having a white Christmas. Ours was spent in shirt sleeves and perspiration, but now we are in for cold weather, and I for one am rejoicing in it. I don't suppose we shall see the thermometer down to freezing point, but this is just possible.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 22.

P. and O. S.S. *Thibet*,
27th January, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have spent most of the day in Nagasaki, and we are now on our way to Yokohama, *viâ* one or two intermediate ports. I called at the Post Office and received a letter and a card—

No.	From		Received on		Received at
23.	Laura	...	Oct. 7	...	Nagasaki.
—	Mother	...	„ 15	...	„

As a matter of fact, Laura's letter was not numbered, but I suppose I am right in calling it No. 23. My very best thanks to her for it. Letters—why, "the more I sees 'em, the better I likes 'em." I posted my letter today in a couple of envelopes, and now express the wish that it may reach you safely.

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Our run up from Hong-Kong was uneventful. We had the monsoon against us, but it was not blowing so hard as the captain expected it would. Until just prior to reaching Japan we had the usual weather for this time of year in these seas—grey clouds, grey sea, and cold wind; occasionally a little rain falls, but these showers do not amount to much. When we left Hong-Kong we expected to reach Nagasaki on Wednesday morning, but thanks to the winds being a trifle moderate, and the sea being therefore a bit smoother, we got in on Tuesday evening. It was dark before we reached the Harbour, and unfortunately no moon, but the stars enabled us to see that we were running up a narrow gulf, with high hills on either side. The gulf is about five miles in length, and the town lies quite at its head and stretches a little down each shore. A very pretty sight indeed it was to see a crescent of lights, rising a little distance up the slopes, with black water before them and black hills behind, the tops of the latter being dimly seen against the stars. The sea was luminous, and, owing to the darkness of the night, intensified by the shadows of the hill, this showed up brighter than we have seen it for a long time. With engines stopped, we glided on for some distance in perfect silence, past several vessels, till the order "Let go" was heard, followed immediately by a r-rumble and a r-rattle as the anchor went down and the cable ran out. This noise ceased, and silence reigned again, but only for a moment, for with a whizz and a whirr a rocket went up to explode in mid-air with a report like a cannon. This most effectually "wakened the echoes," and told the people on shore that the mail had arrived. Some of us wishing to see what a Japanese town

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looked like, had a run of a couple of hours on shore, and were very pleased with our visit. The town is much cleaner than a Chinese one would be, and the natives ever so much nicer. As soon as we landed we got hold of four "rikshas," but the men could not understand English. These men have a habit of dashing off as soon as you are into the trap, without waiting to be told where to go. In the present instance this was not of much moment, for we had no special place to go to, and if we had it is doubtful whether they would have understood us. We quickly found ourselves dashing along the streets of the town, and queer little streets they were—of course very narrow; but well-paved with flat slabs of stone, and looking nice and clean. The men went at such a pace that we could not see much of what was going on round us, but after a lot of talking, jabbering and shouting we made them understand that we wanted them to go slower. At this they seemed rather surprised, but complied with our wishes. The shops were almost all open to the street, and on little raised sort of platforms the inhabitants were sitting, most of them at work making the hundred and one little odds and ends for which the Japanese are famous. Little jars like ornamental flower-pots were standing in the centre of each group, and these we found were filled with charcoal. These are the only sort of stoves in Japan that we have seen. After going up and down a great many streets, our men stopped at a flight of stone steps and told us, as we imagined, to get out. One of them knew a word or two of English, at least we believe he knew two words, but what the second was we never discovered. The one he kept repeating was "Temple." Evidently not knowing how

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to gain time and also money, they had brought us to see the Temple which all strangers go to see; the only drawback was that at ten o'clock on a dark night one cannot see very much. Just at this point a stranger appeared upon the scene, who proved to be a regular guide. He told the men to trot us round some of the best streets, which they did, and eventually down to the Harbour, where we got a sampan and returned on board.

January 28th. Yesterday morning was passed in Nagasaki. Our guide of the previous evening came off and took us all round the town. We paid a visit to several shops, and much admired their contents. I tried two or three bargains, but only got through in one instance, the purchase being some small lacquer trays. I consider them very pretty, but I really know nothing about lacquer work. The captain has got a pair of drinking cups with which I am awfully smitten. They are made from two halves of an emu's egg, the foot representing a branch of the Japanese cherry-tree, with a few leaves in dull silver and a few little dull-gold butterflies. The lacquer on the inside of the cup is so splendidly done that you could not tell it from metal. Whether I shall see anything in any of the shops at all like this, is, I am afraid, very unlikely. If I could have paid another visit to the shops in which I had started bargains, I daresay I should have got some of the articles I fancied, but I had no time to do this.

About midday we found our way to a tea-house, very prettily situated on a hill-side overlooking the town. The first thing set before one in a tea-house is a little jar containing charcoal, over which one can warm one's hands. As a rule no chairs are used, but, of course, in a place

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patronized by Europeans they are often found. In the place I am writing about, both tables and chairs were in the room. The first thing put before us in the shape of eatables was a plate of small cakes, and with them some cups of tea, each cup being as large as an overgrown thimble. Japanese tea is taken uncommonly weak, you can generally swear as to the water, but have grave doubts if questioned as to the tea. The second course consisted of lobsters, and very good they were, bread and butter went with them. As to the butter, it is sent out in tins from France; cows do not seem to flourish in this part of the world. Fried eggs were next brought in, and then we were asked if we would like some steak, but we thought not. This was our first meal on Japanese soil, rather mixed, perhaps, but one gets used to this pretty easily. One important item I have omitted, namely, *Bass*, which we thought better than the tea.

January 30th, Kobe (Hiogo). We have had a most lovely run up the Inland Sea. The weather was bright (and cold), though some of the higher mountains were capped with clouds. On turning out of our berths at six a.m. on Thursday to see the Shimonoseki Straits, the west entrance to the Inland Sea, we found that we were running through a narrow winding strait with hills on either side. The tops of several were covered over with snow. No time for more, as we are just leaving for Kioto. We expect to reach Yokohama by tomorrow week. By the way, all suffering sportsmen have my deepest sympathy on this day, and likewise tomorrow.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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LETTER NO. 23.

Yaami Hotel, Kioto,
1st February, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

I posted a letter for you before leaving Kobe, which, I hope, went by the *Messageries Maritimes* boat. Last letter told you about the Inland Sea of Japan, which, by the way, is not the "Sea of Japan." The latter separates China from this country, but the former is much smaller and lies between the two islands Kin-Sin and Sikok, and the mainland of Japan. The Inland Sea is surrounded by mountains (which just now have snow on their summits), and contains a great quantity of islands. At several points the shores approach each other near enough to form straits of a mile or two in width, and in one place we steamed between two headlands which could not have been further apart than the length of the steamer. The shores are lined with villages, and all available land seemed to be under cultivation. Boats of all sizes seemed to swarm, a great many trading between the villages, and probably a greater number fishing, this being an occupation at which the Japanese are very clever.

I don't know if I mentioned our fellow-passengers. They were only two in number, and both of them very jolly. One was a lieutenant in the Danish Navy, and was introduced to us by his countryman, Captain Helms. His name was Block. Like ourselves, he is sight-seeing, and after

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seeing Japan goes on to India, so we *may* run across him again. The other, a countryman of ours, named James, went on in the *Thibet* to Yokohama, where he has a brother living, and where he also intends to settle down. We five spent the day in and about Kobe, "doing" one or two temples of no great interest, and going out a mile or two to see a small waterfall. We went through the native town, looking at the shops, and into a large "curio" dealer's place. This latter contains nothing but really good things, and a beautiful and tempting collection is the result. I did not purchase anything, as I wanted to see what *this* place would produce first. Japanese art pleases me more than any other I have seen. This may be the impression of the moment, and may change when I get to India, and again when I see England, but I don't think it will. At the shop at Kobe there is a gold lacquer cabinet, which is, I may say, well known on this side of the globe. I think I have never seen finer work, but any one getting it would have to furnish a room to receive it, it would be too conspicuous if standing beside ordinary furniture. The asking price is $6000 (a year ago $7500 was wanted); the real value would be from $1500 to $2000, but as the owner is a rich man he will probably hold on to it in the hope of meeting with some one who does not mind giving a long price for a good article. Standing by the side of this cabinet is another one, a perfect gem, black lacquer with a little gold. The workmanship is beautiful. This would be an ornament to any room. The price asked is $900. Though I tell you about these magnificent things, you need not be afraid of my buying them. My figure is a good deal below anything

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I have mentioned above. You may think it is nothing short of almost sublime self-conceit on my part, but I can't call to mind a single member of the family whom I would turn loose among these Japanese curios without feeling in a blue funk!

February 4th. We go down to Kobe tomorrow, and so to Yokohama. Since writing the other day I have been surrounded from morning till night by things which I have been pestered to buy, and in too many cases have fallen a victim to the wily natives of Japan. All day the sitting-room of the hotel is full of curio merchants, and when not in the room they are "seven deep at the keyhole." Before breakfast they arrive, and when we go to bed we see the last of them. We go an excursion, they know where we are going, and, within a little, when we shall get back, and ten minutes after our return they are in their places round the table. Now you will ask, what do they show you? Well, articles made of iron, brass, copper, silver, and gold. Not only do they make things of these metals plain and simple, but they make, say, a vase of one and decorate it with some or all of the others. They also decorate with enamel, and this you will no doubt have seen called "cloisonné,"—a lot of it is made in Paris. China and porcelain of various sorts are always on show, and last, but not least, silk embroidery. Perhaps you will smile at the idea of my speculating in silk embroidery, but I hope you will not have reason to do so when you see what I have bought.

February 7th, Kobe. During our entire stay at Kioto we have been looking over articles brought for our inspection by the curio merchants. It is hardly an exaggeration to say

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that I wished to buy ninety-nine per cent. of the things I have seen. You may think that the other one per cent. was not worth buying, but there you will be wrong, for that one per cent. is what I have bought. I have seen a great many beautiful things in the shape of porcelain, but these I have refused, preferring to get metal or silk, as these will pack so much better.

We have spent the intervals between buying in seeing temples, and also in seeing how all these Japanese things are made. The process which interested us most was, I think, *cloisonné*. Vases, teapots, cups, napkin rings, etc., etc. are made of this ware. We were shown into a room covered with straw mats, and walls of paper. On the mats several Japanese were squatting with their tools before them. Each man was at work on some vase or other article, and very busy they seemed. The foundation is metal, some kind of copper as a rule, and in its first state looks rough and uninteresting. The outline of the flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, or whatever it may be, has first to be put on, and it is done in the following manner: Thin brass wire is passed between two rolls so as to flatten it out, and then cut into the required lengths, anything from one-eighth to half an inch. These small pieces of wire are dipped into some cement and then placed on the vase, on their thin edges. The cement soon hardens, and you then see the most delicate patterns standing up on the vase about one-sixteenth or one-twentieth of an inch. When the pattern is complete, the vase is put into the oven for a short time to harden the cement, and this being complete, the colouring commences. Several coats have to be put on

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to complete the vase, and each one has to be burnt in. When this is all over, the entire surface is smoothed down by rubbing with a stone till the whole thing is as polished as a billiard ball. It takes some months for a man to finish a pair of these vases, but when they are finished they are a treat. *One* pair I was tempted to get, at least I was tempted to get several, but refrained with this one exception.

February 11th, Grand Hotel, Yokohama. While at Kioto I saw the inlaid bronze work which, though very interesting, was not so novel as that mentioned above. A few specimens of this I have bought, and trust they will be to your liking, But although these metal things are very lovely, and the workmanship good, they do not, to my idea, come up to the silk embroidery. As I said before, you will smile at my going into raptures over this, and, to tell the truth, I am inclined to do so myself, but, all the same, have laid out a few dollars on the above. Japanese houses are full of screens which consist of paint on paper, paint on silk, and silk on silk. The two latter are most to my taste, and I have confined my purchases to them. They are easily carried, as all you have to do is to roll them on a stick and put paper round. The mounting can easily be done at home. If I go on writing about curios any more, I fear I shall lead you to expect too much, and this I should be awfully sorry to do. The safest plan will be for you to forget what I have written and be fully prepared to admire everything I have to show. We have landed in Yokohama today, so I will acknowledge the budget of letters I have received, and leave what further I may have to write about Kioto till another time.

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No.	From		Dated		Received at
24.	Mother	...	Oct. 14	...	Yokohama
25.	Grandmother	...	„ 12	...	„
26.	Aunt E.	...	„ 16	...	„
„	Evelyn	...	„ 16	...	„
27.	Aunt Esther	...	„ 21	...	„
„	Mr. Willis	...	„ 21	...	„
28.	Ethel	...	„ 22	...	„ (Xmas Card enclosed)
„	Helen	...	„ 22	...	„ „
29.	Mother	...	„ 22	...	„
	Alice	...	„ 22	...	„
	Florence	...	„ 22	...	„ (Xmas Card)
	Alan	...	„ 22	...	„ „
	Laura	...	„ 22	...	„ „
	Mother	...	„ 22	...	„ „

The perusal of all the above has taken me some time, and I must thank each and every one of their respective authors. It is true they were written a good long time ago, but they are none the less welcome on that account. One rises superior to such trivial matters as dates when travelling.

February 12th. I don't think I have very much to say in reply to your letters, but one thing I am not clear about. I have not got your letters to Hong-Kong with me, but I think you told me that the Congregational Union was to be invited to Norwich this year, and that you had written to the Dales and the Allons to get them to stay at Carrow. Now the former, I believe, are contemplating a visit to the colonies, and what I want to know is whether both these

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events come off in 1886? I hope the Australian part of the business will be after my return, as I shall have some hints to give which may be useful. You can tell Dr. Dale or Mrs. Dale, or Miss Lillie to begin at once to educate "the flock" to this important fact—that they have no intention of going out by one boat and returning by the next. There is plenty to see in Australia, a good deal more in New Zealand, and then there is the grand alternative of coming home *viâ* the most interesting of all interesting countries—Japan.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER NO. 24.

Grand Hotel, Yokohama,
21st February, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

I fear my log has got a little behindhand, but I will try to get a few pages off by this mail. My time has been very fully occupied by sight-seeing, and looking at curios. I have hardly told you all that is necessary about my Kioto purchases, (those made in this part of Japan will keep for a little time), so I will write a word or two about Kobe (Hiogo). On landing there I was most pleasantly surprised to find that civilization was asserting its presence by the aid of a football ground. The "boss" of the hotel came up to me one day, and said a game of football was to be played that afternoon, and strangers would be most welcome to play. I did not take very long to make up my mind whether I would play or not, as you can easily believe. I enjoyed that game of football for two reasons—one for

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the pleasure the game itself gave me, but perhaps more from the fact that through it I got to know the captain of the Football Club. This gentleman's name was A. C. Sim. He comes from the northern side of the Tweed, and is none the worse on that account. I found out a good many things about him during my stay in Kobe, and the more I heard of him the better I liked him. The first link of the chain was forged when I found out that he was a sportsman. He showed me his guns, of which he has quite a collection, shot guns, rifles, pistols, and revolvers. He has a large number of cups won with the rifle, in rowing boats, canoes, walking, and in fact all sorts of athletics. I was much interested in looking over his twelve ton yacht which combines sailing and steaming very cleverly. This yacht he bought very cheap, cut her in half, and lengthened her, and then put in a screw, without altering her sailing capabilities in the smallest degree. When steaming he gets about six knots an hour out of her. I saw when looking at the yacht, Mr. Sim's duck punt which is also fitted with a screw worked by the feet like a bicycle. I ought to tell you that Mr. Sim is the chemist of the place. The last reason, and perhaps the strongest, for my "cottoning" so to Mr. S. is as follows: Jim and I were chatting with him one evening, and they not unnaturally got on the subject of medicine. Jim asked him where he had picked up his medical knowledge? "Oh," he replied, "when I was younger I was one of the dispensers at the London Hospital." I, of course, asked him if he knew Mr. Nixon, and he replied, "Oh yes, very well indeed." Mr. N., he told me, had been very kind to him while at the London Hospital and, when he left, had given him a present in the

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shape of a very nice edition of Shakespeare in several volumes. Whether it was the fact of discovering that we were friends of a mutual friend, or that we were brother sportsmen I can't say, but Mr. Sim made me a present of some pheasant skins, which I think will make a handsome addition to the Corton Museum. Neither of these pheasants are known, I believe, in England. They are called out here "Copper" and "Mountain" pheasants.

There is one other thing for which I am indebted to Mr. Sim. Practically it is a peculiarly bent *oar*, called by the Japs a *yulo*. This yulo is used in boats of all sizes, and I think would be found convenient in Norfolk waters for open sailing boats and small yachts. The twelve-tonner I have mentioned can be propelled by two boys at the rate of three miles an hour. The yulo I am bringing home is a model about one foot in length, but put together exactly like a large one, and also cut to a correct scale. Mr. Sim has had a good deal of experience among the Japs, and his report of them is most flattering.

February 22nd. I could only get as far as the above last night, but I think you may like to see even these few lines, so I send them by the Frisco mail which leaves tomorrow.

We expect to leave Japan or rather Yokohama for Hong-Kong next Saturday, and probably touch at Kobe and Nagasaki on our way down. No time for more.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 25.

M. M. Cie Menzaleh,
27th February, 1886.

Dear Mother,

My last letter to you though somewhat short, will serve to show our whereabouts, and fill up the gap which would otherwise have been left, as this one will not be posted till I reach Hong-Kong. A letter arrived in Hong-Kong soon after I left, and was forwarded by Mr. Davis to me, which I had better acknowledge in the usual way.

No.	From		Dated		Received in
38.	Mother	...	Dec. 17	...	Yokohama (forwarded).

You mention having received my letter of November 2nd, and this is now the end of February.

The alterations in and about Carrow I am much interested in. One paragraph in your letter restores confidence to me. It is this: "Our curiosity is excited to know what curios you have been picking up. I hope by the time you return we may have the Abbey in readiness to put things in." Now when I was buying my Japanese curios I was always thinking I was getting too many, but if you are prepared to furnish the Abbey *à la Japanese*, I had better bring home a ship-load. I have gone out ever so many times with the idea that I was not going to *buy* a single thing, but only to *look*, and have returned to the hotel an hour later lighter in pocket, but heavier in conscience, at having spent so much. Then I would fall to wondering if I had not been "sucked in" by the wily natives of Japan, and had given

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too much for the things. My thoughts always led round to the determination of not spending another cent. on curios. Now that my things are all together, the bulk really looks very small, and I keep continually running over in my mind things that I refused, which, after all, would only have cost —— dollars. On the whole, I think I have got enough Japanese curios, and for the following reason—(I am writing from memory, so don't be too critical). If you get *Pickwick* and turn to Sam Weller's valentine, you will find something like the following:—

Sam Weller, Sen.: "Ain't that rather a sudden pull up, Samivel?"

Sam: "Not a bit, governor, she'll *wish there was more*, and that's the great art of letter-writin'."

If I have succeeded in whetting your appetite for Japanese things I have done all that I could wish. The things I have bought I will mention as I come to the places they were bought at. Kioto purchases you already know about, but one of our excursions from that place I have not mentioned. This was to the Rapids of Kameyama. There were two other globe-trotters who joined us on this excursion, and with whom we have spent all our time until yesterday, when we parted, their trip taking them on to Frisco.

About three hours in Jimrikshas brought us to the head of the Rapids, and there we engaged two boats in which to shoot them. The boats are about forty feet long, seven or eight feet beam, and are quite flat-bottomed. One man stands at the stern with a yulo to do the steering, and another at the bow with a bamboo pole, which helps

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to keep the boat off the rocks. At several points in the descent, which lasts nearly two hours, it looks as if nothing could stop the boat from going full tilt into the side of the hill, or on to one of the rocks, but just at the right moment the yulo and bamboo are brought to bear, and you shoot past the danger at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Sometimes the boat enters an artificial passage made by two banks of rocks and small stones held in their places by a net-work of bamboos. These passages are straight, and the water goes through them at a tremendous pace. In these parts you can generally touch the rocks on *both* sides of the boat with your hands. At the bottom of these shoots you probably see a rock like the side of a house, and wonder whether the boat will dive under it or jump over it. Then you try to think whether it would be better to try jumping for the shore or taking your chance of floating into smooth water after the boat has gone to pieces. He "who hesitates is lost"; well, just after you have hesitated and just before you are lost, the end of the bamboo pole comes down into a little hole in the rock, the bow flies away from total destruction, the sides of the boat scrape past half a dozen smaller details in the shape of rocks, and you find yourself in a pool of water perfectly smooth. The navigation of these Rapids is the greatest conjuring performance I have ever seen. We passed several boats going up stream. They were being pulled by three men, and one in the boat to do the steering. I was surprised at the ease with which these large boats went up the places we had come down. To all appearances they did not draw any water at all, but just sat on the surface. They resembled

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the boats the Americans tell of, which will float anywhere where there has been a heavy dew.

The mountain scenery about the Rapids is very fine, but of course we saw it at its least interesting season. Spring is, I believe, a very beautiful time; but they say here that Autumn "licks Spring into a cocked hat." Maples grow in profusion, but when we saw them they were leafless. As I could not see the effect they produce in reality, I have done the next best thing, and got a screen with a spray of red maple leaves on it. This belongs to a set of four—the others are, a group of sparrows and chrysanthemums; some swallows on a cherry bough in blossom; number four I can't call to mind, which is hardly to be wondered at after having looked at so many. They are painted on silk. You will no doubt recognise the set by this description. You will probably receive, at any rate some, of my curios before you receive "yours truly," and I may as well put in a word about them here. Even supposing that *you* could curb your curiosity so far as to see the boxes and not open them, I am convinced that the girls could not, and I will not be so hardhearted as to ask this of them. I shall do my best to pack the things carefully, but possibly some may get broken; and then there is, of course, another danger to guard against—dampness. You had better, I think, unpack everything, see what state the things are in, and put them carefully away. You will, perhaps, want to know the price of each article. Well, if so, you and the girls can put your heads together, make out a list of the things, and price them as near as may be to English shop-rates. This would be a good thing for me, as I should then know whether I had paid too much or too little for the

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things. If you consider this too much of a good thing, you might try to put the things in order, and I will tell you how near you come to the truth. If any of you should make a bad mistake, how I shall crow over you, but I don't think you will make very many.

Another of the excursions from Kioto was to Lake Biwa, where we saw one or two temples quite worth visiting, and got several beautiful views of the lake from the hill-sides. The Kioto temples and palaces are very fine, with a great deal of wood carving, bronze and lacquer work; but what takes my fancy most is the painting on the walls. This is chiefly birds, trees, or flowers on a gold background. They are on sliding panels which shut off one room from the other. The priests in one of the temples show you a screen on which a bird was painted so true to life that the bird flew away; this must be true, because the hole he made when flying away is still in the picture!

The rooms are generally somewhat dark, owing to the overhanging eaves, and this I think adds to the naturally life-like effects in the pictures. All the temples are well supplied with images of Buddha and other gods, one in particular containing 1000. These thousand are in their turn surrounded by minute images carved in wood and lacquered over,—the total number is 33,000. I had no time to stop and count them!

One of the stock sights of Kioto is to see the dancing girls, and a very interesting sight it is. Visitors frequently have them up at the hotel, but we thought it would be much more pleasant to see them with their Japanese surroundings, and were very glad afterwards that we had done so. Japanese never go into their houses with their

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boots or rather clogs on, and this plan we have got quite into through seeing so many temples. After putting on slippers we were shown upstairs, and into several rooms only divided by the usual screens, but so prettily decorated. Nothing but neatly woven mats were on the floor, and little or nothing in the shape of furniture in the rooms. Everything was dwarfed and minute to an English eye, including the Japanese themselves. It gave one the impression of walking into a doll's house, and, what is more, of having the dolls to wait upon one. Everything in a Japanese house is several sizes too small for me, and this is particularly the case with the doorways. I have hardly passed a day without knocking some part of my body—head for choice. Our three selves and the Brothers Bell were shown into a room where a lot of cushions were spread, forming half a circle, and on these we deposited ourselves, squatting cobbler fashion. Then the good woman of the house put in an appearance with her girls, and these proceeded to hand us little lacquered saucers with sweets and cakes in them. I can't say I cared very much for the cakes, they were too sickly, and I cared still less for what followed—namely *saké*. Saké is a spirit of which the Japanese are very fond, it is said to be very intoxicating. As for me, I should have to be uncommonly drunk before I took enough of it to make me tipsy—I hope you understand that sentiment. After tasting it, we concluded to send up to the hotel for some whisky and soda, with which to get the taste out of our mouths.

The orchestra having arrived, which consisted of four instruments, the dancing commenced. The costumes were very pretty, but I am not going to attempt to describe them,

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a young lady's toilet is beyond me, but some of my coloured photographs will give you a first-rate idea of what we saw. The head-dresses were of most alarming proportions. You must imagine a small face, with a lot of black hair standing out round it, and a tremendous array of silver hair-pins. This gives the effect of a bicycle wheel without any tire.

The *dancing* would be better described by the word *posturing*, particularly as a good deal of bowing, kneeling, and waving about of arms came in. The most taking dance was performed by two of the girls, and intended to represent the departure of winter and the arrival of spring. Not a word is spoken during the dancing, but the performers on the instruments keep up a somewhat monotonous chant. The orchestra was composed of two "three stringed" banjos, the strings being struck by a piece of ivory, and two "tom-toms." It was a little hard to tell when the tuning-up ceased and when the tune began, but perhaps that was because I am not very musical.

In the intervals we endeavoured to make ourselves entertaining, and flatter ourselves we succeeded; the means used were, Japanese conversation book, songs, (such as "Napoleon had an army of a hundred thousand men," "Upidee," etc.), and tricks with pieces of string. At this latter I put our little friends up to one or two, and learnt some new ones in return. The only drawback to the evening's entertainment was having to sit doubled up so long. Just try it, and see what seven different sorts of cramp in each leg are like at the same time. We all very much agreed with the Major in *Patience*, "Wouldn't it be awkward if we were struck so!"

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Now to tell you of our doings after leaving Kobé. We had a pleasant run to Yokohama with the wind behind us, and a beautifully clear view of Fusiyama. The shape of this mountain will be familiar to you, it is to be seen on almost everything that is sent out of Japan. It is as nearly as possible a perfect cone, and may, I should think, be justly called unique in this particular. We have seen it from several points, one only about ten miles off, and the more we have seen of it the better we have liked it. It is certainly a grand mountain, the height, I think, is 12,000 feet.

Arrived at Yokohama I was pleased to get the big budget of letters already acknowledged. They were all most welcome, including the Xmas cards. What a good time the Norwich card sellers must have had with the Misses Colman commencing their season as early as October! You are aware that ordinarily I am not partial to Xmas cards, but this season was an exceptional one, and those I received were most welcome. Before leaving New Zealand I invested in a dozen or more, and despatched them to numerous distant friends. I hope they arrived safely, both at Carrow House and their other destinations. Of course the letters were most welcome, coming as they did from so many different friends. Before I finished reading them I wondered if my letters home formed anything like a fair exchange for all those I received. I have not pluck enough to read over what I write, but I hope it will meet with your approval. My letters are, I believe, a pretty fair index to the state of mind I am in when I write them, and if they happen to be dull and uninteresting please try to be as lenient as possible, and endorse them "sea-sick."

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March 1st. From Yokohama we went by rail up to Tokio, the biggest place in Japan. There are several sights to be seen in Tokio, and such as were possible we saw. The greatest sight is the Shiba Temple, and to this we devoted some hours. The amount of carving, both interior and exterior, is astonishing; the bulk is in wood painted over in red, white, or green, and a great deal of gold. The result is most beautiful. The carvings are, for the most part, very true to nature, though numerous representations of dragons, unicorns, and the holy dog of Japan are to be seen. At the entrance to most of the temples, you pass two or four huge wooden figures, supposed to guard the temples and their contents beyond. In addition to the wood carvings there is some wonderful bronze work, to my mind the finest things in the show. The interior of the temple is profusely ornamented with red and gold lacquer work, and occasionally painting of trees and flowers on gold ground. From the Shiba Temple we went to see over the pottery manufactories. A great many very pretty things were shown us, but we did not get any.

We were lucky enough to come in for one thoroughly Japanese sight, namely wrestling. The wrestling had been going on for several days, and we saw the finale. Contrary to our ideas the men who take part in it are, in addition to being very big men, fattened up so as to make them as heavy as possible. The ring in which the contests took place was about six yards across, and a *fall* is gained by compelling your opponent to touch the ground with his knee, putting him down on his back or side, or by pushing him out of the ring. The clothes which the men wear when wrestling are, to tell the truth, somewhat light. They

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would do fairly well for a bather, but for other occupations might be considered a trifle airy; but after all this is merely a question of taste. Does not our boasted civilization give us rather too much of a good thing in the shape of clothes, and really now, did not the converted native, who lost his collar button, show more sense than ourselves when he told his hearers that he intended to return to the earliest fashion of nature unadorned! Altogether the wrestling was interesting and exciting. Before commencing they squat down at opposite sides of the ring, and when the umpire holds up his stick they go down on their toes and fingers, and only about one foot apart. While crouching in this position, waiting for the word to begin, they look exactly like a couple of cocks in a farmyard beginning to fight.

From Tokio we went up to Nikko, a place celebrated for its temples. A ride of six hours took us to the end of the rail, and here we slept in a regular Japanese tea-house. For this excursion we had a guide who, in addition to showing us all the sights, acted as cook, and a very good cook he proved himself. He is the same guide, as I found out later, that was with H. R. Davies last year. His name is Yoshida. Living in a Japanese house with nothing but paper screens for walls, and little boxes of charcoal for fireplaces seemed strange at first, but very comfortable. At night a lot of quilts are spread upon the floor, and the result is a most comfortable bed. The next day we had a twenty mile ride in rikshas, and a most charming one it was. Almost the whole distance was a magnificent avenue of cryptomerias, few of the trees being less than seventy feet high, and numbers of them more than one hundred feet.

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At intervals the avenue had to give place to a village, but these gaps were seldom a quarter of a mile in length, and the trees invariably overshadowed the cottages at each end. The day was frosty, but bright and clear, and as the road had a steady incline against us, walking both for the sake of our coolies and our own feet was very welcome. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Nikko, and had hardly entered the tea-house when the curio dealers began to swarm round us. I at once determined not to buy anything, and for two evenings kept to my determination. With sublime indifference I looked at whatever they had to show me in the shape of silk, bronze, wood-carving, and lacquer work; but at last fell a victim to ivory! I got two pairs of small vases, which if I am correct are very nicely carved, but of this you will be able to judge for yourself. Beyond some photographs of the temples, these were our only indiscretions.

We devoted one day to the Nikko temples, and very much pleased we were with them. The wood carving is the main feature which strikes one, but details are all lost in contemplating the wonderful colouring of the temples, almost buried as they are in the dark green of those magnificent trees. There is only one improvement that I can suggest. Some most beautiful wood panels were formerly covered with *white* lacquer, but white lacquering is a lost art, and so, to keep up the old idea they content themselves with a coat of whitewash? Jim went in for very copious notes about the Nikko Temples, and doubtless his account of them will be much more detailed than mine. When you get his notes you will, I expect, be much interested in them.

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March 2nd. Our second day at Nikko was spent in walking to Lake Chiusenji, a place about nine miles distant. The walk was a very pretty one up a valley down which a mountain stream was rushing, and what added greatly to the beauty was the fact that every rock and stone appearing above the water was covered with ice. Occasionally we passed by waterfalls, and here the icicles were magnificent. The last part of our walk was over deep snow, but a narrow pathway had been trodden down, and as long as you kept to that the walking was good, but any off-shoots meant going into the snow up to your knees. I saw numerous tracks of hares and likewise pheasants in the snow, and was favoured with the sight of one "coppered" pheasant on the wing. I wished—but never mind what I wished—let that pass. At the end of our walk we were rewarded with a beautiful view of the lake and hills that surround it, we were also rewarded with something more substantial, namely *tiffin.* Our walk home was a most enjoyable one, down hill all the way, and in places very slippery—in the intervals of falling we had time to admire the scenery. The evening was spent with the curio dealers, and next morning an early start was made for Tokio. Our rikshas did the twenty mile journey in four hours, which included a stop of fifteen minutes. We had two coolies each, and in addition to our own weights, each man carried his luggage in the shape of a small "Gladstone" with him. The incline of the road was in our favour, and we only walked about half a mile where some metal had been recently put upon the road. Tiffin for the coolies consisted of some boiled rice and scraps of meat. At the end of the journey the men were paid one yen apiece (about 3s. 6d.), and in addition a "tip" of

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twenty-five sen, which is equal to one-quarter of the above, was given them. For this they were most grateful, each man in turn (fourteen of them) appearing in the waiting room of the station, and making a low bow. We could not help thinking that *we* should have been very sorry indeed to pull a riksha, let alone a man in it, the same distance for the same money. The same day we arrived in Tokio, and next morning took the train for Yokohama.

March 4th. I don't think I have mentioned the Museum of Tokio, which is a most interesting place. We could not devote as much time to going through it as I should have liked, but I think we managed to see most of it. A certain portion is set apart for models of Japanese methods of catching fish and also birds. With the net they are very skilful, depending upon it more than upon the gun for getting hold of wild birds. Snipe, ducks, and geese (and, no doubt, numerous others) are among those which they make a regular practice of catching. One part of the Museum contains nothing but articles of European and American make. A few of them are worthy of a place, but the bulk consists of cheap, tawdry things which hardly deserve a place in a museum. However, if nothing but first-class things were shown, it would not be a true picture of our free and enlightened portion of the globe. Among other atrocities, I discovered a *top hat.* May the day be far distant when the Japanese think it necessary to copy us in that fashion! Several beautiful pieces of lacquer are shown, and among them some that were lost in a wreck. These were got up after spending twelve or eighteen months in salt water. The metal work

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on them is, of course, spoilt, but the lacquer looks just as good as when it was new.

There are several fine specimens of different sorts of Japanese pottery, and also some beautiful plates of cloisonné ware. A good deal of old Japanese armour is to be seen, and several specimens of court dresses, and these were about all we had time to see. Among the foreign things shown, Doulton has got a case, and close by there is a handsome case of models of marble and bronze statuary. Of the birds I cannot say much. I just saw them, and that was all. The collection appeared to be pretty large, but I was not pleased with the way the birds were set up. My impression of the whole show was that it did the Japanese great credit.

From Yokohama we went up to Miyanoshita, a lovely little place distant about forty-eight miles. Our party of six, including the guide, posted in a sort of coach the first forty-two miles, and the rest of the distance rode on "shank's nag." Miyanoshita is most charmingly situated among the hills, about midway between Fusiyama and the sea. The former is concealed by other hills, but the latter forms a lovely setting to the wooded hills which lie between it and the hotel. The sides of the hill are more or less covered with foliage, a good proportion of this being bamboo. Unless you have seen them for yourself, you can have no idea what a lovely sight a clump of bamboos is. At a distance it gives a wonderful *feathery* effect, which, as far as I can recollect, is never seen in any other plant. The Japanese are very fond of copying the bamboo on their screens, and most exactly do they do it.

We had time only to make two excursions from Miyano-

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shita, the first being to Hakone, a lake about seven miles distant. The walk was a very pretty one over the hills, with lovely peeps of the sea and a good view of Fusiyama at the end of it. Some of us tried the distance back in a "shortest on record," and did it in seventy-five minutes, so came to the conclusion that seven miles was a very liberal allowance. The ground had been frozen very hard, but the sun had thawed it a little, which made it terribly slippery, and in trying some "cut offs" down some rather steep places we all more or less came to grief.

The second excursion we made was the finer of the two. The name of the place was Otomi. This was a saddle which joins two hills, and arrived at this spot we found ourselves within ten miles of Fusiyama, and not a single cloud to obscure our view. This was far and away the most perfect view we had of Fusiyama, and, as we looked at this grand mountain, some of us, at any rate, regretted that we could not spare the time to go and climb him. We had our tiffin in a little hut, and afterwards spent as much time as we could spare in looking at Fusiyama. All too soon the time arrived for us to start on our nine-mile walk back to the Hotel. Reluctantly we turned our back on Fusiyama, having almost sat down in his shadow, without trying to climb to his summit. Our somewhat hard walking had had an effect on most of our feet, accustomed as they were to walking decks, and blisters were very plentiful. At the first tea-house we reached, a halt was called, and some grease procured, which was plentifully rubbed on our stockings with beneficial results. At the hotel the evening was taken up with a lot of peasant women, who brought all sorts of articles in carved wood for us to buy.

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I got a model of a Japanese house which would make a good companion for a Swiss châlet, and then I picked out a lot of tops and little odds and ends in wood, most of them made by turning. I had the curiosity to count the little pieces of wood which went to make up these toys, a dozen in all, and found they amounted to about one hundred and twenty pieces. For these I paid one yen, so each piece cost less than *one sen*, that is equal to less than a hundredth part of 3s. 6d. The wood is not decorated in any way (except with a little paint) but the work is all beautifully done and well finished off.

The next day we returned to Yokohama, very sorry that our stay in Japan was so nearly over. I got a few screens, one large one of two storks, which will please you, I think, the workmanship being very good. I could have ruined myself with the greatest ease and the greatest pleasure in the curio shops of Yokohama; but, as a matter of fact, the screens and a good lot of photographs were all that I speculated in. The carved, inlaid, and lacquer cabinets in some of the shops at Yokohama beat any I have seen anywhere else. I think I could spend hours in looking at them. Among other things we were shown a most wonderful carving of a man, a riksha coolie. I never saw anything more true to life. The amount of care bestowed on it is wonderful, each hair was put in separately.

March 5th. I believe I have now told you almost all of what we have done during our stay in Japan. There was, I think, more to interest us in this country than in any we have previously visited. The more I saw of the country the better I liked it, and this applies equally well to the people, though of them we, of course, saw comparatively

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little. That we saw Japan in winter, instead of some other portion of the year, was a pity, but that could not be helped. If Japan looks so beautiful at this season of the year, what must it not do in the others. We have turned our backs on Japan now, and very sorry we are at having to say so. Last Tuesday evening we lost the coast, about dusk. At that time the hills looked bleak and desolate, with clouds floating about them very low down, and not infrequently hiding them from us altogether. Not a vestige of the sun to be seen, everything round us the colour of lead, and, to make it more miserable, frequent squalls of rain. Although the weather since we have left Japan has been more or less like the above, which is what one expects during the north-east monsoon, we have not complained, but just the reverse, for the wind has been quite in our favour, and consequently we have made very good running, This short voyage of seven days has been a little monotonous, the reason being that it is too short to get to know one's fellow-passengers. Tomorrow morning by about ten o'clock we ought to be in Hong-Kong Harbour, with the prospect of a few days on shore before again trying our luck on board a steamer. The days will have plenty to occupy them, as I shall have to see about getting some cases and packing my curios for shipment to England, and the packing, at least, will have to be carefully done. If Mrs. Davis be at liberty, I shall get her to go the round of the shops in Hong-Kong, and perhaps manage to pick up a few more curios.

Your last letter mentioned my New Zealand photographs as not having arrived. It was written December 17th. The photographs would barely have reached you by that

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time. Possibly your next letter will announce their arrival. I think you may be interested in seeing my Japanese views, so I will send them to you through the post. The set of small ones is intended to show what the Japanese costumes are like, and also some of the "common or garden" street scenes. I think the names are on all the larger views, but as to the smaller ones I am not certain; any omissions I shall be able to supply on my return.

I am very sorry to hear that old "Bees-wax" [a favourite horse] has got rheumatism, and I would recommend some mustard oil. See what under-work and over-feeding will bring about!

March 6th, Hong-Kong. We arrived here safely this morning in time to go up to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Letters waiting for me as follows:—

No.	From		Received on		Received at
43.	Mother	...	Jan. 21	...	Hong-Kong

The other letter was written January 15th, was wired up to Cannon Street, and was not numbered. I also got a letter from Captain Roberts, and the letter you wrote to him and sent through the wire to Cannon Street. After reading your letter, No. 43, I sent off a telegram which I hope eased your mind about India. I must confess that had it been left entirely for us to determine we should have gone to India, as no doubt you would judge when you received my Yokohama telegram. Our excuse would have been that everybody here has advised us to go, but we are perfectly willing to be guided by your wishes, especially as you have got the opinions of two such very competent advisers. People in Hong-Kong maintain that though India is

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a little the hotter, it is not nearly so trying as the heat here in summer. This, of course, I give as the opinion of others, never having experienced either myself. I have always had a desire to see Ceylon, and of course the alternative route would have omitted this. We have not yet been able to make out much about Ceylon, but if the time of year appears to admit of it (and I hardly doubt but that it will) we shall arrive in Ceylon in the *Peshawur*, P. and O., on March 30th, and take the next Australian P. and O. boat to Suez. This would be the *Rome*, and she is due in Colombo April 14th. You will see a photograph of the *Carthage*, sister ship to the *Rome*, in my book of Egyptian photographs. These boats on the Australian line do not run to Bombay, which is an advantage. I fancy ten days ought to carry us from Colombo to Suez. In the belief that these plans will be carried out, I have sent one of my circulars to the Postmaster at Calcutta (ditto, Bombay) asking for letters to be sent to Aden, where all the P. and O. boats touch. I don't much suppose anything has been sent to Bombay, but I sent a circular so as to be certain. If you have written to any other Indian city, which is unlikely, you can write for the letter to be returned. I have also written to Saigon for No. 34 to be forwarded to Singapore.

I have received Captain Roberts' letter which contains an invitation for us all to stay as long as we like. Mentioning Captain Roberts' name reminds me that I have an extract to make from a letter of his to Jim. It will interest father, perhaps, as a sort of gentle echo, from a long distance, of a subject much talked of at home. The letter was written last November. . . . "We will soon be stirring for the coming elections, which will be absorbing all the great political

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parties of the country, and establish more democratic management of national affairs than has ever existed before. Some people turn up their eyes and express lamentations over the expected downfall of the country, but I do not think that the greater direct influence of the masses is going to be for evil. . . . Recently, and in consequence of having acquired a lien on an acre of land, I have been giving some time and attention to the question of land. It will doubtless become one of the most important subjects, and absorb a very large amount of consideration in view of great changes whereby the great mass of the nation may become without heavy cost and legal forms, the owners of small surfaces for their necessities and general comfort. In my case I paid £15 to lawyers for drawing up a deed of feu for one acre of ground, the agricultural value of which is mentioned as £2 of rental per annum. The deed establishes and carries on a rigmarole account of the long distant past events of the family history of the landowner up to the present time, and establishes finally that I am always to pay a feu duty of £16 per annum, and £1 agricultural rental per annum. I now want about a quarter of an acre more of land to elongate the ascent. To get this I will have to obtain a similar deed of rigmarole and pay a similar sum; all this going to the lawyers who are in no way owners of the land, and have therefore no *equitable* rights to say one word about the matter. The factor has offered me a twenty-one years' lease for the quarter acre at £1 per annum, but what may be the position of the tenant and landlord at the end of the twenty-one years! I hardly know what to determine, meanwhile the ascent to the house being one in five is

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practically intolerable. I believe that when a simple and inexpensive transfer of land becomes law, and a moderate value is set upon small allotments throughout the country, the development of its surface by spade and garden husbandry, thus possible, by the working classes who may have small accumulations of money, will add very greatly to the wealth, comfort, and general well-being of the great bulk of the nation. There must be something very wrong in our agricultural management when we are obliged to import from the neighbouring coast of France, poultry, eggs, fruits, vegetables, and butter to the extent of ten millions per annum, produced in a climate very little different to ours."

March 8th. The above was written yesterday—Sunday, but I did not date it. It is rather a lengthy extract, but I look upon it as an interesting one. Common sense, and "Captain R." can be pictured in every line. We are having a most awfully gay time in Hong-Kong as the following "list of engagements" will show you: *March 6th—Saturday: Tableaux vivants. Sunday:* Morning—Cathedral; afternoon—writing; evening—Mr. Sharpe's. *Monday* (today): Government House Ball. *Tuesday:* Trip in steam launch to see the damaged P. and O. vessel *Thames* in dock at Aberdeen; evening—A. D. C. entertainment. *Wednesday:* Morning—curio shops; afternoon—tennis party; evening—dine with C. Palmer. *Thursday:* Packing curios. *Friday:* Dinner party *here. Saturday:* Pic-nic. *Sunday:* Cathedral and writing. *Monday:* Dinner party. *Tuesday, 16th:* Good-bye to Hong-Kong with many regrets. It is quite certain I have not had to chronicle anything like the above before, and it will be a long time ere I do so again.

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We have met such a lot of nice people here, that I must put them down in black and white for your benefit and also for my memory. It is quite possible I may run across some of them in England some time or other, and having their names to refresh my memory will be no bad thing.

At this point I was interrupted, and have no chance of writing any more. The afternoon has been spent in doing the curio shops, and getting just a few things, among others some very Chinese things—namely, tea-pots. The mail leaves tomorrow morning, and by getting this off tonight, I shall be able to register it. Should anything important strike me, which is unlikely, I will post a letter in the morning.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 26.

P. and O. S.S. *Peshawur*,
17th March, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

Since posting my last letter, I have not done any writing for the reason that it will be an occupation for me during this trip, and at the same time will reach you as quickly as if posted in Hong-Kong.

The gaiety of the last few days spent in Hong-Kong is over, and all we can now do is to go over it again in our minds. The days were fully occupied, and in addition to the engagements I have already told you of, I managed to find time for some more tennis and also a few hours'

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shooting. The shooting consisted of three guns and three dogs walking the hills for some hours, at the end of which time they returned to the steam launch. The "bag" consisted of one snipe, one quail, and about enough rain water absorbed by our clothes to fill a bucket. You will be inclined to remark that the "game" was hardly worth the "candle," but I can assure you I enjoyed the day.

March 18th. Hong-Kong when we left was pleasantly warm, verging on hot; but now, on our third day out, there is a very decided change in the thermometer. In Hong-Kong the clouds were very often low, and a sort of "mugginess" was the result, making everything you touched feel damp and clammy; but here there is a bright sun, and *double* awnings are a decided advantage. We are running very nearly south, and at Singapore shall have reached our limit in this direction. Beyond that point, west and north will nearly fetch us home. The little wind there is, is behind us, hardly strong enough to help us along, though sails are set to catch any little puff that may come along.

I daresay the English papers have reported the accident to the P. and O. S.S. *Thames.* She was leaving Hong-Kong Harbour a day or two before we arrived from Japan. Having got her mails on board, she started to leave the Harbour by the Laomoon entrance. A fog came on just before she reached the narrowest place, and the result was that she ran on the rocks. Although going quite slow, she knocked such a hole in her bows that she had to go into dock, which will be her berth for about six weeks. I went to have a look at her—the way her steel plates were bent and twisted was a "caution." One of her officers we found was

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an old acquaintance. He was on the *Ganges* when Jim and I came out to Egypt in 1882.

Our start from Hong-Kong was an awkward one for the captain and officers. We were nearly an hour late in starting, and just when the steamer began to move through the water three Chinamen discovered that they wanted to go ashore, but there were no boats at the gangway to take them. As the pilot's boat was towing alongside, some few yards from the side of the steamer, they thought they would get a passage on board her. One man started down the rope, but only succeeded in getting half-way. Whether it was the extra weight on the rope, or bad steering in the boat, I can't say, but anyhow, the man got lower and lower until he touched the water. The moment this extra strain was put upon the rope it began to pay out from the boat, I suppose because it was not made fast properly. The two men in the bows tried to hold it, but could not do so; and then the third man, who was steering, left his rudder and ran to help the other two. This was the worst thing he could have done, as the boat left to herself steered off from the ship, and consequently put more strain on the rope. The end of the rope ran through their fingers, and left the man towing through the water by the side of the ship. He tried to haul himself along the rope, but the rush of water was too strong, and he had to leave go. He floated along the side of the vessel, and looked so exhausted that he could not swim; but a life-buoy, thrown to him from the stern, he took hold of, and a junk close by lowered a boat to pick him up. I was surprised to see the boat lowered, for generally the Chinese will not move a finger to save a man from drowning. They consider that if a man is in the water his life belongs

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to the gods, and by saving him they are robbing the gods of what is their due. In this I daresay they are correct; it is only another way of saying, as we often do in England, "A man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." You may look upon it as certain that any Chinaman who does not deserve drowning does deserve hanging. Should both of these be wide of the mark, it is because some thicker rod ought to be in pickle for him.

March 19th. Having waited a minute or two for the pilot-boat to catch us up we went on again, but only for about a mile. Then the fog came down on us so thick that we could not see more than the length of the vessel. Another vessel going out at the same time did not improve matters much. In a short time we had to stop, and after blowing our whistle three times in quick succession, the anchor was let go. This was to tell our companion, who was following us, not to come on. She very soon answered our signal, and then let go her anchor. The bell on our ship was rung at short intervals, and replies could be easily heard from two others. In this condition we went down to dinner, and on returning on deck, found the moon shining overhead, but on the water the fog was as thick as ever. At ten o'clock the fog lifted, by which time the tide had turned, and we were heading for the Harbour instead of for the sea. The narrow pass was about a mile astern of us, and once through this the most difficult part would be over. It took some time to turn our long ship round, but this was at last accomplished, and "full speed ahead" was given. We had just got through the pass, when the fog came down as thick as ever. We crept on dead slow, passed three steamers lying at anchor, their bells going nineteen to the

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dozen, and then dropped anchor, whistling to the steamer following to do the same. I did not think I could assist the captain very much in navigating the ship, so went and turned in. About midnight it cleared a little and let us get away from the islands, and then we kept on through the fog, going very slowly. About two o'clock I woke with a start, believing I heard a smashing of wood and a lot of shouting. I put my head out of the port, but neither seeing nor hearing anything, I came to the conclusion that I had been dreaming, and soon went off to sleep again. The next morning I found out what had disturbed me. By a sort of fluke we had just missed carving a junk into two pieces. As usual, they had got no light burning, but, seeing ours, had succeeded in getting one up by the time we were about a hundred yards off. It was lucky for them we were not going fast, had we been I should have reported (to change the old tale a little) "I can't find your *junk*, but there's bits of her about." As it turned out, our anchor just caught her and snapped her mast off like a match. She then drifted past us, and must have been very close to our ports, which were all open. Had she carried them away it would have been unpleasant. After these mishaps things went on quite smoothly, nothing but bright sun and smooth sea. The wind being still behind us makes it a trifle hot, but we can put up with that. You must remember that this is March, and hot weather will seem rather a hollow mockery to you, no doubt, but with us it is a realized fact. Although I have got a very nice cabin, *on deck*, I do not spend much time in it. Most of my time is spent in my chair with log, map, and a book ready to hand. I dip into each one as the spirit moves me, and not infrequently

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I deposit them all by my side, and take a spell at thinking. Persons, places, and things follow each other in quick succession, and I sometimes wake up to the fact that I have nearly completed a "globe-trot" in the course of a few minutes. If you want to know what portion of the world is most favoured with my thoughts, I must confess that Norfolk "takes the cake"; and as to the rest, well, I believe I am fairly impartial. Just now Hong-Kong gets its full share, for the reason that I have so recently left it and have found such hospitable friends there. I think I promised you a list of these at the end of my last letter, so I will put them down in due order. First and foremost come Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who have both been kinder to us than I can tell you in a letter. While at "Cringleford" we have wanted for nothing—the only disadvantage about it is that we shall not be inclined to put up with an hotel after this spell of home life. I hope to make some return to them when they return to England. This will very likely be in the year 188—. Of course we saw something of the Sharpes, which include Mr. and Mrs. Granville Sharpe, their two nieces (I believe) Miss Sharpe and Miss Sutton, and Mr. Hamilton Sharpe. With the above I ought to bracket Mr. Leach, who is engaged to Miss Sharpe. He is a lawyer, and seems a very pleasant fellow so far as I could judge, though of course I had no time to see very much of him. Another gentleman we met was Colonel Crawford, C.E., just now engaged on the fortifications which are being carried on round Hong-Kong Harbour, and most necessary they are, if Hong-Kong is to remain in the possession of England. At a dinner party we met a Miss Harper. She is related to the Magazine, or

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more correctly, to those who "boss" it, and was on her way to Japan to live. Imagine my feelings when she told me she had been travelling all about the Continent, but had not visited Switzerland! Fortunately she had the only excuse I could allow—*no time.* Clement Palmer, Turner, and their house chum, Masters, I saw a good deal of. The latter carried off the tennis cup for gentlemen singles while we were in Hong-Kong.

March 20th. I have one more name to mention, one more at least as far as *surname* is concerned. As there are seven children in the family, the list of christian names is rather a long one. Mr. and Mrs. Coughtrie I may put down as the most intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. They live in houses situated like Carrow and the Manse. The result in the Hong-Kong case is much the same as in the Norwich one, namely, that visits of a fairly informal nature are not infrequently exchanged. Mr. Coughtrie in the intervals of business passes his time in painting, and in this occupation Mrs. C. also shares. The children are encouraged to use pencil and brush, and some charming little sketches are the result. They never *copy* anything, but all their drawings are out of their own heads. Any new song they come across they try to represent by sketches, and the same idea is carried out after reading "Bo Peep," Hans Andersen, and that style of literature. One of the prettiest things they showed me was a water colour, representing a lot of small babies following each other across a long sheet of paper. This was their idea of the "Milky Way." At one end of the picture was a fairy or goddess, whichever you like to call her, reclining in a new moon. The idea was a very pretty one, and very prettily

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worked out. It was the work of the eldest of the children, now just thirteen. I do not know how long the picture has been painted. The names will not interest you much at present, but possibly they will when you see their originals in a photograph. Mrs. C. was good enough to let me have a group. It does not do them justice certainly, but it will serve to remind me of them. 1, Kate Ruskin; 2, Mildred May; 3, Phyllis Isabel; 4, Oliver; 5, Constance Gay Vernon; 6, Roger; 7, Rosalind. Next year Mrs. Coughtrie will have to come to England with *some* of the children at any rate, as there are no schools in Hong-Kong. "Going to school" is something much more serious for those who live in the East than those who live in England. You will easily believe that they are one and all, Mrs. C. especially, dreading the separation very much.

March 21st. I noticed yesterday in looking over my birthday book, that Helen's birthday will be about the middle of next month. This letter will not be home by that time, but though rather late it carries my wishes to her for many happy returns. I endeavoured yesterday, with the aid of paper and pencil, to discover whether this would be her twentieth or twenty-first birthday, but had to give it up. Deep mathematical calculations such as the above are all very well in an English climate, but out here it is different.

We are getting very close to the line, the ship is steering S.S.W., and the wind is blowing N.N.E. The former travels at the rate of twelve and a half to thirteen knots, the latter at thirteen to twelve and a half ditto. I believe the two are under contract not to lose sight of each other. Today the breeze has freshened a little, and the result is the most glorious day you can imagine.

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I might, I think, manage to solve that "problem," only I see a flag being wrapped round the capstan which is a gentle hint that service will shortly commence.

We have a Bishop on board, not to mention another divine, his curate possibly, so we are looking forward to a sermon, which by the way is rather a rare occurrence on board ship. Yesterday we had fire and boat drill, and this morning, as usual, inspection of the entire ship's company, each one of them "got up utterly regardless," the Lascars in white, with as many bright colours as possible on their heads and round their waists, the stewards and quartermasters in dark blue or white, and the officers in white trousers, blue frock coats with gold braid.

Before I forget about it, I must tell you a little more about our curios. We have packed them in three cases, and have left them in charge of Mr. Davis. Had they come in this ship it would have meant transhipment at Colombo, so Mr. D. advised sending them by a blue funnel boat. When the next boat will start for England I don't know, but possibly you will see me as soon as the curios. I am having them sent to Cannon Street. When notice is received, some one will have to see them through the Custom House, I suppose. In addition to the three cases mentioned above, is a small one which contains ginger. This article is liable to a duty I am told. Alec's things and my own are packed together, but I think R. J. C. and a number will be found on everything that belongs to me. It is just possible that something or other has escaped the "brand," but if this is so we shall be sure to know our own things. Supposing you should get the things unpacked before my arrival, don't come to the conclusion that the

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entire contents of the four cases are my purchases or you will be disappointed.

About one of my Hong-Kong speculations I must tell you a little anedote. It illustrates the female mind to perfection. Mr. Davis suggested my getting a roll or two of silk in its natural colour, for a dress. Mrs. D. added that it would wear beautifully and would stand any amount of washing. I thought the recommendations so good that I had several rolls sent up to the house to look at. Mrs. Davis and I were discussing the question whether to get the best quality or the second. To *my* eye there was very little difference, and the price of No. 2 was only two-thirds that of No. 1. Before I had decided which to take, Mrs. Davis's English maid came into the room, and I asked what her advice would be. "Oh," she said, "I would take No. 2, a lady would be tired of the dress long before she could wear out No. 1." That struck me as such a sweet and at the same time such a true idea, that I determined to let you have the benefit of it. In the end I got one roll of each quality. Each roll is nineteen yards, which I am told is about the correct amount for a lady's dress. To the uninitiated this seems a good deal of superfluous material. At any rate, I know one of the uninitiated who would be very sorry to carry that amount of stuff on his back.

We expect to reach Singapore this evening some time after dark—too late to go ashore to get your letters. What would the girls say if they received a letter on the 6th of the month, and then on the 21st have to "turn in" almost within hailing distance of a post-office, where they knew letters were awaiting them. With them it would probably mean a sleepless night. If I confess that this will not be the effect

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upon me, do not take it to mean that your letters are not one and all appreciated. I consider I have been greatly favoured by getting so many, and sometimes I doubt if I have given fair return for value received. The great difficulty is that when on shore there is such a lot to be seen and such a lot to be done, that little time is left for writing. When on the sea the heat makes one feel too lazy, or else it happens to be rough, and then other matters absorb one's attention. This voyage has been perfection and I have hardly left the deck day or night. I have followed Jim's plan of missing tiffin. The only drawback is that tiffin helped us to pass the time, and proved a pleasant break in the day. Nine o'clock to six is rather a long wait, but the want of food does not trouble me in the least. I am convinced this system is the best; of course, you must remember that I am in a hot climate, and that exercise on board ship exists but in name.

March 23rd. Yesterday was spent in Singapore, and of our doings there I shall have something to say later on, but will first give you the usual list of letters received.

No.	From		Received on			Received at
39.	Mother	...	Dec.	23	...	Singapore
,,	Florence	...	,,	22	...	,,
—	Aunt Saranna		,,	21	...	,,
40a.	Helen	...	,,	31	...	,,
40b.	Mother	...	,,	,,	...	,,
43.	,,	...	Jan.	21	...	,,
—	Father	...	,,	22	...	,,
—	Ferneley	...	,,	20	...	,,
44a.	Helen	...	,,	28	...	,,
44b.	Mother	...	,,	,,	...	,,

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In addition I received three papers and a P. and O. time-table. One thing is missing, and that is the letter posted to Saigon. I wrote for it from Hong-Kong, and will send off another circular from Penang where we touch tomorrow. I expected to receive another letter-book, as this one contains only a score more pages, and will therefore, I hope, be full up soon after I reach Ceylon. It is just possible I may receive one at Colombo, but this I do not expect, so in order to prevent being left quite in the lurch, I visited a bookseller in Singapore, and found a book which will do very well indeed. It is intended for the same purpose as this, but the paper does not match. This of course is not of much importance.

I need hardly say the letters were much appreciated, and have all been read through more than once. Please thank their respective authors and let them see this as a reply. I had of course seen No. 43 in Hong-Kong and, what is of more importance perhaps, been guided by the advice it contained. We have lost no opportunity of getting information about Ceylon, and expect to find the climate not by any means unbearable.

Singapore was not so hot as I expected to find it, but I can't say it struck me as being a very desirable place to live in. The English residents we met there cracked it up to any extent. Some of our fellow passengers do just the reverse. Possibly both are a little prejudiced.

One piece of rather bad luck happened to me in Singapore, about which I must tell you. First you must carry your memory back for some months—last August I fancy. I think I told you in one of my letters that some friends of the Boardmans were taking a voyage round the

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world in a yacht. We were told to keep our eyes open for a sight of the *Brunhilda* while in these latitudes, and we have done so. To make a long story short, she left Singapore the day we arrived. The most annoying part is that we missed her by so little. In going to the P. and O. office, I noticed a yacht at anchor close to the town, so I asked the P. and O. agent what her name was? He told me she was the *Brunhilda*, and when I left the office it was with the intention of getting a boat to go off to her. When I reached the water's edge I saw her about a mile from the shore, sailing out to sea. I wrote a note to Mr. Phelps, saying I was sorry at having missed him, and posted it to Hong-Kong.

March 24th. This morning quite early we reached Penang and left it at one p.m. My time yesterday was fully taken up in writing letters, which I wanted to get off at the above port for the next eastward bound mail. Singapore is rather a well built town as far as the public buildings are concerned, and considering the number of Chinese, is very clean and free from objectionable smells. The natives (Malays) are often fine men, and very picturesque they look with their bright coloured garments and coloured skin. We paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens and admired them immensely, a large number of flowers, ferns, shrubs, and trees being entirely new to us. The colours of the flowers were most wonderful, and reminded me of those we saw in Honolulu. In places a sort of jungle has been left entirely to its own devices, and a very beautiful sight this is. I took up a comfortable position in a quiet corner of the Gardens and read through your letters. In one of them you tell me of the alterations

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at Corton, which I do not doubt will improve the house very much. I think curtains such as you describe might have been met with in India, but of this I am not sure. Whether I shall see anything suitable in Ceylon is rather doubtful. The Bazaar at Cairo would be a more likely place because, to it, merchants from every corner of the world find their way. I should like to add that it is one thing to buy curios that are pretty, and another to buy those which, in addition to being pretty, have to harmonize with colours already in a room, which colours have not been seen for several months. I think Egypt is the most probable place to find the things, and even there it may not be possible to get them. I will talk it over with Mrs. Roberts, but you must not be disappointed if I do not bring any home. I think I may go further and say, you may be surprised if I do. I believe curtains are to be had in Malta, but from what I remember a few inches of lace *may* cost a few pounds, so I shall certainly not speculate in this line without orders.

March 25th. After seeing the Gardens, we made our way to the *Hotet de l'Europe*, a wretched place but the only one in Singapore. We had been warned against eating anything at this hotel, so contented ourselves with lemon squashes, and then got our first taste of Mangosteens, a most delicious fruit. While enjoying our lunch on the balcony, a man brought us his card, and said he had a stand in the hotel, and would be very glad to sell us some curios. We went down to examine his stock in trade, and I soon spotted some things for which I was on the look out. While in Hong-Kong I had seen Mrs. Coughtrie wearing a white shawl which took my fancy very much.

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On questioning Mrs. Davis about it, she told me it was cashmere—India naturally the place to get it; but that possibly a few would find their way down to Colombo, about this she could not be certain. Among a number of other things I spotted a couple of shawls, so commenced business by a low bid for two Japanese fans. Presently the shawls were handed down, and I asked what he wanted for them. He asked less than I expected he would, possibly because he thought I knew all about it, in this he was very much mistaken. I hadn't the smallest idea what a cashmere shawl was worth. I promptly bid him less, and he as promptly declined my bid. I then went out to a bookseller's, told the man to think over my bid, and consider how much *he* would come down. When I returned I found him prepared to drop one dollar, but *that* did not help matters much. I then bid him one dollar extra, and told him this was all I would give, and he must please himself about taking the bargain or not. He tried hard for the rise of a dollar, and still harder for fifty cents, but without result, and in the end he came down the four dollars which divided us. As to the fans, I find that a fellow passenger got two like them in Japan for the same price, so I don't think I have done badly with them. The ladies on board, who may be expected to know something about shawls, say I have got them cheap, and they are quite willing to take them off my hands at the same price that I paid. This offer I have respectfully declined. I have not told you the price, that is for you to guess. I have given you a detailed account of this transaction, so that you may see what "shopping" is like out here. There is a strong family likeness in all these bargains, and we have

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been through the same sort of thing in all our purchases. Accustomed to English plans you would not appreciate these, but I assure you there is ever so much more fun to be had out here than with the shopkeepers at home. Before commencing you must make up your mind not to believe a word the seller tells you about the quality of the article or what he stands to win or lose on the transaction. He will commence perhaps by telling you that at $16·00 he will make a fair profit, at $15·00 he will be letting you have it at less than it cost him, and will finish up by letting you have the article at $10·00 or $11·00. The remark "very cheap" invariably follows—almost always a grin comes with it. I have learnt to look for that grin, and to judge by its *size* what sort of a bargain I have made. If it is very broad I conclude, I have "got left" badly, and make a mental note to try and get a better bargain out of the same man or the next one that I meet. If I see a sort of sickly smile I think to myself "not a bad bargain," and if I see no smile at all, I conclude that the seller has only made a fair and reasonable profit—this, by the way, rarely happens.

We are just now passing Sumatra, and a very beautiful place it looks. We are just outside Way Island, and can see the north limit of Sumatra, Cape Acken in the distance beyond. The island is very hilly, and covered with jungle. The hills in the distance we guess to be nearly 2000 feet, and those near us 500 to 1000 feet high. In one or two places we can make out clearings, and fields with various crops on them, but no signs of a house are visible. The trees grow from the water's edge up to the tops of the hills, and are separated from the blue sea by a narrow belt of white sand. In the distance to starboard some

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rocky islands are to be seen, and ahead nothing but the Indian Ocean. Latitude and longitude I have never put down in my letters, as I didn't think they would be of much interest to you. The day's run is always eagerly looked for on board ship, and is always posted up at noon, but whether we had done 299 knots or 300 would not be of much moment to you a month after the event.

Yesterday, as already mentioned, we were at Penang. I went ashore, visited the post-office as usual, but on this occasion was not rewarded. I only called on the off chance of finding a post-card or short note to say where next letters had been addressed; but, as a matter of fact, I am already supplied with this information. I shall, no doubt, have some more letters to acknowledge when I get to Colombo. The mail will probably not leave for twenty-four hours after we arrive, which will be all the better for me. My letters gone to Calcutta I have written for, and asked that they may be forwarded to Aden.

March 26th. I must not forget to tell you that before leaving Hong-Kong I packed up my photographs to send them to you by post. As we are travelling with the mails I brought them with me, and will register them from Colombo. I have made them up into four rolls, and I daresay I shall add another, as my views of Hong-Kong were not ready until the day we left, and a small lot of Australian ones had been omitted. They had got among some of Alec's. I have not counted them, but there seems to be a rare lot. I hope you will be pleased with them. I am glad my New Zealand photographs came safely to hand, and that you like them. Helen is not far wrong in her remark that the towns look very English.

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Some of my American photographs you ought to be pleased with, though possibly the critical eye of Alan will find out some defects. Those of Niagara I like as well as any.

I don't think I told you that while in Yokohama we had a photograph taken in Japanese costume. We saw the negative, but there was no time to get a "proof." This photograph will be forwarded to me at Suez. In addition to our three selves, our two travelling companions the Bells are in the group.

We are away from the land now, with nothing to look at but the sea. The only thing to be seen is a shoal of flying fish, occasionally a school of porpoises, or a solitary bird. Before reaching Singapore we were visited by a swallow, which kept with us for three days. The day before our arrival at the above port two other land birds gave us a look; what they were I don't know, they flew about us for an hour and then made tracks. They must have regretted the contract by the time they made the land, the nearest island being distant 150 miles. In colder latitudes we have seen whales, but down here it is too warm for them. Sharks are no doubt plentiful, but they are not often seen while a ship is in motion.

I don't think I have mentioned any of the passengers as yet. They are all very pleasant and agreeable (which is a comfort) though on the whole not quite energetic enough, but this defect is accounted for by the temperature. The one I have seen most of is a young Japanese, Mori by name, who is on his way to London, where he intends to "cram" for a few months before going up to Oxford. He is a very nice fellow, and has learnt his English very well indeed. He is travelling partly under the wing of a

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Mr. Balfour, who is going home for a holiday after some years of bossing an English newspaper in Shanghai. Mr. Balfour is known here as a very good Chinese scholar. He gives one the impression of knowing a great deal about a few things, and a little of nearly everything: if this estimate is correct he is not one to be despised.

At table I have Jim on one side and the purser of the ship on the other, opposite are two Hong-Kong gentlemen and Mori; the result is that a good deal of fun and chaff goes on. Of the ladies you would hardly expect me to write much, they are all very pleasant, and spend most of their time in lying on their chairs on deck. We follow their lead in this occupation, and endeavour to make ourselves agreeable. There are some youngsters on board who are convinced that their mission in life is to chaff me, and mine to "chivvy" them round the deck. As I do not get any exercise during the day I oblige them for half an hour before dinner every evening when the sun is low, and I don't doubt it does me as much good as it does them.

Soon after we left Hong-Kong the piano was got up on deck, and has not been moved since, which speaks well for the weather we have been having. Every evening a little music and singing is tried, but the passengers do not seem to be specially musical. At 9.30 or 10.0 p.m. the ladies retire, and the gentlemen take possession of the deck. Costumes more celebrated for ease than elegance find most favour, and an hour or so is pleasantly passed in chatting. Then those who prefer sleeping in their cabins depart, and those of us who are left spread our mattresses on the deck or sleep on our chairs. At six a.m. we have to make way for deck washing, and amuse ourselves by paddling in

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the scuppers, splashing each other, and playing the fool collectively and individually. The excuse for this behaviour is "exercise," which must be got somehow or other.

March 27th. Nothing of much moment to report today. We are still favoured with weather that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired, and in consequence have made very good running indeed. By noon tomorrow we ought to be off Galle, and sometime during the afternoon in the Harbour at Colombo. I shall be very sorry to leave this ship, as we have had such a good passage, and by this time have got to know all our fellow-passengers and the officers.

March 28th. This morning, before the sun was above the horizon, the captain came out of his cabin with his glasses, and wanted to know if Ceylon had been sighted. Several of the passengers were standing about, but they had not made it out. In about five minutes the Captain exclaimed, "Ah, there 'tis!" and then we all tried to find it, for some time without success. At length, through the glasses, a faint shadow appeared on the skyline, and just above it something that I took for a bank of clouds became visible. Right astern of us the sky was thickly dotted over with clouds, and as the sun rose they assumed the most beautiful colours and forms imaginable. The sight of them made me want to get hold of Shelley, but unfortunately I left a copy of his poems in Hong-Kong, and the ship's library is absolutely destitute of poetry. I can remember odds and ends of "The Cloud," but not the whole of it. We were nearing the island fast, and could soon make out that the undulating country on the coast was covered with jungle, while inland a range of mountains could be plainly seen.

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At this point I was interrupted, and any chance there may have been of my waxing poetical upon the beauties of our run up the coast of Ceylon is at an end. The cause of the interruption was a murder, or rather several murders, and they were committed by one of our lady passengers. I trust your sympathy has been excited on behalf of the victims, for they deserve it, being half a dozen of the most beautiful tunes in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The good lady is certainly more enterprising at the piano than *I* am, but I really don't think she is more capable. Whereas, I am content to navigate but *one* finger through the white breakers and between the black rocks of the keyboard, she endeavours to work ten. The result may be imagined—instead of hitting a note in the centre, she usually catches it on the side, and the result is that two notes come down instead of one. Even this does not spoil her playing very much, as the odds are all in favour of neither of the notes being the right one. The above ought to prove to you that I could not be expected to continue my description of this lovely island of Ceylon.

Sunday afternoon. Just moored in the Harbour. I have been ashore to get rooms in the hotel and to ask for letters. Upon giving them my name and the names of the others, a book was brought, and folios C. H. and R. respectively turned to. "Yes, Sir, there are five letters for you and two papers, but you cannot have them before Monday morning." "Why not?" I asked. "Because the office is not open." "Well, to an unprejudiced stranger it looks very much open, but I suppose you know best. What time do you open in the morning?" My question being answered, I had to return to the ship, as luggage could not

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be got through the Customs, and we did not want to go to the hotel without it.

March 29th. This morning I have received the following letters :—

No.	From		Received on			Received at
45.	Mother	...	Feb.	4	...	Colombo
46.	"	...	"	11	...	"
47.	"	...	"	18	...	"

Two papers from you, and a letter from "Philo" complete the list. So far I have received all letters except No. 34 to Saigon. I am not quite certain about No. 35, whether it is the one from grandmother Cozens-Hardy, from Mr. Barrett, or from G. Unwin that I have received it, these three not being numbered. In your letter to Singapore you mention letters 41 and 42 as sent to Calcutta, but in letter received today you put down 42 as sent to Hong-Kong. This I take to be a slip of the pen. The next outward mail is expected about April 2nd, so possibly I may hear from you again by that.

We have been to the P. and O. office, and learn that the *Rome* is very full, but they will find us berths in either that boat or the *Chusan.* Philo's letter to me was written from Bombay, and is full of hints both about India and Ceylon. Those about the latter place will be very useful. I have some other letters to finish, so must now knock off. If anything else occurs to me I will write a note and post it in the morning. By the way, the *Rome* and the *Chusan* both sail on the same day from this place. April 15th ought to be the date. With much love to all, I remain

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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LETTER No. 27.

The Club, Kandy,
1st April, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

By last mail I sent you one letter and four parcels of photographs. They are gone in the *Ballaarat.* We stayed in Colombo long enough to do what little business was necessary, engaging berths, getting money, and so forth, and then came on here. After the hot weather on the sea Colombo was by no means unbearable, but now that we have got up here, we think that Colombo must have been rather sultry. Yesterday, then, we took the train up here, and at an elevation of 1600 feet above the sea, are enjoying the most perfect weather imaginable. A word or two from the guide book about temperature may interest you, and if from the same source I extract a little information about the island you must excuse it, especially as it will assist you to realize the scenery better. "Tennent well says of Ceylon that from whatever direction it may be approached, it unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur, unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. Its name 'Tauka, the resplendent' of the Brahmins,—'the pearl drop on the brow of Ind' of the Buddhists,—'the island of jewels' of the Chinese,—'the land of the Hyacinth and Ruby' of the Greeks,—'the home of Adam and Eve after losing Paradise,' according to the Mohammedans, will show the high esteem in which it has been held both in the east and west. As for its history, no region between Chaldea and China can tell so much of its past deeds as

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Ceylon, while the ruins of its ancient capitals in palaces, temples, dagobas, and tanks are second only to those of Egypt. As to vegetation, Ceylon is one huge tropical garden, presenting objects of interest to the botanist and zoologist from the coral-reefs and pearl oyster banks of its shores, the palms and creepers bending down to meet 'the league-long rollers thundering on its shores,' to the grassy pathways running up to the hills, clothed to their summit with the most varied forest trees, or to the plateau of Nuwara Eliya" (the next place on our list) "and the surrounding plains where at an elevation of over 6000 feet, in grass, in flowers, and trees, a bit of 'Europe amid Asia smiles.' There, in snug cottages, wood fires and blankets are required to keep out the cold. In one day the visitor can pass from Colombo with its average temperature of 81° to the sanatorium with its wintry comforts, and temperature falling to freezing point occasionally, but averaging 57°. The perfection of climate in an average of 65° all the year round is found at an altitude of 5000 feet."

The last letters from you tell me about snow storms and skating, and I don't know what besides. When you receive this I hope March winds will have been forgotten, and April showers will be giving place to May flowers. I trust a spell of English spring weather will have put you into such a state that you will not be inclined to envy even this spot. Just now (eight a.m.) it is deliciously cool, and I am doing my scribbling in a lofty room with five doors or French windows all open, a wide verandah, with a roof that projects beyond it, serving to keep the sun out. In the garden and on the hills beyond, I can see endless varieties

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of tropical vegetation. Cocoa-nut palms are here in profusion, and I daresay do a great deal to keep the sun off the more delicate plants and flowers. Green is, of course, the prevailing colour of the landscape, but there is no colour under the sun which is not represented in the flowers, and again reproduced in the butterflies.

Today we have been to see the Botanical Gardens at Paradeniya, a place about three miles off. They are extensive and very beautiful. Trees and flowers, some of which I have already seen, and others quite new to me were growing on every hand. Some of the new ones were tea, coffee, and cocoa; then nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, bread-fruit, mahogany, the rubber tree, and scores of others. One of the most peculiar trees I have come across is the "traveller's palm" growing at the top of a straight round stem, exactly like an open fan. Each leaf may be ten or a dozen feet long, and at the base of its stem forms a small hollow in which rain water or dew collects, and thus may benefit the thirsty traveller.

April 2nd. I hear that another mail leaves Colombo homeward bound tomorrow, so though I have not got much written, still I think you may like to receive it. Probably this will be the last letter I shall post from Ceylon as the boat I travel by will be, I think, the next mail. I have just copied out a list of the curios we left in Hong-Kong, as it may be necessary to check them in getting them through the Customs. I believe there is only one article liable for duty, and that is packed in a small case by itself, namely, ginger. I don't know whether Alec has sent home a list, but if not I will tell him to do so. All my things in the

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big case, which contains so many small things, are numbered and marked R. J. C., so you ought to have no difficulty in separating them. With best love to all, I remain

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 28.

The Hill Club,
Nuwara Eliya,
3rd April, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

The above place is probably quite unknown to you; and, indeed, if you have heard of it and never seen the name written, the above group of letters will not convey the right impression to your mind. To tell the truth, I am in some doubt how to write it phonetically, but will make the attempt—*Nu-ral-ya*, or *New-rail-ya*. Your atlas will be of use in following our movements in Ceylon. Kandy you will find a little north of Colombo, and nearly half-way across the island. It is the capital of the central province. The railway has recently been opened to within about four miles of this place, and a very fine piece of engineering work it is. The scenery through which it runs is most beautiful, precipitous mountains and valleys all more or less covered with jungle. In places the jungle has had to make way for the plantations of tea and coffee, which though less picturesque are more profitable. The coffee trade, as I daresay you are aware, has been very bad of late years. The planters have had to contend against the ravages of

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insects, in addition to low prices. The insects or fungus might perhaps have been prevented, or at any rate the damage lessened, if the planters had been wise enough to try a "shift"; but as coffee paid so much better than anything else, no other thing was ever thought about, talked about, or dreamt about. The land had previously been covered with countless varieties of vegetation found in the jungle, and nature would not stand the new system which the planters wished to introduce.

Ceylon is now turning its attention to the cultivation of tea, with very fair results. If you have not tried this article, but feel any inclination to do so, you will be able to find it in several places in London. At the South Kensington Exhibition Ceylon teas will be brought before the public as much as possible. I heard something about coffee the other day which was news to me. If you get the green berry and keep it for a year or two, or, if you like, a good many years, it improves very much in flavour. I think this experiment is worth trying.

April 3rd. This morning I have been up a peak called Pedrotallagalla, the highest point in Ceylon. The height is 8300 feet, but that does not mean very much, as we are now on a large tableland district, about 6000 feet above the sea. We walked up in seventy minutes, and were well rewarded for our pains on the summit. The whole island, almost, seemed spread out at our feet. Three sides, where on clear days the ocean is plainly seen, were covered with mist, and, from this, projecting arms of cloud seemed to run up into the valleys. The tops of the hills were everywhere above the clouds which helped to show up their thickly wooded sides most beautifully.

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Adam's Peak, between twenty and thirty miles from us, stood up among its neighbours grandly. It is a fine mountain to look at, and I believe finer still to climb. As we intend seeing the Ruined Cities we have no time to do this mountain, but the ruins are more of a novelty, and we prefer doing them.

April 4th, The Club, Kandy. The French mail brings a letter for Alec from Mrs. Harmer, and in it is contained the sad and shocking news of Aunt Maria's death. Mrs. Harmer does not mention the cause, but says the illness was very short—only a few days—and this, I suppose, is the reason it was not mentioned in your letters from Torquay. I am rather surprised not to hear from you by this post, but I think the post-office at Colombo may have overlooked your letters. Only last week I was congratulating myself on having received almost uninterrupted good news from home, and then in the course of a few days comes this sad intelligence.

Early tomorrow we leave for the Ruined Cities, and return here on Thursday, 8th.

April 8th. Just back from Anuradapura, and find the following letters waiting for me:—

No.	From	Received on	Received at	
—	Father ...	Mar. 12 ...	Kandy	Forwarded from Colombo
51.	Mother ...	„ 11 ...	„	
—	Grandmother	„ 17 ...	„	
52.	Florence ...	„ 16 ...	„	
52.	Mother ...	„ 18 ...	„	
—	Aunt Helen	„ „ ...	„	
—	Edith ...	„ „ ...	„	

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In addition to the letters were two papers, "Evening News." I forgot to mention the "Daily Telegraph," which came by the French mail, and reached me April 4th. The two first letters ought to have reached me earlier, and no doubt would have done so if you had not directed them *viâ* Brindisi. The news they contain is, as you will have already seen, not new, but the details I am glad to get, sad though those details are.

April 11th. We returned from Kandy yesterday, and interviewed Mr. Bailey (P. and O.) to ask what he had been able to do for us. We were told that the *Chusan* would be in this afternoon, but that a message from Calcutta stated that she was "very full." We very much hope to get berths on board her, but this we learn tomorrow morning. If she should be unable to accommodate us there will be the *Rome* to fall back upon, but this boat is also "very full." Luckily there is a third string to our bow, but we do not at all wish to use it. The *Clyde* sails about the same day, but goes to Bombay, where she has to wait forty-eight hours or more. We shall not go in her if we can get on board one of the others. I write this so as to be able to post it home if it becomes necessary for us to go round by Bombay. Whatever ship we go by I shall let you know by telegraph.

I am sorry my last message from Hong-Kong was not quite clear. Mr. Southwell was quite right about the names of two *places* at the end of a message—you were equally right in your interpretation. When sending the telegraph I don't think the fact that Peshawur is an Indian town really occurred to me. I looked upon it simply as "Wanderer," "Mars," or any other name that might be given to a ship.

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I will endeavour to steer clear of a similar mistake in future.

You will notice the new paper I have got hold of, and perhaps object to it. The book I am using contains paper of only one thickness, and *that* of no use at all for my purpose. The underneath copy is all right, but the top one very bad. I sent you half a dozen pages, but to write them was not an easy job. The paper being thick, and at the same time *rough*, it was necessary to press very hard indeed. While writing them I think I realized the expression, "quill *driving*."

April 12th. After the above was written we went for the afternoon to a place called Mount Lavinia, a few miles off. It is a very pretty quiet place, and consists of a few native houses and one hotel. The hotel is built on a rock not many feet from the sea, facing west. On the S. E. and N. are groves of palms, so far as we could judge they run for miles and miles. We strolled about on the grass, shaded by the trees and cooled by the breeze from the sea, and then made our way up to the hotel so as to be near the station. Here we had yet another proof of "how small the world is," for who should emerge from the hotel door but the Simpsons—Mr. and Mrs. S. and two of their daughters. Possibly this name may have escaped your memory, if so the following information may be of use. While staying at Urana we went for a couple of days to Mr. Simpson's, principally through poor Lewis's wish that we should get to know a few of his friends. He was, I know, a frequent visitor at this station, and very much liked by every one on it. They were at Mr. Culley's the night they left home, and bring the report "all well."

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Mrs. Simpson, I believe, is bringing home a few things which belonged to Lewis, and I expect will on this account, as well as through the desire of seeing Lewis's friends, find her way to Norfolk. If they do come I shall be able to introduce them to those they would most wish to see, and also, I hope, show them some hospitality in return for that which they showed to us.

Of course after this meeting we were anxious to get berths on the *Rome*, rather than on the *Chusan*, and on our return we sent a letter to Bailey telling him what we wanted. He was in the hotel in the evening, and the news he gave us may have its comic side, but at present we have not found it. He learned that both the ships we wished to go by were packed full. We then said we would go in the *Clyde* round by Bombay. "That won't help you much," he said, "for every berth is engaged beyond Bombay." This sounds pleasant—very!—and additional pleasure is added when you remember that at the end of a week *or* a fortnight we *might* be in just the same position as we are at present. Bailey left us with the remark "Come across to the office in the morning about eleven, and I shall then know if there is any possibility of getting you a berth." In an hour's time, therefore, we shall know what fortune has in store for us. Long before you receive this you will know what our movements have been. Your surprise will no doubt have been great if it turns out that we have to wire you "Steamers full."

Afternoon. I am glad to be able to tell you that Bailey has managed to get us berths on board the *Chusan*. How he has done so I don't know, but there is the fact, and we therefore leave here tomorrow morning. Today I am

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busy packing, so shall postpone further writing until I get on board.

April 13th, P. and O. S.S. "Chusan." We came on board before breakfast this morning, so as to get comfortably settled before the sun was high. On deck there is confusion worse confounded, crowds of passengers, each one with a chair, numbers of natives wanting to sell curios or change money, Colombo people saying good-bye to their friends, and every one talking and laughing. The noise was sufficient to satisfy most people half an hour ago, but now, to quote from the popular song, there is "Not very much noise, but just noise enough," for in addition to the above the officers have just begun to shout out orders to the Lascars, who in turn shout to each other; the steam winches are making as much racket as they conveniently can, and wire and hemp ropes are being hauled along the deck. Believing that my presence on deck would not do much to restore peace and quiet, I decided to come below and do some scribbling. This morning I sent off a "wire" to you, which I trust is free from mistakes. It contained the three words, "*Chusan—dressing—Suez.*" As the *numbers* in the code for letters received only run up to fifty, while I have received fifty-two, I sent the word which stands for two. This I hope will not mislead you. In one of your letters you mention the *Chusan* as a possible boat for us to take, so *that* you are certain to understand; and as to *Suez*, I don't think there is much doubt about that.

I have not yet told you anything of what we saw and did at Anuradhapura and neighbourhood. This will be something to write about during the voyage to Suez. If you are in a state of blissful ignorance as regards the "Ruined

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Cities of Ceylon," you are likely to be astonished by some of the names, by the dates and other figures. First, to tell you how we got there. A Colombo gentleman, to whom Jim had an introduction, gave us information as to route and what it would be best to take with us. Leaving Kandy by train we soon arrived at Mintalie (Matalie), the end of the line, and there got into the coach. The coach was a sort of waggonet with a pair of horses, which took us for thirty miles, the horses being changed frequently—every six miles, I think. This brought us to Dambulla about sunset, where we had supper, and just after dark we took our places in a bullock coach, with the prospect of a night ride through the jungle of forty miles. A bullock coach is rather a peculiar vehicle. The body is a wooden box, five feet long by four feet wide, seats on each side facing each other. Four iron uprights support a cover intended to keep off sun or rain, and leather curtains are attached to the edges of this, which can be let down if desired. The entrance is from the back of the trap by a door and one step. The trap is a two-wheeled one, with a thick heavy pole, and ditto ditto crossbar, which rests upon the necks of two bullocks. The driver sits upon the pole, and spends most of his time in leathering his two beasts and shouting at them. When anxious for some little variety or diversion he blows a bugle. As these noises are not considered sufficient to keep the suffering traveller awake, bells are attached to the bullocks. After sitting upon the seats for some hours we thought we would try and get some sleep by lying down. I cannot conscientiously recommend a bullock coach as a bed for three. Our separate lengths were each too long for it, and our united breadth was too broad for it. I must

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confess that the road seemed a long one, but it came to an end at last, and soon after daylight we found ourselves in the rest-house at Anuradhapura. A cup of tea and a "snack" refreshed us, and then came the question, "What shall we do, go to bed or see the sights?" The arguments were these—bed would be very pleasant, but, if we tried it, it would mean seeing the ruins (and they cover a lot of ground) when the sun was high; on the other hand, by going out at once we could have four hours for sight-seeing before ten o'clock, after which we could have breakfast or tiffin, and then sleep till late in the afternoon. An animated discussion followed, and then the motion was put: "That this assembly believes that the 'furst o' the mornen' is the time to see the ruins, with sleep or without." This was carried, but only just, as the following figures will show:—For 2, against 1, majority 1. The opposition then said the majority could do as they liked, but he wasn't going to miss a night's rest for all the old stones in Ceylon; so it ended in his going off to bed, while the rest of us took up the guide book and "made tracks."

The first object of interest is situated within thirty yards of the rest-house, (forgive me if the next few pages contain rather long extracts from the guide book,) and consists of a vast collection of monolithic granite pillars, 1600 in number, standing about twelve feet out of the ground, and arranged in lines of forty each way. They cover a space of 231 feet two inches from north to south, and 232 feet two inches from east to west. The pillars are rough and undressed, (the corner pillars being more than double the size of the rest,) and retain the marks of the wedges by which they were split off in the quarry. They were probably coated

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with chunam and perhaps covered with copper. They formed the foundations of the Lowamahapaya or Great Brazen Palace, erected by King Dutugemunu in the second century B.C., and supported a building nine storeys in height, containing 1000 dormitories for priests, and other apartments. The roof of this vast monastery was of brass, the walls, says a native chronicle, were embellished with beads resplendent like gems, the great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions; in the centre was an ivory throne with a golden sun, and a silver moon on either side, and above all glittered the imperial "Chatta," the white canopy of dominion. In the centre of this forest of grey granite pillars stands a Ceylon oak, which at a little distance is wonderfully like those at home, and this adds to the picturesqueness of the ruins. In few cases do the ruins stand out of the ground more than twelve feet, though there are certainly some exceptions to this rule. It seems strange that ruins of a nine-storied palace should not leave the ground covered with heaps of broken stone, but such is the case. This is said to be because the ruins were used by later generations to build *their* houses and palaces, and this is very likely the right explanation. I may insert a note here about the ruins. "The state of ruin to which all the buildings are reduced is generally ascribed entirely to the malignity of the Tamils. No doubt a great deal of it is due to their iconoclastic zeal, but in justice to them it must be remembered that there were two other agents of destruction, less violently aggressive but more persistent. (1) Pollonarua is a striking instance of the harm that can be done by roots of trees, especially by members of the fig family. A seed finds its way to some crevice or

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niche, and in a few years the tree which springs from it throws upwards a heavy trunk and branches, and downwards a perfect cataract of snaky roots, which force their way through bricks and between stones, loosen every joint of the building, and eventually bring the whole structure with a crash to the ground. (2) The Sinhalese, possessed with such weighty notions of a superstructure, had the very mildest idea of a foundation, consequently the great weight above aided and increased the natural subsidence of the earth during many centuries, and the result is that many of the ruined buildings now look as if they had been displaced by an earthquake." At every turn examples of the above statement are brought before one, and some of the photographs I have purchased will show it to you better than I can describe it.

In our globe-trotting we have not been able to see the biggest trees in the world, but we can now say that we have seen the oldest. "Proceeding southwards for a short distance down the Sacred Road—the track along which the pilgrims come, and have come for 2000 years to offer their devotions to the most venerated symbol of their religion—the visitor reaches the enclosure which surrounds the celebrated Bo tree. This tree (*ficus religiosa*) is the oldest historical tree in the world. It was planted 245 years before Christ, and is therefore now 2130 years old. The story of its arrival is a curiously early instance of that hardly-used modern term—women's rights. . . . . Queen Anula and thousands of her countrywomen became earnest followers of the new cult (Buddhism), and begged to be allowed to take the vows of self devotion. These vows, however, Mahindo declared himself unable to administer to

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their sex, and suggested that his sister Sangamitta, an abbess in India, should be sent for to admit the novices. She responded to the call, and with her brought a branch of the sacred Bo tree, under which Gautama sat on the day he attained Buddha-hood. The story of this tree's life has been handed down in a series of authentic chronicles. It was carefully tended, enriched with stone carvings and terraces, and honoured with magnificent ceremonies by successive dynasties, and was spared amid the havoc of invasions, either from superstitious reverence or from its intrinsic worthlessness to a plunderer. . . . It was endowed with lands so late as 1739 A.D. . . . The leaves which fall from the sacred tree are highly esteemed as relics by thousands of pilgrims who come to worship it during the full moons of June and July." One of these leaves I have brought away with me intending to put it into our museum. A great number of less important ruins we visited, all of them interesting, and the majority showing specimens of beautiful carving. In a great many cases the carving has been broken and worn away, but a great quantity of it, which has doubtless been covered by a thin layer of earth for centuries, looks as fresh and as sharply cut as if it were done but yesterday. The stone, mostly granite, is very hard indeed, which is proved by the fact that when, a short time ago, the endeavour was made to cut some, the tools were found to be too soft, and special ones had to be made. I will merely mention the next few things we saw, and then go on to tell you about the Ruanweli Dagoba.

Walking north along the Sacred Road, we came to the Mayurapaya or Peacock Palace, built in the first century of

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the Christian era, and so called from the luxuriance of the precious stones and metals which adorned it. . . . All that is now to be seen is a circle of very fine monolithic pillars with elaborate capitals surrounding a low mound. Close by is a huge mound which marks the tomb of Elala. To the north again, a few stones show where the Adahan Salawa once stood, the place of cremation of the kings, and close by the Wirawilla Salawa or place of lamentation for the Royal Family. The next thing is a curious stone sarcophagus, said by tradition to have been King Dutugemunu's medicine bath, and beyond is an enclosure of small square pillars surrounding a large raised slab of granite, said to have been the couch on which Dutugemunu passed his last hours within view of his proudest monument, the Ruanweli. Ot the Ruanweli, there is a great deal in the guide book, and I hardly know what extracts to make for your benefit. I may say we were wonderfully interested in it, it being the first Dagoba we had examined. The English equivalent for Ruanweli is "golden dust." First, then what was the Dagoba like, and what is it like today. Its original outline (in B.C. 161) was destroyed in A.D. 1214 by the Malabars. Its present height is 150 feet, with a diameter of 379 feet. The remains of two platforms are still seen surrounding the Dagoba. Formerly they must have been protected by walls, but now the stone pavement is what is left. Upon the upper one of the two, (which is the inner one,) the base of the Dagoba is built. A face of stone runs completely round the "hill of bricks," (which is the only way I can think of for describing what a Dagoba really is,) for the height of perhaps twenty feet, and in the Ruanweli they are in a very perfect state indeed. Repairs are now being

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made to this Dagoba, funds being raised from the pilgrims who visit it. All the space behind the stone facing and right up to the pointed summit is brick. Much of this brickwork has fallen away after being loosened by roots, for the whole mass is covered with thick jungle except where repairs are going on. The trees high up the sides of the Dagobas are some of them large, tangled creepers, and beautiful flowers are to be seen all over them, any number of birds are flying about them, and sometimes a large troup of monkeys appear jumping from branch to branch and tree to tree just overhead. This will give you a small idea of what a Dagoba is like today, as to the other side of the picture, the guide book says: "It should be remembered that the whole Dagoba was originally pure white, being incrusted with a preparation of lime, cocoa-nut water, and the glutinous juice of the "Para" tree (*dillena dentata*), and taking a polish nearly equal to marble." The above is a pretty fair description of any of the Dagobas; this one is by no means the largest, as you will see later on. Generally four altars are built round the base of these huge buildings—N., S., E., and W. The carving about some of these altars is very fine, especially where the brick has crumbled away and covered them. Two walls used to encircle the Ruanweli, the outer side of the inner walls was built of brick to represent elephants, each beast being coated with "chunam," and having tusks of real ivory; most of these figures have fallen away beyond recognition, but in some few the shape of the animal is still plainly discernible. The thick jungle has been cleared away from the immediate neighbourhood of the Ruanweli, but a lot of trees have been left. Grass grows well underneath these,

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and is used as pasture for cattle, and this gives it the appearance of an English park. I had too much respect for the ruins to bring away any portion of carving, even supposing I could have found a piece small enough to carry, but I did bring away a little piece of brick. Do not think me guilty of knocking off a piece, there was no necessity for doing that, as thousands of broken bricks are lying about in every direction. So far I am thankful to say "Arry" has not been to see the Ruined Cities, at least I did not see his name there, and it is pretty certain I should have done so had he visited them.

April 15th. Yesterday was very hot, and the coolest place I could find was under the "punkas," where I spent most of my time either writing or reading. In this ship two of the punkas are worked by the engine, and therefore are always at work, which is a great blessing. The fact that we have the electric light, too, adds to the convenience, for any other light is bound to flicker more or less while a punka is swinging.

But to return to Ceylon. The "park" in the neighbourhood of the Ruanweli is thickly studded with ruins, probably the remains of residences for the priests, who were connected with this and other Dagobas. A few finely carved pillars mark the site of the Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth. This was built to receive the sacred tooth (Ḍalada) of Buddha. The *cuneiform* mouldings on the capitals of the pillars, which are unique, are supposed to represent the sacred relic. Close by is a small Dagoba, called the Thuparama, the oldest and most sacred in Ceylon. It was built (B.C. 307) to enshrine the right collar-bone of Buddha. "Fifty years ago a pious

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priest collected funds from the devout for clearing it of jungle and coating it with chunam. Its height is sixty-three feet, and it is surrounded by three rows of graceful pillars." Fergusson, in his *Handbook of Architecture*, pronounces it to be "older than any monument now existing on the continent of India."

The Abhayagiria, or Mount of Safety, was next on our list, and as this is undergoing repairs we managed to get nearly up to the top along a path made by the workmen. "When entire, this was the most stupendous Dagoba in Ceylon. It was originally 405 feet high ; its dome was hemispherical, and described with a radius of 180 feet, giving a circumference of 1130 feet. Its summit was, therefore, fifty feet higher than St. Paul's, and fifty feet lower than St. Peter's. At present it is 231 feet from the platform to the top of the sphere." . . . "The area of the platform on which it stands is eight acres, and the total area, enclosed by the outer boundary wall, about eleven acres. This vast building was erected by King Walagambahu B.C. 89, to commemorate his recovery of the throne after the expulsion of the Malabar invaders. The Chapel on the East is quite hidden by the ruined brickwork." (It has recently been excavated, by the way, and shows some beautiful specimens of carving—repairs are still going on. R. J. C.). "The one on the North has almost disappeared, but the West presents some beautiful specimens of stone carving, a gigantic seven-headed cobra and two large male and female figures being well contrasted with the simple and effective flower patterns. The South Chapel is also in tolerable preservation. Here are two large stone cobras of slightly different design, and various fragments of bold

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frescoes. The Dagoba is quite encircled with the ruins of buildings large and small, for a larger college of priests was attached to this than to any other of the sacred places in Anuradhapura."

This completed our sight-seeing for the time being. We returned to the rest-house, (which was quite close as we had been working in a circle,) had a bath and then had a late breakfast or early tiffin; after which we retired to private life to indulge for some hours in what may, I think, be justly called "well-earned repose." Late in the afternoon we again appeared, and went to have a look at the Miriswetiya Dagoba. The carving on one of the chapels round this Dagoba is, I think, in a better state of preservation than any other about the ruins. It is difficult to believe it was done in the second century (B.C.). Early next morning we started for a walk along the Outer Circle Road. The first thing to be seen was one of the Tanks. It was constructed, B.C. 300, by King Dewenipratissi, and is called Tissawewa. It is in fact a large shallow lake, three miles in circumference, and surrounded by jungle. (N.B.—A quantity of ducks were to be seen on it, several flew over my head, and a few snipe rose within a few yards of the road). Turning at right angles off the "bund" of the tank we followed a road which led us through the jungle. Pine trees were hanging over the road, but it was impossible to see many feet on either side, the vegetation was so thick. All colours of the rainbow were reproduced in birds, flowers, and butterflies.

April 16th. A walk of about a mile brought us to the first of the ruins. This and four others are supposed to have been pavilions of King Dutugemunu's Palace. "It

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would be as well to confess that this identification rests on pure tradition, and that very little is really known about this and the four similar buildings. . . . Each pavilion consists of two square platforms of nearly equal dimensions, raised about two and a half feet from the ground level." The passage which runs between the two platforms is bridged over in the centre by enormous slabs of granite, the largest of which weighs about twenty-five tons. To each of the pavilions a *pokuna* or bathing tank is attached. It was a curious sensation, that of going down the flight of steps into the pokuna, now half full of dead leaves and other rubbish, to see a few inches of stagnant water at the bottom in which some frogs were enjoying themselves. What did the bathing consist in, and what were the bathers like when the pokuna was new? Did they sit gravely round the edges doing nothing, or did they lark about, splash and chaff each other as in the nineteenth century? Did they go in for diving, and occasionally go too deep, returning to the surface *minus* an inch or so of skin from their noses, knees, or toes? Were the juvenile members of the family ever told that "they had been in the water an hour and a half," which was one hour more than their proper allowance? And did these reply that it would be necessary to show them the *sun-dial* before they could accept the statement? (N.B.—I won't be held answerable for the exact date of the invention of sun-dials.) There is not much carving about these pavilions, but a little is to be noticed on some of the stone steps leading up to the main entrances or hall doors. It is peculiar that all these pavilions face east, and each eastern platform has no sign of pillars, while the western platform in, I think, every case has about

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sixteen. It is supposed that the roof was of wood, as no sign of rafters are visible. Beyond the pavilions a great many remains are to be seen, too numerous to mention individually, but all interesting. In one case a flight of stone steps is to be seen with carving on the five or six lower ones completed, while the topmost one is very rough; in fact the main design has only been chiselled out. Among the other interesting things we saw were—1. An enormous pokuna, known as the Elephant's Bathing Tank. 2. A stone canopy, near which three "Saunases," or inscribed stones, have been unearthed. 3. Two stone *canoes*, as they are called—troughs they are really, and were used to contain food for the priests and pilgrims—the largest is sixty-two feet long and four feet four inches broad. 4. A square well, the only one discovered, seventeen feet by fifteen feet, at present excavated to the depth of thirty feet, and with merely mentioning these I will pass on to the last of the Dagobas, built by Maha Sen. The figures will, I think, interest and possibly astonish you.

"The height of the Jetawanarama Dagoba, including pedestal and spire, is 249 feet, and its diameter 360 feet; the cubic contents of the dome of brickwork, and the platform on which it stands, are said by Tennent to exceed 20,000,000 cubic feet." He goes on to say: "Even with the facilities which modern invention supplies for economising labour the building of such a mass would at present occupy 500 bricklayers from five to seven years, and would involve an expenditure of at least a million sterling. The materials are sufficient to raise 8000 houses, each with twenty feet frontage, and these would form thirty streets half a mile in length. They would construct a town the

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size of Ipswich or Coventry, they would line an ordinary railway tunnel twenty miles long, or form a wall one foot thick and ten feet high, reaching from London to Edinburgh. But only the glory of outline is left to the Jetawanarama, its four chapels having crumbled away almost beyond recognition, enormous trees having eaten into the brickwork to the very summit, and troops of the large grey Wanderoo monkey are the only devotees who frequent the holy place."

This completed our sight-seeing at Anuradhapura. In one thing we were unfortunate. A letter was given us to a gentleman who has spent a long time about the ruins, and is, in fact, the best authority on them. He was away with the Governor of Ceylon, and therefore we did not see him. I expect he would have been able to show us all the things most worth seeing, and have told us a great deal more than even the guide books did. Possibly you may view this as a merciful deliverance, as I might then have consumed more paper in my description than I have now done.

I ought to blush for the length of the *extracts* I have made use of, and if I do not do so it is because I believe they will enable you to picture to a small extent what we have seen in the Ruined Cities of Ceylon.

April 17th. The middle of the day was spent in the rest-house, or under the trees in front of it. I was busy during the afternoon in a chair trying to devote equal parts of a somewhat sleepy brain to the comfort of the long chair, a long glass, the guide book, and the ruins in front of me. Had I been asked to place these four in order of merit I should have numbered them, glass first (nothing worse

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than claret and soda) chair second, ruins third, guide book last. It was while trying to think what two thousand years ago really meant that I was brought rather suddenly back to the nineteenth century by the sight of a *bicycle.* I was destined, however, to be knocked back (like a racquet ball) into about the dark ages, for following the bicycle was an old wooden "bone-shaker." Had I not so recently come from seeing remains of a very ancient period, I might have been tempted to class the "bone-shaker" with forest-beds, mammoth teeth, cave men, the game of croquet, and other pre-historic items.

Soon after dark the bullock waggon appeared, and for the first hour or two the drive through the jungle was pleasant enough. There was a very young moon (five and twenty minutes old we guessed her to be!)—too young to give any light, but this was an advantage, as it made the stars appear all the brighter. At intervals we seemed to drive into a regular *swarm* of fire-flies, so thick did they appear. If you can imagine a few thousand glow-worms concentrated upon a few yards of road, each one provided with a pair of wings and also with a "switch," by means of which he was enabled to turn his electric light on and off, say thirty times a minute, you will have some idea of what we had to admire during our drive. The real fun of the fair, however, began when we tried to lie down and go to sleep, when it became necessary to fit, metaphorically speaking, three round men into one oblong hole. First Jim, and then Alec—but second thoughts are best, and I will leave that journey a blank. Soon after daylight we reached Dambulla, and immediately rushed off to see the temples. They consist of large caves hollowed out of the rock, with figures of

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Buddha, the old kings, etc. The figures, which are cut out of the rock or made out of brick, vary in size from a few feet up to a recumbent figure of Buddha forty-seven feet in length. Numerous paintings are on the walls representing ancient historical scenes, "with more attention to history than proportion, as the fish in the ocean which Wejiya is crossing are larger than the vessel which carries him; and the heads of the worshippers at the Dagoba overtop the building, which in reality is more than 200 feet high." These temples we had only time to hurry through, admire for a moment or two the view from the platform in front of them, and then rush off to get some breakfast and catch the coach. Natale we reached during the morning, and in the afternoon got back to Kandy.

April 18th. Yesterday I finished writing what I had to tell you about Ceylon, and can now go on to tell you of the few little things which interest us on board. First, though, let me say I posted the letter you sent me from Mr. Lewis, and also wrote to his son. I did not get a reply, and at this I was not surprised, as the time was cut rather close. I remember talking to Mr. Lewis about Ceylon, but when I left home I did not much expect to go there. Mr. P. E. Sewell gave me an introduction to his son before I left home, but my letter took some time to find him, and I only got a reply when I had returned to Colombo. As a matter of fact, Jim's letter of introduction was amply sufficient to supply all our wants, though of course it would have been nice to see these other two fellows. Since we left Ceylon we have had nothing but fine weather—on two days decidedly hot, but the others "just as good as they make them." Our fellow-passengers are very pleasant, and

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of course numerous. There are a great many ladies on board, most of them travelling home with their children to avoid the Indian summer. There are several fascinating young ladies on board, and these, in addition to reading and writing, enable one to pass the time very pleasantly. I got a reply from one of them the other day which "fetched" me a good deal. It was spoken in the most innocent way imaginable, but it nearly made me burst out laughing. I had asked her if she passed much of her time on board ship in reading and writing, to which she replied, "Not much, I haven't time." *No time* struck me as being rather strange, so I wanted to know what her receipt was for getting through the day, and to this she replied, "Oh, I just talk!" The extraordinary part lies not in the fact, but in the confession of it. I hope in this you will agree with me. No doubt people are frequently met with whose tongues are hung in the middle and wag at both ends, but I believe they are never willing to admit the fact.

This morning early we made the island of Socotra, and for some hours have been running along the coast, which is distant about three miles. It is a wild and rocky place with a high precipice continued for several miles along, and standing not very far back from the beach. The highest peak is about 5000 feet. I do not know its name, but it is very peculiar in appearance. A long ridge of sharp pinnacles of rock tower up from the surrounding hills, and remind me not a little of "The Remarkables" near Lake Wakatipu, New Zealand, a photograph of which you have already received. I understand the island is seventy miles in length and rather narrow, and has a population of 5000 persons. It is nominally under the rule of some Sheik or other, living

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on the African coast. He no doubt believes his subjects to be of Irish extraction, for whenever he appears to collect rent they promptly stone him off the island. The above I learn from some one who has been travelling with us since we left home—(I also knew of him some time before then)—he goes by the name of "*They Say*."

April 19th. Tomorrow about daybreak we shall be in at Aden, or we ought to be if this weather holds. We are wondering what the political views will be, whether we shall hear of another general election! Judging by your letters and the newspapers received a few months ago, England must be simply an abominable place to live in during an election. If I hear one is on the carpet, my plans will be as follows: Come to Suez as arranged, and then wire you, "Circumstances over which I have no control oblige me to leave for Timbuctoo; length of trip very uncertain, address—ditto, ditto." I am hoping to get news tomorrow about the Petition.

April 20th. Arrived at Aden at seven a.m. today, and left again at 12.20 p.m. I found a lot of letters and papers, some of them from Calcutta, and two letter books. As I think you will prefer my letters uniform I will copy these into one of the books, but if I do not get the job complete by our arrival in Suez you must not mind. Two dozen and a half pages of thirty lines is rather a lot.

I think it will be best to close this letter, and write everything fresh in the new book. The big budget of letters was most welcome.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 29.

P. and O. S.S. *Chusan*,

Red Sea, 22nd April, 1886.

Dear Mother,

I am glad to say I got through the two preceding letters this afternoon, and will commence this by acknowledging yours.

No.	From	Dated	Received at	
41.	Mother	Jan. 7, '86	Aden, Apl. 20,'86	
41b.	Florence	" "	"	
41c.	Alan	Dec. 31, '85	"	
—	Percy Wrigley	Jan. 10, '86	"	
42.	Ethel	" 14	"	
42.	Laura	" "	"	
42.	Mother	" "	"	
—	Laura	Jan. 28	"	
—	Mrs. Dale	" "	"	
47.	Mother	Feb. 18	"	(Duplicate Colombo)
48.	Florence	" 22	"	
48.	Mother	" 25	"	
—	Ethel	" 26	"	
50a.	Mother	Mar. 4	"	
50b.	Florence	" "	"	
—	Laura	" "	"	
—	Mr. C. L. Price	" 5	"	
—	Father	" "	"	
53a.	Mother	" 25	"	
53b.	Alan	" "	"	
—	Mother	" "	"	(Mourning Card)
54.	"	Apl. 1	"	
—	Ethel	" 2	"	
55.	Mother	" "	"	

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Also two books and a lot of papers. These and the first eighteen letters were forwarded from Calcutta. That was a fine budget, and very much appreciated. I brought them aboard, cut them all open, arranged them according to dates, and then having found a cool place on deck for my chair, proceeded to devour them. Starting on December 31st, 1885, I left off when I got to April 2nd, 1886. In mentioning the fact that this is the biggest lot I have yet received, do not take it to mean that there were too many. I went through the whole lot twice, and since then I have looked over some of them to see if any questions were asked. Twenty-four letters (sixteen envelopes) in one day are by no means to be despised. The mere mention of the number will make the girls think of Christmas time. In one of your letters you ask about letter No. 35. Well, this I do not think I have received. I expect it went to Hong-Kong. Then the one to Saigon (No. 43, I think), has not turned up yet.

One topic, among many others, has pervaded your letters, since I hardly know when. "*The heat of India*" commenced in Hong-Kong, and has continued uninterrupted through Singapore, Colombo and Aden; and I doubt not the missing letter to Saigon contains some good advice on the same subject. I must express my regret at having left you so long without news of us between Sydney and Hong-Kong. Since then, however, I don't think you have been badly supplied with messages. While in Hong-Kong it was almost like being on an extension of the Carrow and Cannon Street wire. I think I have done as much writing as my constitution will stand in one day, so I will order a squash, and then depart to my chair on deck.

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April 23rd. Good Friday: proved by the fact that we had hot crossed buns for breakfast this morning.

April 24th. Yesterday evening the wind got up a trifle fresh, and this morning it is blowing pretty hard from the north. The sea is short and choppy, with a large proportion of white caps on the blue waves, and therefore there is not much motion felt on a big steamer like this. The Gulf of Suez is too small a place for a bad sea to get up, as it is enclosed on three sides, and is comparatively shallow, but when they get a south wind there is an exception to this rule. The Red Sea, as far as *waves* are concerned is a "*loke*," and if the wind has brought them up from Aden a thousand miles off, they get up very angrily when they find *No Thoroughfare* posted up at Suez.

I had just written this account of the waves in the Gulf of Suez, and evidently displeased them, for one came into the saloon to argue the point with me. He was in such a hurry that he came in by three port-holes. I got a little splashing and my paper a bit wet, but others were not so lucky. One lady was taking a nap close by me, and the way she got across the saloon was certainly a "quickest on record" as far as *she* was concerned. Arrived at the other side she signalled to me to rescue her hat which I succeeded in saving from a watery grave. Two other people departed to hang themselves out to dry.

I don't think I told you that I made a few purchases while in Colombo. Some metal vases in work that was new to me, brass and white metal being used for the design, the spaces being filled in with black enamel. A little of this you are not destined to behold, as it is intended for Mrs. Roberts. I came upon some knife handles cut out of

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elephants' teeth, showing rather peculiar markings. These were tied up very neatly, and very tightly in packets of one dozen each. The first man I saw had only one dozen and a few odd ones. I began undoing the packets, when the man complained that he could not do them up again if I refused to take them. I knew what *that* meant, so told the man "I was not born yesterday," and continued my investigations. I found as I expected that three or four in the middle were damaged ones, so I laid these aside, and picked out sufficient to make up a dozen from the odd ones. I think I made a good bargain for these, and then went into other shops to try and get some more. The men who had seen my first bargaining absolutely refused to have their packets touched, and told me I must buy them as they were, or not at all. I had no intention of buying "a pig in a poke," so came away without getting any more. The dozen cost about 3s. 4d., but what to use them for I hardly know. If you can think of anything, so much the better. Putting two and two together, I come to the conclusion that an uncommon lot of fools must pass through Colombo in the course of every twelve months. The dealers seem possessed of the idea that they can do whatever they like with the innocent tourist. I had the pleasure of sitting for a few minutes near a party of Australian ladies and gentlemen in the hotel. They were bragging about their purchases, but what seemed to astonish them most was the fact that they had got some fans at a shilling each. These fans are made out of the palm leaves, and any native who sold a few dozen of them at—say twopence each—would go and settle down on his estate in the country, and "live happily ever after."

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Saturday Evening. Have had a beautiful run up the Gulf. Saw a range of mountains, one of which was Mount Sinai, but impossible to tell which. As we neared Suez the sun was setting, and I had another view of the wonderful pink colouring which delighted me so much when I was in Egypt before. We dropped anchor at 6.30 p.m., and then went down to dinner. It was not till eight or 8.30., that the launch came alongside. The gentleman from the P. and O. office (Mr. Robinson) we did not know, but an old Suez acquaintance put in an appearance in the shape of Mr. Murray. He told us that the Robertses were expecting us by the *Rome*, due tomorrow at daylight, that Mrs. R. had had a rather long day, and that when he left they were talking about a good long night's rest, so as to be ready to receive us in the morning. If these arguments were not sufficient to make us stay on board, a notice was just then posted up that no passengers would be landed before tomorrow morning. So it turns out that instead of spending the evening with the Robertses, and reading your letters, I am passing the time with my log, and noting down sundry facts which I trust will interest you. Mr. Murray tells us of letters, etc., waiting for us, so yet again are we compelled to turn in while these documents are lying almost within reach of us, and still we are unable to get them.

We are at anchor in Suez Bay, and I may therefore consider that I have completed my trip round the world. From now until the end of May I shall be upon known ground.

This evening, news has come on board which, I trust, is nothing more than a sensational telegram—the death of

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Mr. Gladstone. Politics have been very little talked on board this ship, but what little has been said has not been much on the side of Liberalism.

April 26th. One letter waiting for me here, so I fear the intermediate ones are gone to Aden.

No.	From	Dated	Received at
58.	Mother ...	April 15 ...	Suez

All well.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

LETTER No. 30.

Suez,
27th April, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

Yesterday I posted you an envelope containing letter 28, for, being written, I thought you might as well receive it; and a roll containing letters 27, 28, and 29. You will think you have got a tremendous lot to read, but when you find that the longest letter is duplicated you will be quite justified in giving a sigh ot relief. You have asked occasionally about Jim's journal, and why he had not continued sending it on to you. The reason is now apparent. When we got to *this* side of the world he posted his journal to Suez, and here they have accumulated. Captain Roberts tells Jim that they are written so small, and contain such a lot about foliage and long names of plants, that he could not get through them any quicker. I believe he posted you some last night.

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May 3rd. Somehow I do not find much time for letter-writing on shore, and especially is this the case while at Suez. The mail goes out this afternoon, so I must send you a few lines. On the last day of April I received—

No.	From	Dated	Received at
59a.	Florence ...	April 21 ...	Suez
59b.	Ethel ...	" " ...	"

Also two papers. I have sent to the post-office at Aden to ask for letters 56 and 57, as I expect they have gone there. I shall go up to Cairo tomorrow (Tuesday) and return on Saturday. This will give me time for the shopping I want to do and the sight-seeing as well. I started speculation here very soon after my arrival by taking a piece of Egyptian furniture (a settee) from Mrs. Roberts. This is a very good piece, and I have got it on the understanding that I do not part with it. So you will have to find room for it at either Carrow or Corton. If you don't think it pretty your taste will not agree with mine. I have an idea that duplicates may be desired, and, if so, they can be ordered by letter. Mrs. Roberts would always be ready to undertake this commission for me.

You will remember writing to me about some curtains. I have talked to Mrs. Roberts about them, and she says there are plenty to be had in Cairo. She took me yesterday to call on an Italian lady here who has some of these, and very well they look. Her furniture is thoroughly Eastern, and the walls are covered with odds and ends from China and Japan. Some of these from the two latter countries are very fine, but others, though pretty enough, do not boast of much workmanship. The advantage out here is that the

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rooms are always kept rather dark, so you cannot examine everything very closely. I am not certain whether these curtains would look so well if removed entirely from their Eastern surroundings, and therefore have not made up my mind whether to get you some or not. I shall wait till I see what Cairo can produce. Mrs. Roberts, when last in England, went to see a room in Sir F. Leighton's house, and this room she calls the prettiest in England: Persian tiles, carpets, divans, etc., everything Oriental. She suggests that we should do *ditto*, and I tell her when it is determined to do this she shall be called to advise. A lot of things which used to be about this house are now in Scotland, so I expect the house there looks very nicely. Among the things which are going north with Mrs. Roberts this summer is a tablecloth of the same work as the mantelpiece border in my "den." This, among several other things, was sent to a lady in England, who returned it to Mrs. Roberts, saying she did not care for it at the price. I am told this was really a very reasonable charge, and Mrs. Roberts is only too delighted at having it returned.

I see this letter ought to arrive just after your birthday, so I must wish you very many happy returns. Please convey the same good wishes to Uncle Sydney.

No time for more.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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Letter No. 31.

Suez,
10th May, 1886.

Dear Mother,

Just a line about plans, though they may not be of much use to you. Received on Saturday:—

No.	From	Dated		Received at
—	Miss Barrett	April 27	...	Suez
61.	Mother ...	„ 29	...	„
62.	Father ...	„ 30	...	„

As you wished to know our ship I sent off a wire yesterday morning:—"*Mirzapore—dressing—Marseilles.*" "Dressing" means letter 62 received, which I hope you will understand. Possibly you will get this in time to wire me at Marseilles, should you wish me to travel overland. I have been expecting a reply today, but so far it has not arrived. I shall be quite ready to take the direct route if you wire, but shall come by sea if I hear nothing. I don't know whether to land at Plymouth or come on to London. You can write me to Plymouth and address to the ship. I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Miss Roberts is to be our travelling companion.

Russell J. Colman.

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LETTER No. 32.

P. & O.S.S. *Mirzapore*,
Suez Canal,
11th May, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

While on shore I have not found much time for writing, but being once more afloat I hope to get a little done. It is not so easy to write when you keep thinking that perhaps you may carry the letter home yourself, and this is my case, for I look upon it as quite possible that you may write to me at Marseilles, and that the tenor of that letter may be "Overland." I must do my best to forget the fact that I am nearing home, at least while I am letter writing, and then perhaps I shall manage to find something to interest you. You must not forget that this is old ground, and therefore I shall hardly be able to find so much to tell you as if everything were fresh to me.

May 13th. We got through the Canal yesterday about 11 a.m. after a good run, only tying-up once. The night was very cold after what we have been accustomed to. The desert, I believe, cools very rapidly, and what little breeze there was blew from the north. The night we spent in the Canal, I slept on deck, probably for the last time, at any rate for the present. At 4.30. just as a faint glimmer appeared in the east, the officers and crew put in an appearance, and the noise they made with our mooring ropes woke me up. I was quite surprised to realize the fact that I felt cold. I found my way to my berth and thought the temperature quite a pleasant change. At Port Said we had to undergo the delights of coaling which took

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about four hours, and then we got under way for Marseilles. You would be surprised to see how most of the passengers feel the cold, and have commenced already to "pile on the agony" in the shape of clothes. We have had the wind from the N.E., but it has not been so cold as the night spent in the Canal.

You will like to hear a little about our doings while in Egypt. We spent eight days in Suez very pleasantly, doing a good deal of tennis, and some very jolly sailing in a small boat belonging to Captain Roberts. She holds two very comfortably, though one is quite enough to manage her. She is decked and will stand no end of wind and waves. This, Jim and I can both vouch for. The *Creek* at Suez is a very good place for amateur yachting. One afternoon two other boats, both open ones, came out to race us, and in the light wind beat us hollow, but before we reached Suez a small gale got up. One boat took in her sails and then her mast, and began to row home; the other took in her sails, but while the crew (two P. & O. office fellows) were trying to get her mast down, she drifted ignominiously on to a sand flat, and they had to jump out and shove her off. The race ended in the *Tom Tit* sailing home a long way in front of the others, she being the only boat that finished the race under sail.

We went up to Cairo on Tuesday, May 4th, and there met with an old friend of Jim's, by name Bewley. He is now a colonel in the Egyptian police. Jim did not come to Cairo, but spent the time in going to Alexandria to see his brother Dick. Bewley was very good indeed to us. He took me out for two rides, asked us both up to dinner and generally "put us through" in first-rate style. All over the

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East it is the custom for two, three, four, or more bachelors to live together in one house or flat, and this is the plan adopted in Cairo. At Bewley's "Mess" we met a Dr. Cruikshank who has stayed at Catton—a very nice fellow he seemed. I believe his uncle is the parson of Catton Church or some other in the neighbourhood.

May 15th. Yesterday I did not get any writing done; I suppose I was too lazy. We have been having fine weather and good runs, and some time to-day expect to pass through the Straits of Messina.

While in Cairo we went, of course, to see the Pyramids. Wishing to do this excursion while it was cool, we started a little after four a.m., and had the pleasure of seeing the sun rise during our drive. Two other fellows went with us—a casual acquaintance from Shepheard's Hotel, and a Newcastle chum of Jim's, Le Mesurier by name. The latter has been living in Egypt for some time, and was very useful in showing us round. He and his father are passengers in this ship. He went with us to the Boulak Museum, and pointed out the things most worth seeing there. This Museum is in much better order now than when I last saw it. A valuable find of mummies had then just been brought in, and these have now been arranged and named. The two possessing most interest for us were those of Pharaoh (Moses' Pharaoh, I mean) and Pharaoh's daughter. Among other interesting things in the Museum, we saw some cards with withered flowers, etc., fastened on them. As far as I could tell, each card had an exact duplicate by its side, and the reason of this was as follows:—A very clever botanist, who is also a great Egyptologist, has taken specimens of all the flowers found buried in the cases which

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contain the mummies. After putting these neatly on cardboard, he went to work to find the same flowers growing in Egypt at the present time, and I believe he was successful in every case. You have to examine the specimens closely before you can say for certain which were plucked last week and which were in existence a few thousand years ago.

May 16th. There is another Museum in Cairo, called the Arab Museum, and this I had not seen previously. It contains some beautiful wood carving and inlaid work, and some fine brass lanterns from the mosques. In addition, there is some glass which reminds one very much of old Venetian, and some tiles. It is well worth a visit, and entirely different in its contents from Boulak. I made a few purchases while in Cairo, but did not venture to go in for any *old* embroidery, although I looked at one or two pieces. I got a couple of wooden frames, intended to hold newspapers or music—they are in imitation of the Koran stands still used in the mosques. I got four brass *boats*, as they are called, shaped like a half-moon. They are intended to be filled with flowers and suspended from the ceiling. From Mr. Joseph Cohen I also purchased a pair of carpet saddle-bags, which must be stuffed and made into cushions when I get home. I also visited the Gold and Silver Bazaar, and speculated to a certain extent there.

May 17th. We passed through the Straits of Messina on Saturday afternoon, and were delighted with the scenery. I wonder people do not visit it as they do the Riviera. The hills seem very steep and rocky in places, and quaint little villages are scattered about, sometimes at the water's edge, and at others high up the cliffs. We had a beautiful view

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of Mount Etna, with snow on its summit and clouds all round, which were obliging enough to clear away at the proper moment. The Straits are very narrow, so we had beautiful views of both Sicily and the mainland. The hills were more or less covered with green, and very pretty they looked, the dark green of the olives forming a pleasant contrast to the light green of the vineyards. Sicily, which faces rather north and east, seemed much greener than Italy, facing south. The reason *may* be that a southern aspect means too little rain, or too much sun. At dinner-time we were passing Stromboli, and a lovely sight it was. The steep sides of the mountain rise straight from the sea, forming a gigantic pyramid; a few houses are to be seen near the base, and they look as if the slightest shake would start them off on a slide into the sea. A cap of clouds was on the summit, and we also saw what we took to be a jet of steam shoot up among them. At sunset they turned a pale pink; if they had been a little deeper in colour we might have imagined an eruption going on.*

Yesterday wind and weather prevented service being held, though the motion of the ship did not amount to much. After dinner we were running into the Straits of Bonifacio, and here the wind was blowing strong, a sort of *draught* between the two islands I suppose. The Straits are wonderfully well-lighted, five lighthouses being visible at one time. At 10 p.m. we got through the Straits, and then began to feel the roll from the Gulf of Lyons. When I turned in I made up my mind that this morning things on deck would be rather lively, but at five a.m. I was pleasantly

* On the following day a great eruption of Mount Etna took place.

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surprised to find the port open, smooth sea, and bright sun. I gave Miss Roberts due notice when we left Suez, that in the event of rough weather I should expect her to nurse me, but, so far, I am glad to say her position has been a sinecure.

Running into Marseilles Harbour; shall take this ashore, and then see what my letters say.

Your affectionate Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

P.S.—*Monday Afternoon.* Just into Marseilles.

No.	From		Dated			Received at
64.	Mother	...	May	14	...	Marseilles
—	Father	...	„	15	...	„
—	Sydney	...	„	11	...	„

The above letters have been sent on board, and after looking up date I determined to stick to the ship until she reaches Plymouth. We are down to leave here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and this ought to give me plenty of time. If you write to Plymouth, please address on board the ship. I am to thank you for the offers of beds. Alec will probably go down to Cambridge, and Miss Roberts and Jim seem inclined to go up to London, but one or both of them may be glad to take you at your word. I will wire from Plymouth, and if possible tell you what beds will be wanted from there. It won't make much difference where you stow Jim and myself; the *hoist* at Belgrave Mansions will do as well as anywhere.

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

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LETTER No. 33.

Lat. 48.29. N., Long. 5.58. W.,
P. & O.S.S. *Mirzapore*,
141 miles from Plymouth,
24th May, 1886.

DEAR MOTHER,

Just before the steamer sailed from Marseilles a letter was handed to me.

No.	From		Dated		Received at
—	Ethel	...	May 14	..	Marseilles
—	Helen	...	" "	...	"

I had not intended to commence another letter, and only do so now because I think of sticking to the ship until she reaches London. We ought to reach Plymouth by twelve or one o'clock tonight, and then, by leaving again early, probably catch the morning tide on Wednesday in the Thames, and early get into the docks. This will enable me to get all my baggage through the Custom House, and to make arrangements for sending the three boxes up to Cannon Street, and I shall then take the train with the rest of my "goods and chattels" to Fenchurch or Liverpool Street. We three (Miss Roberts, Jim and myself) shall then be in a position to seek for lodgings, which we propose to do as follows: Miss Roberts will go to her friends the Chittys, who, if I remember right, live in the Notting Hill direction; and Jim and myself will do ourselves the honour of waiting upon you. Alec leaves the ship at Plymouth, and, by the way, if letters reach me with instructions to do the same, I shall follow his example; but

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in this case I shall be separated from my luggage, which I do not much fancy.

What with the uncertainty of winds and tides, not to mention Railway Companies, and remembering that Wednesday is Derby Day, I do not feel justified in putting down *any* hour for my arrival at Belgrave Mansions. Please don't put any of your worthy selves out on *our* account. We shall moor alongside your wharf sometime or other, and if I should get the chance of "making my number" at any telegraph station in time to be of service to you I will do so.

May 25th, 5 a.m. Late last night Alec changed his mind, and decided to go to London with us.

Your telegram has just come to hand, and also father's letter. Have nothing more to add.

Your loving Son,

RUSSELL J. COLMAN.

[TELEGRAPH.]

Plymouth, May 25th, 1886, 6.50 a.m. "Sailing to London."

[TELEGRAPH.]

Royal Albert Docks, May 26th, 1886, 9.48 a.m. "Getting luggage through Customs."

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The patient Reader, who has followed the Tour thus far, may be interested in keeping company with the Tourists till he sees them safe at home.

On *May 26th, 1886,* Jim, Alec, and Russell arrived in London after an absence from England of eleven months. Alec went direct from the Docks to see his brothers at Cambridge, and thence to Norwich. Russell came to Belgrave Mansions; my husband and I, with our three elder daughters, having come up from Norfolk to meet him there. Jim accompanied him, and they reached us in time for tiffin. We then decided to spend the afternoon at the Colonial Exhibition. Here the globe-trotters pointed out to us some of the exhibits, which they recognised as having seen in their travels. Amongst these were a beautiful screen from Canton, and a curious crystal containing fluid, belonging to Charles Colman of Port Elliot. We were interested in examining a large model of the Island of Hong-Kong, and in seeing the exact position of "Cringleford," where our travellers had been so hospitably entertained. The Terraces of New Zealand, as represented in some very large photographs, impressed us with the exquisite beauty of their structure. While taking tea in the Chinese Tea-house, Russell fell in with Mr. J. P. Smith, who had "treated him royally" in New York. It was a strange coincidence that, after circling the globe, Russell should by mere accident

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run across his old acquaintance, in the crowd at the Colonial Exhibition.

May 27th. Russell called at Miss Pipe's, Laleham, to see his youngest sister, Florence. In the evening he dined at Mr. F. E. Colman's, to meet our Commercial Travellers at their annual gathering, he having hastened his return to England in order to reach London in time for this *réunion.*

May 28th. Jim left us this morning for his new lodgings in town. In the evening Russell dined with us at Mr. and Mrs. Davies's, Lancaster Gate, where he met old friends.

May 29th. We all went to spend the day with my brother, Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy, at Inval, Haslemere; and, through the kind permission of Sir Horace Davey, we were allowed to visit the beautiful grounds of Black Down. The rhododendrons were in full flower, and they formed a striking picture—even to one who had lately seen the luxuriant vegetation of New Zealand and Ceylon.

May 31st. Russell and I returned to Carrow House, Norwich, this morning, and he thus completed the circle of his tour. In the afternoon he drove me to Letheringsett, on a visit to his grandfather and grandmother Cozens-Hardy.

June 1st. We took the beautiful drive through Sheringham Park, and thence to Cromer, where we caught the train for Norwich. Later in the afternoon we went on to Lowestoft, and Russell and I called on his grandmother Colman, at 8 Marine Parade, on our way to Corton. Laura, Ethel, and Helen joined us there from London, their father being detained by his Parliamentary duties.

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On *Saturday, June 5th, 1886,* we had a party of relatives and friends to welcome home the three tourists, and to "keep" Helen's coming of age, which had taken place while her brother was on the sea. The place of meeting was The Clyffe, Corton. Those who met there on this happy occasion were: Mr. Barrett, and Constance Barrett, Edward Boardman, jun., Mrs. James Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Colman, Mr. Samuel Colman, Clement, Edith, and Ferneley Cozens-Hardy, Theobald, Archie, Harry, and Edgar Cozens-Hardy, Agnes Cozens-Hardy, Katharine Cozens-Hardy, Mrs. Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. Harmer, Alec, Bertrand, and Douglas Harmer, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, James Roberts, and Johnnie Willis, my husband and myself, with our children, Laura, Russell, Ethel, Helen, Alan, and Florence. Many others, near and dear to us, would have joined us, had it been possible, in thus giving the travellers hearty congratulations on their return to England, and a warm "WELCOME HOME."

C. C.

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